

Ellen Moore, sophomore from Maumee, writes mankind's tragic, triumphant song.

CHRIST-SONG: THE DESCENT

BY ELLEN MOORE

Come, my love, we must return;
The valley waits the mountain's fall—
Our blood upon the Golden City's street—
The maze, the coming of our feet.
Even now the midnight hour is past,
Far past;

The dawn flames high, then fades to cast,
On lamp-hung walls
And marbled halls,
The white-hot shadows of the day;
While only prisoned cellars deep
(From decadent complacency to false design)
The rats breed in the mouldy heat
With vipers' young
Yes come, my only own, my rock.

Turn not to glimpse what we have been—
Not yet—
Though never pass this way again;
Downward our way,
No more the heights—

No more the dark night's starry wind
The angel song re-echoed in
Cleft to crag and back again;
No more the rocky springs that bubble wine
And boulders staff of life made more than life;
No more the vision,
Mountain meeting of the ages
Shining robed and thunder voiced;
No more the heights.

Come, the glass holds but a grain
And now alone remain
The valley and its city—
Golden domes on crumbling walls.
You will forget, deny, this dream
Of cliffs and night and destiny;
And yet, betraying, love the more.
Ah, Peter,
Peter, we must go!
Since I am who I am
Golgotha waits below.