THE IMAGE OF GOD

THIS is the tale of His creations : first
When from the dust of earth, not yet accursed,
He fashioned man. Next when from God there burst—

Breathed as a sigh—a singing star, a soul
Wherewith man might perceive, desire, control
The good ; conform unto the whole

Transcendent purpose of his place on earth :
Bring forth his kind to uncorrupted birth,
Touch God in mystery, and Eve in mirth.

But when the plan was shattered by the taste
Of sweet revolt, the Image was defaced
And Eden with a sword was made a waste.

Long æons through, God strove by pestilence
And prophecy to bring to penitence
Him who had lost his ancient innocence.

Long æons through He failed (though man was His,
Marked with the Godhead's mark, with tears and bliss,
Disquietude and arts and silences) ;

Until, reversing His frustrated plan,
He broke Himself the barriers of His ban—
Since man escaped Him, God became a man.

The Image of God

This was the third creation : born a Child.
The soul of man with God was reconciled,
The soul defiled with flesh the undefiled.

(For in His childish wailings were implied
His human pain and weariness, the wide
Lent of temptation—and the Crucified.)

Lastly the body was redeemed when He
Scattered the gravestones piled immovably :
This mortal put on immortality.

But we know nothing of our past ; we guess
At what we were ; our troubled longings bless
Our hearts with happiness and homesickness.

Nor can our keen imaginations say
What we shall be ; none knows the secret way
Our flesh shall walk on Resurrection Day.

Yet are we comforted by mystery,
The promise of perfection—for we see
Man taken up into the Deity.

THEODORE MAYNARD.