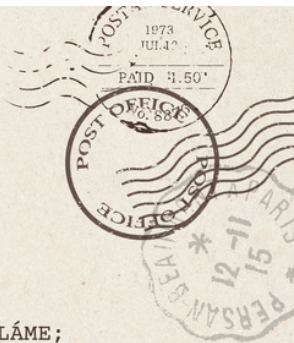






Post Card



AS KINGFISHERS CATCH FIRE, DRAGONFLIES DRÁW FLÁME;
AS TUMBLED OVER RIM IN ROUNDY WELLS
STONES RING; LIKE EACH TUCKED STRING TELLS, EACH HUNG BELL'S
BOW SWUNG FINDS TONGUE TO FLING OUT BROAD ITS NAME;
EACH MORTAL THING DOES ONE THING AND THE SAME:
DEALS OUT THAT BEING INDOORS EACH ONE DWELLS;
SELVES-GOES ITSELF; MYSELF IT SPEAKS AND SPELLS,
CRYING WHÁT I DO IS ME: FOR THAT I CAME.

Í SAY MÓRE: THE JUST MAN JUSTICES;
KÉEPS GRÁCE: THÁT KEEPS ALL HIS GOINGS GRACES;
ACTS IN GOD'S EYE WHAT IN GOD'S EYE HE IS-
CHRÍST-FOR CHRIST PLAYS IN TEN THOUSAND PLACES,
LOVELY IN LIMBS, AND LOVELY IN EYES NOT HIS
TO THE FATHER THROUGH THE FEATURES OF MEN'S FACES.

