

Alone

Strange thoughts come to the man alone;
'Tis then, if ever, he talks with God,
And views himself as a single clod
In the soil of life where the souls are grown.
'Tis then he questions the why and where,
The start and end of his years and days,
And what is blame and what is praise,
And what is ugly and what is fair.

When a man has drawn from the busy throng
To the sweet retreat of the silent hours,
Low voices whisper of higher powers.
He catches the strain of some far-off song,
And the sham fades out and his eyes can see,
Not the man he is in the day's hot strife
And the greed and grind of a selfish life,
But the soul of the man he is to be.

He feels the throbbing of life divine,
And catches a glimpse of the greater plan;
He questions the purpose and work of man.
In the hours of silence his mind grows fine;
He seeks to learn what is kept unknown;
He turns from self and its garb of clay
And dwells on the soul and the higher way.
Strange thoughts come when a man's alone.

Edgar Albert Guest 1881-1959