

The Bars Of Fate

I stood before the bars of Fate
And bowed my head disconsolate;
So high they seemed, so fierce their frown,
I thought no hand could break them down.

Beyond them I could hear the songs
Of valiant men who marched in throngs;
And joyful women, fair and free,
Looked back and waved their hands to me.

I did not cry "Too late! Too late!"
Or strive to rise, or rail at Fate,
Or pray to God. My coward heart,
Contented, played its foolish part.

So still I sat, the tireless bee
Sped o'er my head, with scorn for me,
And birds who build their nests in air
Beheld me, as I were not there.

From twig to twig, before my face,
The spiders wove their curious lace,
As they a curtain fine would see
Between the hindering bars and me.

Then sudden change! I heard the call
Of wind and wave and waterfall.
From heaven above and earth below
A clear command "ARISE AND GO!"

I upward sprang with all my strength,
And stretched my eager hands at length
To break the bars- no bars were there;
My fingers fell through open air!

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