Satan and God

Barbara Barry*
A counterfeit dawn has blanched the night;  
A brief deceit to hopeful man.  
It's darker now—no sign of light—  
The living clay pursues the fight  
In black, unshadowed night again.

No!  
Build the world:  
Let men choose Men to guide our lives  
With pointing fingers.

A torn, red dawn will bring cold light . . .  
To show a man washed clean of clay?  
Or just to show another day,  
A brief, shining minute in a mortal way  
That ends again in night?

Satan and God  
Barbara Barry

Hate:  
Grayness of snow  
In late winter;  
Ice in the soul;  
Black poison  
In the arteries;  
Dark in the night.  
Love:  
The softness of spring  
In its glory;  
The warmth of a heart;  
The blood-red wine  
In life's storehouse;  
The light in the dark.