

Abel, Cain

Orson Scott Card

Corn is the soil's song, and wheat the hymn
Of heavy fields; who wields the sickle sheaves
The stalks in golden holds and cantileves
In measures the plain-song and the praise-Him.

Home-come sheep cry far and dim
To this stony altar where the shepherd grieves,
Covered with sorrow and the fallen leaves,
Shadowed with sorrow and the low-hung limb;

And bowed, an unshorn lamb he bleeds in grim
Similitude of his father's son; aggrieves
Not, nor wished to; but the scythe bereaves,
And the strong-armed reaper, watching, envies him
Whose hill music and silence God believes
As sung in sheep's song and the herd its hymn.