

The Horseman

I fled in panic from You,
I wanted to fool You, cheat You –
But stubborn knees each day
Left traces in heaven.

You caught up with me, Horseman of Heaven,
You trampled, You stood on me.
I fell slain, by grace cut to pieces,
Like smoke when a whirlwind drives.

I have no words that could raise me,
Speech weighs me ever down.
Might it be that I must lose my words
To win them back like my soul?

So I needs must pass through my very self,
My self entrust to Your words –
If need be, trample, then, to the ground,
I am simply Your soldier.

One thing I know, and of other signs
Nor eyes nor ears have need –
My choice once made for ever,
I must in every moment choose.

