

# A Man and a God

By Barry Pain

I hunger and am not satisfied:  
Because I am small, and the world is wide;  
And the world is one, and the stars are sand,  
Flung right out by a careless hand  
Into the darkness to slide and slide;  
And all the darkness is one small blot  
That He who made it regardeth not.  
He hath nor sorrow, nor joy, nor pride,  
And His face is set as it were of stone;  
He worked, and he letteth the work alone;  
And none are above Him and none beside.

The dead leaf blown from the dying tree,  
The great ship wrecked in a cruel sea,  
The creeping things that the cart-wheels crush,  
The ruined star in its downward rush—  
Alike to Him all these things be,  
And the darkness is as the day's full light,  
Ever and ever, by day and night,  
He sits alone, and His great eyes see  
A million worlds in their courses turn;  
Yet like a flame the deep looks burn  
Even in this small heart of me.

He thought me, and He let me go;  
He thought a man and it was so.  
For He thinketh all and there liveth naught  
That came not first from out God's thought;  
Then we are left—to die or grow,  
He has forgotten us all by now,  
And stony swoon on His stony brow  
Lies, and His breath is strong and slow.  
He sees, and reeks not what He sees,  
And never it moveth His frozen ease  
That we cry, and die, and rot below.

Yet the far hills, that snow makes white,  
Stretch Godward, longing for His light;  
And all last night the winds outpoured  
Their rhythmic Glory to the Lord—  
I listened longingly last night.

We hunger and are not satisfied;  
All the worlds and the darkness wide,  
Every depth and every height,  
Longing to be in God again.  
And hunger is hunger, and longing vain,  
And man is nothing, and God is right.