

Silent

I did not argue with the man,
It seemed a waste of words.
He gave to chance the wondrous plan
That gave sweet song to birds.

He gave to force the wisdom wise
That shaped the honeybee,
And made the useful butterflies
So beautiful to see.

And as we walked 'neath splendid trees
Which cast a friendly shade,
He said: 'Such miracles as these
By accident were made.'

Too well I know what accident
And chance and force disclose
To think blind fury could invent
The beauty of a rose.

I let him talk and answered not.
I merely thought it odd
That he could view a garden plot
And not believe in God.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)