

I think Ruskin went too far in reducing all religion to the religion of work. But his "disciple" missed the point completely, and too many critics of contemporary industrial life neglect Ruskin's emphasis in favour of the distorting spirituality we see in Tolstoy.

SEAGULL

Sanford Sternlicht

A seagull dives from earth into the deep
And restless ocean of the air like one
Small boy tossed skyward, flapping at the sun
Upon a bed-spring gyre, yet crouched to leap
Once more in wanton joy. The soarer climbs,
With ape arms long and handless up each rung
Of rising heat, the throne of height; among
The shell-bursts blows and boasts and mimes
The Osprey, nodding to the speck-ship on
His fish-path, on his teeming whale-way green
With plunder. Now darts an arrowhead upon
A blurred blue shaft! Swift scoop of Heaven glean
A slither soul all twist and bend. Between
The quilts and covers of the sky, begone!