

A LIGHT IN A TENEMENT WINDOW

Firkins, Chester, 1882-1915

The frozen city, muffled in the night,
Lies cold and soundless. Shivering, I creep
Through narrow lanes, where tired thousands sleep.
Of all the windows, one alone is bright.
High in that little room where glows the light,
Doth Revel grin or hungered Sorrow weep?
Or Death or Birth the lonely vigil keep?
Who knows? And yet it is a cheerful sight.

So through the dark that wraps all human things,
In the wide, sleeping city of my Soul,
God's casement bright holds dim imaginings.
Death or New Birth, sorrow or joy, my goal?
I cannot tell; yet hope still shines for me
Through the warm window of Eternity.