

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"  
John W. Crady



The path to the sun is fixed  
Blessing the folk by the sleigh  
Of the chariot swinging sweet,  
Tranquy tracked, consigned - free.

Though we reign isolated ourselves  
In the evils, earthed, ruled by the wheel,  
Endured,  
As the cloud flows up through the smoke,  
As the knowledge revolved from the spoke,  
And the howl,  
Which feeds in the still;  
From the devil that flight nonexistent  
As the strike  
Blows attainments not thrown but away  
At the end.

How grows the tree  
When the serpent entwines?  
Light the torch open-eyed  
Claims the see -  
For the path to the sun is a ray.