

The Ant

Careless on the grass I bit
My honey cake;
The ant crawled its familiar path
Between green blades.

Elbowed over it I watched
The tiny drudge.
In gracious gesture I let fall
A small sweet gift.

It studied, took the crumb, and went
With work well done.
I could have killed the ant. My hand
Was that of God

Of charitable God to that small life.
Where was the sun?
Cold is the thought how many men
Have lived and died.

—Ina Marshall.

The Palm

The single palm is quite alone
Of fellow trees.

The sea is vast; its waves roll on;
The warm breeze sighs;

And golden sands stretch on for miles.
But one lone palm,
Storm twisted, stands before its doom
In forlorn calm.

A single unit of God's world,
Its own fate set,
It has no wish or right to change
The scheme, nor can it.

—Ina Marshall