

## In Time of Great Trial

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("Why, O Lord, hast Thou retired afar off?")

The seams of the world's deep meaning  
 Unbuckle;  
 These threads never hold:  
 Bolstering,  
 Basting belief  
 With new notion  
 I wait out the crisis of days,  
 Handing on  
 Morning to the evening,  
 And night  
 To the next day's dawn.

On the face of the world  
 I walk in  
 Is order philosophical  
 And settlement of being:  
 But in the within—real world of me,  
 Of my was  
 And my is  
 And my going to be  
 The bonds extenuate,  
 And the seams  
 Bulge back their thin meaning.

But  
 Against the daily day now  
 The dyke of endurance,  
 Re-sized with new mustered opinion,  
 Will  
 (Somehow)  
 Hold in  
 The brain's tossing river  
 Of error,  
 Doubt-scald,  
 And the questing of precarious truth.

And I stand in this bucket-brigade  
 Of days,  
 Handing on  
 This outside of me

Well ordered  
Philosophical world:  
And its thousands and one  
Remote possibilities  
Pass me by,  
And its million caged confrontations  
Face not me;  
But they gyrate  
(Dull, with never a jingle)  
Down the long brigade.

But even from afar  
God holds:  
And the held-in surge  
Goes on,  
In the cranial pit,  
Each day  
Hand-over-handing  
Down the chain,  
Heart watching  
The dark mind's play,  
Still held  
By the flickering gauds  
Of truth.

—A. P. C.

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