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Saving The Appearances [Poem]

Michael Dahl
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SAVING THE APPEARANCES

When Heaven first exclaimed, Let there be Light!
The word threw forth a pure and potent ray,
Then they proclaimed to man the gift of sight
And Content sensibly flew into Day;
The eye of man cojoined the mind of God,
The grass grew green, the moon grew truly white;
The novel body touched, the novel footsteps trod
And novel cool, rough, fluid, firm and bright
Rose into earthly consciousness and fact.
Behold this life, as dark as single earth,
Change my potentiality to act,
Bestow an adjective to abstract worth;
Come with your grace, O watcher, look on me
And touch my hand that I may breathe and be.

— Michael Dahl

(Written after reading Mr. Owen Barfield's book of the same name)