

A Crisis.

Nearly destroyed;  
Cried out against deceit and fraud,  
The rising of the weak, society of men,  
Against wreck, reputation; against so much  
That my insides burned, turned on a spit  
On a fire; and I had to stop short  
And take stock and consider, learn peace again,  
And ask what was better to do,  
To lose myself in the fight  
And fall unachieved  
Or pick myself up and begin to live subtly,  
Finding my silence, gaining my strength?  
To be lifted shouting and trembling  
Up to the cross before my due time,  
Or find my God and be lifted up wrapped  
In my silence, in time not my own?  
To fall men's hostage or the silence's?