## Three Poems crushing the sorrows of the heart



## **CONTENTEDNESS**

Whether it is raindrops or sunshafts that fall on us,

it is no matter,

for the Providence of All-being

has weighed our necessities

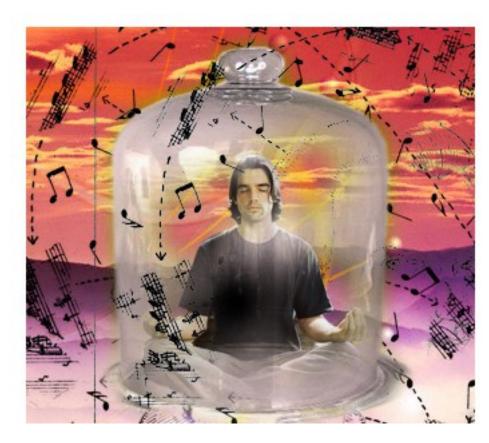
and cherished our desires,

testing His planting ground,

and counting His intread

with the love of a Maker.

So let us open at the hour of the growing rose, and breathe out our being at leaf-crush, till the air is sweet about us, and the self is still.



## INNER STRUGGLE.

I waited for your Word -

but no Word came.

My heart was waiting,

but only silence sang.

Silence I listened to,

but it was painful -
breaking across my soul
like storm on rocks.
Next time I waited
there was a stillness
in my being:
a stillness loving the silence
till there was music
deeper than silence,
bringing me peace,
for it held the Word
I had been seeking.
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I SEE



I see the phantom dancing of the wind the pulse of fevered seas, the painful growth of leaves that burst convulsively from buds on quickening trees.

What if I see all this
yet walk through life
glance-held and blind with pride,
crushing the sorrows of the heart
that silent eyes can hide?

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