

INTO THE ABYSS HE CAME

Into the abyss of human misery He came,
And, though a babe,
 yet was His heart aflame with the Glory of God.

Into the abyss—the Glory of God for the world of men;
Into the abyss, where once He dared to drink the cup of sorrow,
And then—
 faced the consequence of that abyss,
And bore upon His flawless frame
 the symbols of all human sin expressed;
And in a tragic stroke the grand illusions aid to rest
 Of man's inherent dignity.

Strange it is that all the tragedies of time
Have not sufficed to prove to man
 the depths of that accursed clime
 to which his soul was born.

Nor has it dawned upon his darkened heart
That e'en the noble things of man are part of vain facade.
And all the liberty
 In which he revels to indulge his selfish soul
Is but a bondage, from the chains of which
 the grace of God alone can set him free.

And so, insensitive to all but grosser earthly things,
And unaware the raft
 To which he blindly clings is rudderless and without sail,
He drifts through life,
 grasping, striving,
 bearing fortune's perfidies—

Until that disenchanting moment when the spirit
 flees the mortal cage
And knows
 that all he lived for was but ashes
 and all the good he shunned—

the stuff of which eternal bliss is made.

Thus the abyss to which He came—the majesty of God enshrined
for all the world to see—
the Blessed Son of Man.

Into the abyss—
the Son of God with the power to free
The souls of all in one great deed
of holy, and unselfish love.

Now on eagle's wings the souls of those who will, may soar;
And unencumbered by the chains of demon power,
Know the thrill of life fulfilled;
the joy of harmony with Him in whom
the timeless universe remains secure.



David Morsey

From the Eagles Nest