

POEM

On the Conversion of Saul

On the road to Damascus
I saw Him,
then nothing else.
After the Light
all else was darkness.
I saw Him.
He Whom I had chased
in those who followed Him,
He Whom I had hunted
was hunting me, chasing me
all along.
I saw Him.
I saw Him,
and all else was night starless.
Head in hands,
tears falling from useless eyes,
fingers trembling, covered
by invisible Christian blood,
and still
He saw me
and loved me,
and called me,
and forgave me.
Now I chase Him afresh,
calling others to join
Together
Let us run the race
and seek Him,
Whom we had formerly persecuted.



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