

ANN LYNN MARSHALL

1958 ~ 1963



At the day's end we found

Nightfall wrapped about a stone.

We took the cold stone in our hands,  
The shadowy surfaces of life unwound,  
And within we found  
A bird's fine bone.

We warmed the fragment in our hands  
Until a living heart  
Beat, and the tides flowed  
Above, below, within.

There came a boat riding the storm  
And in the boat a child,

In the boat a child  
Riding the waves of song  
Riding the waves of wind.

*Adapted from a poem by Kathleen Raine*

ANN MARSHALL

This small, unseeing figure looked,  
And, powerless, stood up.  
She did not feel but still took hold,  
And thirstless drank her cup.

The power and the right to guess  
A purpose in it all  
Belong to those who helped her stand  
And later saw her fall.

And if their probing finds no more  
Than fingers and a face  
That searched the way through darkness,  
So briefly finding space,

We have kept faith with Nature  
If we say a quiet "Amen,"  
And try no more to justify  
The ways of God to men.

William Brower  
April, 1963