

W. V. D. H.

How small in scope this single sight;
How could it stand for human plight?
(And yet we know, where'e'er we go)
Shadow surrounds our human life,
And darkness is our veil of strife.

In hope we hold up glowing tallow,
We feel the hand of faltering fellow
One candle lights another, yes,
And one hand finds a second to press

Though blind we be to sky and sea,
The answer to our search will be
That earth returns as earth is given,
So full it is, or deathly shriven

According to the span of soul,
We see the earth in part or whole.
For naught suffices in itself,
The universe adds to its wealth

See the forest in a leaf,
Shape of mankind in a sheaf,
Boundless are you in the knowing;
Part of you is always growing.

Herbert Mark Baumgard

The man who looks at God all day,
And lifts his work-stained arms to pray,
Lives in a world of daring dreams;
A surging, stirring world of streams
That surely, slowly, wind to sea.

WRITINGS

But some of us, a little narrow,
Find the earth eats up the marrow
In our bones, and in our soul
We never see the earth as whole

It matters not how high the sky,
How fair the flowers be,
For there are some who have no eye,
And some who will not see

It matters not how wild the waves,
How gleaming is the sand,
For there are some who live in caves
And never know the land

And there are some who love the sky;
Who love both foam and cloud,
But never learn the reason why
They are alone in a crowd

And some men love the petal fair,
But cannot love the flower,
And some men for the minutes care,
But forget about the hour.

And some caress the fragile leaf,
And sweet is honey's taste.
But few in sturdy tree believe,
And love of bee is waste

And some adore one human face
Apart from all the rest,
But blind are to the human race,
And to life's richest zest.

II

Firefly flays the silent dark;
Light plays upon the rolling park,
A flicker, quicker than the eye,
Swift as the time in which men die

What see you there, oh wisest one?
A bug, a light, a park?
Or hankling, groping in the dark,
For goal that's never really won?

What see you there; King, declare?
Insect, Delight, Despair?
Men searching for a place of peace,
That few will ever live to reach?