

SONG

MARTHA MOLDT

When all the seas are dry
My love,
The mountains leveled flat,
The deserts scattered by the wind,
And wasteland, like a cat,
Stalks silent, deadly, creeping
Upwind, belly-flat
To feed upon the life-force
Of you and me and all begat
Of God;

Then we will be an island
Love;
Oasis in the sand.
And where we stopped, and where we loved
A refuge-place shall stand
Inviolate against the cat
That stalks the darkened land.
And all who stop within
Its halls shall see the hand
Of God.

Shall see His light illuminate
And radiate from me.
And though you be far distant,
The essence will be We
Of glowing warmth spread through the place
From floor to ceiling eaves,
Illuminating all my life.
But none shall know the key
Is you and I—an island,
Love,
Though separated be.