

PRAYER FOR PEACE

The shuddering slayers fled to town and field
 Beset with carrion visions, foul decay,
 And sickening taints of air that made the earth
 One charnel of the shrivelled lines of war.
 And through all flesh that omnipresent fear
 Became the strangling fingers of a hand
 That choked aspiring thought and brave belief
 And love of loveliness and selfless deed
 Till flesh was all, flesh wallowing, styed in fear,
 In festering fear that stank beyond the stars—
 And there was perfect peace . . .
 But I awoke, wroth with high God and prayer.

I prayed for peace; God, answering my prayer,
 Spake very softly of forgotten things,
 Spake very softly old remembered words
 Sweet as young starlight. Rose to heaven again
 The mystic challenge of the Nazarene,
 That deathless affirmation:—Man in God
 And God in man willing the God to be . . .
 And there was war and peace, and peace and war,
 Full year and lean, joy, anguish, life and death,
 Doing their work on the evolving soul,
 The soul of man in God and God in man.
 For death is nothing in the sum of things,
 And life is nothing in the sum of things,
 And flesh is nothing in the sum of things,
 But man in God is all and God in man,
 Will merged in will, love immanent in love,
 Moving through visioned vistas to one goal—
 The goal of man in God and God in man,
 And of all life in God and God in life—
 The far fruition of our earthly prayer,
 "Thy will be done!" . . . There is no other peace!

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