

SOUL INCARNATE

It would come. It would spread its inky blackness before me,

dark as any night.

So I prayed to God to give me light to see it,

strength to fight

The unexplainable fear of the unknown.

That which is not known to sight.

I would fall. I would stumble within myself,

be covered by my fear.

And I would plead with Him to see my ebbing course,

beg Him to hear

My lost soul slipping into nothingness.

Falling, tear by tear.

He would help. With one swift movement,

His sweeping hand

Would blot out my sins, my faults,

that shameful band,

With renewed courage. Then alone, before my God,

my cleansed soul would stand.

—ROLAND CRIM