

SONNET 9

July 1, 1940

O God is Justice to be impotent?
Is Virtue powerless to stem the tide?
Is Sin to triumph? Must the righteous hide
In palsied panic from the brute beasts sent
By raving lust-crazed tyrants glory-bent?
Our Father, is Thy Son the Prince of Peace?
When will His reign begin its love-bought lease
Of happiness, with Sin in banishment?

"Be patient child and wash thine own stained hands
Thou art not blameless; thou must prove thy worth
To claim My Peace and Happiness on earth.
This is thy punishment; these other lands
Will meet their fate. The viler now their crime
The more damned their reward in My good time."