

**AN EXPERIENCE**

Once  
I trod this global earth  
And felt the grinding whirl  
Of spinning ground beneath my feet.  
There was no town,  
No tree, no street,  
But just the trundling curvature  
Beneath my feet:—  
Slipping with each step away,  
The nothing-winning  
Nowhere-spinning  
Of my captor planet  
Set me in dismay  
There, whirling in my Saviour's sight,  
Alone,  
Upon this naked earth,  
And plucked from mooring bonds  
Of time and space,  
I fled  
In escalating steps  
Before my Saviour's face.  
. . . . .  
Then instantly  
I felt no more the grinding whirl,  
The trundling curvature  
Beneath my feet,  
But felt the stable flatness of the earth,  
And touched the tree, the town again,  
And kissed the everydayishness  
Of driving rain.

—A. P. C.