

Frontier 1961

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Being an egoist, I made a chart
And planned a new frontier. The world, my dream,
Began, a fetus, secret and apart
And fed in rhythm from creation's stream.
It grew in size held by a twisted skein
Of bland inertia, till, with solemn rite,
I gave it birth with travail and much pain
And breathed life into it and gave it light.

Its swift expansion subjugated me.
As it pushed contours into outer space,
I sought for meaning and reality
And knew its needs were discipline and grace.
I gave it life but not a moral soul
And now I plead with God to take control.

