

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

God-loaned guardian
Of my earthly day,
Creator-placed
To guide me
As I push probationary foot
Along this sliding way:—
Ghostly gyroscope
Levelling me
Until my banners all are furled
And I reach that far eternal port
Beyond this temporal sea.

Friend who walks beside me
In another world,
O be solicitous
To keep your wing about my shoulder curled—
For there are dangers,
O my angel;
Potholes perilous
And unprovided falls,
While I must walk the slippery pole
Of righteousness,
Precarious
Over the gulping pit.

O Angel, cool my passions,
Keep from bias
Wrath and dark suspicions
That the jealous heart can find;
Fend from violence
Of the hand and of the tongue
And fierceness of the stubborn mind.
But guard me chiefly
From the sinking, melancholy death of gloom,
From soul-dulness
When cankered spirit
Sinks in languor—
Its God-appetite
Turned to untaste.

Urge me, Angel,
When I'm faint of heart;
When I'm foot-cumbered,
Travel hampered,
And much too desolate for groans,—
Dragged down by ghosts:—
The unwashed dishes of the past,
Dried enthusiasms,
And loves long dead
But clinging to my bones.

O Angel, breathe your hot breath
Into my soul,
And fan each failing grey coal
Into flame;
And from my four heart corners
Let the quick fires glow
Of love,
Of scorching love.

And when I'm old
And shrivel-bodied,
Bent against the grain,
Then coax my dull eyes
To the distant goal;
And may I open them brand new
(Your hand in mine)
At God the Father's knee,
While my fresh heart
Leaps in romplings
At the feet of the Trinity.

—A. P. C.

