

Faith

They surely err who, set upon this earth
Of jarring elements, with discords rife,
Gaze undisturbed upon its ills and dearth,
And seek no explanation of its strife.

Who, tangled in this labyrinth of pain,
Where cruel problems torture heart and mind,
Assert that there is nothing to explain,
That all we see is wise and good & kind.

The truer Faith is surely that which says
That ~~so~~ right and wrong are mingled here, & tries
to separate each from each, and works, & prays
That God may deign to make His creatures wise.
Faith opens wide her eyes, yet doth endure,
The tempests try her, yet she stands secure.

N.B. These are Sonnets.