

PROCESS

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Process is in everything. I see that
Everything is becoming—moving on.
Moving to some fixed end? I see no end,
But movement threading every phase and change,
Uniting in one great meaning death and life,
Linked with variations defining law.
Deviation may go so far—no farther—
Thus letting law stand out well etched and plain
Like frost-designs against the window-glass.

Why would you hold me back? Why speak of pause?
I see the swirling atoms moving on—
A richly coloured, vibrant, constant stream.
Even in stagnation, process still works;
We cannot stay, though we refuse to go.
Let us look back, but not turn longing eyes,
Not like Lot's wife to petrify in salt
And be worked back to elemental stuff,
But just to grasp the meaning, if we can,
Follow the pattern better as it unfolds,
Perfect portions emerging from the whole
Like lace of foam upon the polished waves.
Well, I would yield me to that golden stream,
Would fix my gaze on some light far ahead—
A light that moves beyond to-morrow's dawn,
For ever on and on, beyond our sun's
Last vital turning, into whatever stages
Process prepares. Thus would I keep my poise,
As one who walks along a shining rail.
I would not lag, nor would I make complaint,
But consciously would yield my acquiescence,
Seeking to comprehend process's measures.
I would work with process, not hinder, thwart,
Nor merely be worked on like clay or stone.

Sometimes process's ways seem slow, obscure;
Then I would be patient as God Himself.
I would not lag; neither would I make haste,
But be content with process swift or slow—
A loyal agent, watchful, humble, keen.
Process, I think, is infinite, and we,
Emerging here a time in consciousness,
Contribute something, each in his own way,
Like children proud to help in household tasks,
Exalted by responsibility.