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The Creator to His Restless Creation

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The Creator to His Restless Creation

Thou eye adrift in roiling sky
Foundling child that grows alone,
Tattered cloth of How and Why
Reason of flesh and bone,
Whence came thee, Son, and whither now?
“Thy trembling hand and heavy brow
Have made this world to be my home;
And though I seek to learn and grow,
My wonted searching doth me blow
From cruel mount to gentle foam
— And back again; what Reason can
You leave me? What Foundation wise,
To stay me as I wax a man
And plot course in turbulent skies?”
It pains me, Son, to see thee so,
To watch thee plunge and flail;
To ply the clouds with map nor sail,
At mercy of Caprice’s blow.
But help, alas, I offer not,
I give thee naught nor can—
The Dream by which my son was got
Was free of any plan.
The phantoms of my wanton mind
Spawned climate of your birth;
Nor impetus nor inborn worth
Remains for thee to find—
*Should Reason live, I tell thee take it;
Else follow me, my Son, and make it.*

Rich Miller

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