

WALTER KAUFMANN

Judgment

Lord of the storm that destroyed,
huddled and helpless, my people,
mocking their graceless death
with bird song and splendour of blossoms:

Lord of lightning that struck not
impious butcher kings,
saving his wrath for the masses
and his love for sunsets and trees:

Lord, if you came to judgment
and I had to sentence your soul,
weighing your rainbows and glaciers
against the mountains of bones,

Lord, you might yet win acquittal
if only the dead had beheld
glories on which you squandered
love that they never felt.