

THE EPSTEIN STATUE OF CHRIST

(AN INTERPRETATION)

FLORENCE WESTACOTT

Beauty and truth enmeshed in human form,
Human companioned, walked by field and town,
Noting bright lilies, a down-stricken bird,
Or struggling, foolish camel brought to kneel
Unharnessed, stripped, by the low lintelled gate.
He told the story of a prodigal—
But where, after these two thousand years is He?
A few brief sayings, high beatitudes
Of sweet, persuasive power—these yet remain.
Slowly the troubled centuries go by;
Strange learnings come and pass; they cannot heal;
The changing shapes of knowledge flit; and still
Bitter divisions sever man from man.
Groping, we turn towards healthful light of day;
But on our eyes is pressed a woven band—
Age-crumbled doctrines, blinding the spirit's sight;
And in that dark dwell savage, primal fears . . .
Dark was the sepulchre in which He lay;
Yet He arose and burst His cerements.