

III - 68 - 6. Untitled Poem - 2 pages.

I am asked to make my own living
By telling deep tales of those who are dead.
My bread is to be made of flour that has been crushed
 in the cruel millstones of death,
And the wine of my living is to be the blood shed on
 green hills far away *in the fair land of China.*

Am I one who must exploit new Calvaries for gain?

Dear God: this is not true.
Those dear dead will live again in the fierce word
 of my writing.
By my words their suffering will be made one loaf
 with all suffering in America;
Their blood will be mingled with the tears of all
 who suffer in this fair land,
 Which the Pilgrim Fathers
 Blundered into in faith
 That in a New World there would be no sin.

But sin is Man's shadow.
While there is Day
Not even America
Can escape sin.

The American people
Are as old as the Chinese people:
As old as the Chinese people
And as young.
I must write then that America
May know her youth and her age,
That she may know her age and her youth
In the pain of suffering and death.

They will buy my book.
I shall have money to go on living;
To go on writing more tales of man's suffering
 and man's joy.
And always in the cruel light of day
Where men lust and fight and struggle
For their own place in the sun
There will be quiet and shady places,
Where they may rest
And know the forgiveness of God.

In God's quiet and shady places
The cruel shadow of sin will leave them
And they will be at peace.

Who is God that He can give the peace of forgiveness
in His own Shadow?
I only know His Face.
It is the face of a Man who has been through Death,
And has come back,
To bid us have no fear of death,
And to bring forgiveness into life
By our own way of living.