

Poem 1581.

Those - dying then,
Knew where they went -
They went to God's Right Hand -
That hand is amputated now
And God cannot be found -

The abdication of Belief
Makes the Behavior small -
Better an ignis fatuus
Than no illumine at all -



detail from the mosaic in the apsidal dome, 1130s,
Basilica of San Clemente, Rome

Poem 202.

“Faith” is a fine invention
For Gentlemen who *see!*
But Microscopes are prudent
In an Emergency!

Poem 727.

Life- is what we make of it -
Death - we do not know -
Christ's acquaintance with Him
Justify Him - though -

He - would trust no stranger -
Other - could betray -
Just His own endorsement -
That - sufficeth Me -

All the other Distance
He hath traversed first -
No New Mile remaineth -
Far as Paradise -

His sure foot preceding -
Tender Pioneer -
Base must be the Coward
Dare not venture - now -