

ACCEPTANCE

What shall endure of these our measured days?
As beads of water, burnished by the light
Of distant suns, they fall, the grays

In long, unmarked succession, till some bright
Topaz joy or sapphire holiness
Flashes its fire, hinting an undreamed height

The soul has yet to climb. Who shall possess
A glimmer of the life we craved, or keep
Our seed of peace from harm that it might bless

Those races of the dust still held asleep,
Waiting the breath of God? This legacy
Called Armageddon we accept. We heap

Our talents on its flames. How wantonly
We fanned the forges of eternity.

GWENDOLEN MASSEY