

## **On Grasping the Wind**

*July 12, 2013*

Time takes what men build, heights fall, houses trust  
in time will, beams below, betray. And you  
know, trusting God, time not to try; rain through  
unrighteous roofs and righteous falls, and rust  
once polished faces palls the same. And dust,  
you ought know, yet composes all; till too  
the trumpet every atom shakes, till new  
the everlasting morning breaks it must.

As time takes life, takes houses, corn and wine,  
I trust you would not time-struck be, and stake  
that time need not on you play thief again:  
cover its sin; if you can all resign,  
give up your rights. And other thieves unmake:  
if you can pity time, then pity men.