

Hymn to the Sun

Should this dewdrop
burst, and I beneath it,
life would wash away
in the instant deluge.

I hymn the Sun:

“All mighty, all powerful,
you, the life of the world;
heat and cold are yours,
the blade, the deadly dew;”
and pray: “Dissolve this fearsome thing;
suck up the imminent death
I cower under.”

— *John V. Hicks*