

The Judgment

Basil J. Raymond

He stood
Within the saffroned hall,
Stood still;
Shadowed on a mile high wall,
Alone
But for the silent infinite,
Curious
Whence came the shining light.

A pause
Upon the stage of life,
A pain
With crimson bled away the strife
To earth;
So passed the precious moment,
Left him
Wondering where it went.

Not man,
Not anything in the velvet fold,
Just him,
Not hungry heat nor numbing cold;
The wall
Whereon he saw his mortal image roll
Spoke soft
And said, "I am your immortal soul."