



## *Sitting by a Bush in Broad Sunlight*

When I spread out my hand here today  
I catch no more than a ray  
To feel of between thumb and fingers;  
No lasting effect of it lingers.

There was one time and only the one  
When dust really took in the sun;  
And from that one intake of fire  
All creatures still warmly suspire.

And if men have watched a long time  
And never seen sun-smitten slime  
Again come to life and crawl off,  
We not be too ready to scoff.

God once declared he was true  
And then took the veil and withdrew,  
And remember how final a hush  
Then descended of old on the bush.

God once spoke to people by name.  
The sun once imparted its flame.  
One impulse persists as our breath;  
The other persists as our faith.

1928 "West-Running Brook".

