

GOD'S BLUNDER

Wood, Clement, 1880-1950

God is a Master Workman. He,
When He made our solar family group,
He made it well and lovingly,
With many a kindly pat and stoop;

But then, as He started out to hang
The tidy mass on its stellar hook
Placed by the Cosmic Repairing Gang
High in a vacant celestial nook,

Just as He raised it to the knob,
And over His shoulder He threw a joke
To another God on a similar job,
It slipped from his arms. Before it broke,

He tried to grab it and save it
It struck a forgotten cosmic nail
And broke into bits! Out tumbled a rain,
Like scurrying ants from an overturned pail,

Of worlds and moons and shooting-stars,
Of sky-larking comets and scandalized sun,
Earth, and Venus, and grumbling Mars
Free for a moment; and every one

Flung himself pell-mell to a place
That centers the braceleting Milky Way
God wears on Sabbaths and holidays--
And tumbling forth in rollicking play

Houses, volcanoes, parliaments, pigs,
Cinnamon buns and the Church of Rome,
Trees (one apple forbidden) and figs,
And the latest Parisian polychrome,

The Chinese Wall and the kangaroo,
The moon's eclipse and the Indian Sea,
The lordly ruler of Timbuctoo,
Methusalem, Jesus, you and me--

All, like hysterical ants from a pail,

Yelling and singing and shrieking and crowing,
Placed themselves like a Catherine Wheel
And started the blamed machinery going.

And how it did creak and whine and quiver,
Slip-shod, rickety, all askew,
Like an alderman with an ailing liver--
The queer parts vexing me and you--

A dump marked "Church" and a hole marked "Home,"
And a doll called "Mother" that boxed your jaws,
And a bubble "Wealth" of shivering foam,
And the precious toys called "Codes" and "Laws."

Thus, for a cosmic second or so,
These things squirmed in their puny glee,
And the other God laughed, as God bent low
To put 'em back where they ought to be.

Stooping, God stumbled, and almost swore--
He almost let out a ripping damn.
Quickly He'll put 'em all back once more,
Washed in the blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb.

Quickly He'll put all the ornaments,
Our ponderous learning, me myself,
Ragmen, poets, Presidents,
Each on its proper harmless shelf

It's picked up now, and it's running right,
Clockwise, tidily, full of fun,
And God's gone on to a different job.
I hope He don't drop another one.