

i am a little church(no great cathedral)  
 far from the splendor and squalor of hurrying cities  
 —i do not worry if briefer days grow briefest,  
 i am not sorry when sun and rain make april

my life is the life of the reaper and the sower;  
 my prayers are prayers of earth's own clumsily striving  
 (finding and losing and laughing and crying)children  
 whose any sadness or joy is my grief or my gladness

around me surges a miracle of unceasing  
 birth and glory and death and resurrection:  
 over my sleeping self float flaming symbols  
 of hope,and i wake to a perfect patience of mountains

i am a little church(far from the frantic  
 world with its rapture and anguish)at peace with nature  
 —i do not worry if longer nights grow longest;  
 i am not sorry when silence becomes singing

winter by spring,i lift my diminutive spire to  
 merciful Him Whose only now is forever:  
 standing erect in the deathless truth of His presence  
 (welcoming humbly His light and proudly His darkness)