

AN OPEN DOOR

An Allegory

The door stood open
Yet his step was stayed;
The new world beckoned,
Yet he was afraid.
His world is darkness, and the other, light –
What need for hesitation
In the face of wrong or right?

Lift up your eyes,
And you shall see the hills.

His eyes were blinded
In his own conceit;
He knew no other life –
No other path, his feet.
Before him, all his people
Had passed content this way.
Ah! then what is it,
That makes him, doubting, stay?

Something is stirring
In the darkness of his mind;
Something is seeking,
Yet it cannot find.
What need to change
When others still abide?
What holds his spellbound?
Why has conscience cried?

Now from his side
A child has seen the light,
Born to the darkness,
From the Heavens bright.
She feels no fear –
She only sees delight.
“Oh see, Oh see
The pretty birds in flight!”

Swift as a swallow
With no second thought,
She has bounced forward,

Nor heeds the great import.
Her laughter ringing
From the world beyond,
“Oh, come back, my daughter,”
Cries her father fond.

Now, all forgetting,
He has entered, too,
From the way of many
To the land of few.
He leaves the darkness
And his eyes can see
The unbeliever, God –
And the slave his Liberty.

Rosemary Stevens, '52