

On the Brink

I stood at the edge of Nowhere,
It seemed to me.
Before me, Darkness, Vastness,
Eternity.
Drifting forever behind me
The things so near,
Fading from touch and sight,
The faces dear.

Whither oh wither passing
Shall my spirit flee?
Midst all Thy myriad worlds
Great God to Thee?
When earthly links are severed,
And the most sacred tie
Fails to hold me here,
Whither shall I fly?

Maker and Source of All,
All life comes forth from Thee,
And shall be gathered up,
To live eternally!
I cannot pass forever,
If but a breath of God.
Yet breath I am, His breath, His own,
My Maker and my God.