

One Music

There is a high place in the upper air,
So high that all the jarring sounds of Earth,
All cursing and all crying and all mirth
Melt to one murmur and one music there!

And so, perhaps, high over worm and clod,
There is an unimaginable goal
Where all the wars and all the discords
Make one still music to the heart of God!

The Choice

Every end brings a new beginning;
New dreams to dream, new worlds for ~~winning~~

B brings husks for eating, loves for losing;
Re-offers heaven and hell for choosing!

Outwitted

We drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that ~~took~~