

PINDARIC ODE à la Ben Johnson:

Strophe/Antistrophe/Epode

(Tetrameter, pentameter, trimeter, tetrameter, pentameter)

Dear God, please give me words to write
That suit th'occasion: simple, bright,
 But reverent too, with unaffected awe;
 And teach me to write less, that less be more.
 I simply want to say
 That, all about my way,
You are most personal, most near;
Remembering You, I have no fear.
 You're like a child's invisible, secret friend,
 But un-invented, not some cultured blend.

And yet, I feel inadequate
To answer those who say our fate
 Is in our genes and our environment
 And in our will to power and our potential;
 they despise my love
 for You, all gods above.
What I for shame once did, they now
(but shamelessly) pursue, and how!
 They strip the robe from Your divinity,
 And synthesise the fruit of Eden's tree.

Yet they and I together seem
Like rookies trying to bridge a stream,
 To join us to the life beyond this shore,
 Relating mutually, as through a door.
 We should be friends – I, they,
 And Thee, and make amends.
This cannot come but by Your pain,
For human efforts are but vain.
 Dear Father, Jesus, Spirit: enterprise
 Your love between us all, and make us wise.

25th June 2013