

CROSS ROADS

At the cross roads a wooden Christ
Hung battered and awry, and black,
The carrion crows kept drifting back,
Unsated yet, to keep their tryst,
While the carved eyes looked down so mild
And the sad lips, unchanging, smiled.

Came a swift woman, babe in arm,
Who thought to catch her breath and pray,
But turned in fear at what there lay;
And crossed herself against such harm
At the cross roads where hung the Christ
And crows returned to keep their tryst.

How could he look so stilly down,
He who saw all his laws defamed,
Women defiled and children maimed,
And manhood with its pride o'erthrown?
Was it for this that centuries
Had passed before those carven eyes?

Lo! what he witnessed while he hung
There at the parting of the ways,
Man's pageant of self-love and praise
Each day re-born, forever young;
Man's tale of wrongs, told and re-told
Each day anew, forever old.

His shadow falls across the Crime,
It broods upon the sinner's soul,
And till the wounds of the world be whole
Shall darken every page of time.
Re-crucified, his sad eyes scan
The sick and maddened soul of man.