To the Fearful

Margaret Leveson*
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Abstract

You who have so little faith Because you have faith only in that you call God Or less, in that you call Church:...
TO THE FEARFUL

You who have so little faith
Because you have faith only in that you call God
Or less, in that you call Church:
You, who know not the depth of faith in pew, in brush,
Who cannot be true to yourselves
Because you do not believe in yourselves,
Nor true to any man
Because you have no faith in men,
You, whose souls are barren of art
Because your faith in creation is a brittle sarcophagus
Called Genesis:
You need desperately your thoughts of a life everlasting.
Your little lives, snuffed out like candles at your altars,
Leave still less smoke.
That is why you hide in dark doorways as the creators walk by.
That is why the fingers you point at them tremble.
That is why the words with which you try to mock them
Fall like gray dust
In the gutters you dread to leap.

—Margaret Leveson, H. Ec. Sr.