

EXCUSE FOR DUST

I trusted clay and hid in dust.
Like you. I breathed—and breath was just
 Another name for treachery
That turned and bit the hand of me
 Who fed it well, I swear,
 A life-time, year by year.
But now I need not blessing nor
Yet breath. I have a settled score:
Dust I paid for dust, keeping nought
Against a rainy day, needing nought.
An oh to balance life-long strife
Full-circle is the sum of life.
 I am dead and know
 Oh, times, oh, is oh.
Thus have I come into my own, the sod,
 The last arithmetic
 That knows nor chance nor trick.
I cannot now be more, or less, than God,
 Being nought.

JOHN HOWLAND BEAUMONT