

INCREDULITIES

There's an incredulity
About disaster:
About sudden swoop
Of the sharp claw of fate
Upon our breast—
Of floods that float our homes,
And flaming fires that burn;
Of vampire scourge of war,
Of fathers dead
And children languishing for bread.
There's an incredulity
About disaster come to us.

The panting man
Now short of breath
And laid at death's wide door,
Still hopes for one day more;
He's incredulous
When the lids fall down
And the mists of death roll
In upon his struggling soul.

There's an incredulity
About the soul's sharp urge
Out of the prisoning flesh,
And its swift surge
Up to God the Judge.

There's an incredulity
About disaster:
About fire over the earth,
And water over the land,
And about death's dire fall
Upon our head;
But, oh, the spirit-sharpened incredulity
Of the newly dead!

—A. P. C.