

## WOOLWORTH CATHEDRAL

*Wood, Clement, 1880-1950*

Lost in a climbing forest of skyscrapers  
Trinity sulks, a deserted shrine;  
Her few worshippers walk tremblingly,  
Sniffing the musty air from her buried dead,  
Senselessly mumbling over and over  
The ritual of a dead god.

Towering aloft into the conquered sky  
The Woolworth Temple soars above its neighbors--  
A triumphant monument of the millions of worshippers of the true God of today . . . .  
Raised by blood-soaked and vice-trained pennies  
Squeezed out of weak and pitiful girls,  
Robbed of life and beauty.  
That it might first kiss the morning sunshine;  
Raised by trickling nickels and dimes  
Levied on needy families,  
That it might be a glory and a dream  
In the soft gray shine of dusk.  
And a pillar of white splendor at night.  
Outsparkling the other lights of the city.  
And the poor imitations passing slowly above it.  
Night after night.

O Shrine of the God of Gold.  
O Temple to the true God of Today.  
Who will reign until we have made a new god, Man,  
To rule in earth and heaven,  
I pause for a moment,  
To lay a worshipper's tribute before you!