
THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

Native to sun and storm,
They cringe not nor conform,
Save to the gentle law their sound heart knows;
Each day enough for them
To rise, cone, branch, and stem,
A leaf-breadth higher in their tall repose.

Ah, what a travesty
Of man's ascent, were I
To bear myself less royally than they,
After the ages spent
In spirit's betterment,
Through rounds of aspiration and decay!

For surely I have grown
Within a cleft of stone,
With spray of mountain torrents in my face.
Slow soaring ring by ring
On moveless tiled wing,
I have seen earth below me sink through space.