

Luke 7: 18-35



FUTILITY

Move him into the sun -
Gently its touch awoke him once
At home, whispering of fields unsown
Always it woke him, even in France
Until this morning, and this snow
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know



Think how it wakes the seed -
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star
Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides
Full-nerved - still warm - too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
- O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

WILFRID OWEN



Was it for this?



the good news...

