

THE IMPERCIPIENT

(AT A CATHEDRAL SERVICE)

That from this bright believing band  
    An outcast I should be,  
That faiths by which my comrades stand  
    Seem fantasies to me,  
And mirage-mists their Shining Land,  
    Is a drear destiny.

Why thus my soul should be consigned  
    To infelicity,  
Why always I must feel as blind  
    To sights my brethren see,  
Why joys they've found I cannot find,  
    Abides a mystery.

Since heart of mine knows not that ease  
    Which they know; since it be  
That He who breathes All's Well to these  
    Breathes no All's-Well to me,  
My lack might move their sympathies  
    And Christian charity!

I am like a gazer who should mark  
An inland company  
Standing upfingered, with, "Hark! hark!  
The glorious distant sea!"  
And feel, "Alas, 'tis but yon dark  
And wind-swept pine to me!"

Yet I would bear my shortcomings  
With meet tranquillity,  
But for the charge that blessed things  
I'd liefer have unbe.  
O, doth a bird deprived of wings  
Go earth-bound wilfully!

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Enough. As yet disquiet clings  
About us. Rest shall we.