

When, for a fleeting period, man is free,
 The ceaseless roar of traffic hushed,
 Drapes are drawn and doors are closed,
 To keep the shapes of dark away;
 And, through the dim light, lowered,
 That we may relax, and rest in peace;
 We conjure up visions of past days,
 Conjectures of what may be yet to come,
 Or just sit still and ponder this and that;
 Content to test each day alone,
 Against our strivings or our losses or gain,
 Until at last asleep, we dream :
 The prairie evening and a coming storm,
 Low flying, dark'ning on the horizon to the west.
 The circus come to town, and the longing
 In a boyish heart just to see
 Those people from another world.
 Animals from beyond the many seas
 No nearer until now than the worn, yellowed leaves,
 In an old and worn book.
 The acrobats, the clowns, the horses and the dogs,
 Performers all, and all beneath that huge
 Brown canvassed dome, hot under evening sun,
 Motionless, suspended on tow'ring poles
 With fibrous muscles pegged tightly to the ground.
 The thrill of working hard enough to make enough
 To pay a ticket fare to see all dreams come true;
 To live for one brief hour among the wandering
 Of the world, and feel the urge to go
 With them, forever on their way,
 Oh dreams, dreams, and dreams of dreams!
 Who can say they are not real?
 Who are we to judge this mind of ours ?
 That guides us on our journeys thro' this life ;
 And while we journey, whispers, 'This too
 Is yours and yours alone, not one
 Can take it from you; And you, you cannot say
 Whence it comes or whither it goes,
 Nor yet if it be but coincidence, that as ^{you} we think
 We know the path, it disappears
 And other ^{unknown} roads beckon you across the hills.
 Dreams, they come and go, but what are they?
 Of what substance are they made ? ^{formed?}
 The warp and woof on what loom woven ?
 Who palms the shuttle to and fro ?
 Whose plan the pattern that we dimly see ?
 And of our life a thread of that vast whole.
 A myrian part of thoughtful weave,
 Whose end we see not while we live.

The Circus of Life

Someone has planned the whole, this but a part,
 The planner all unknown but ever here.
 Leading us on from step to step.
 In eager haste and selfish folly,
 We would see the finished piece, completed, whole:
 Yet while we press on in haste it fades;
 We strive anew to ^{seize} grasp and tear aside the veil
 But as we reach to grasp and pull, it slips away
 While we, impatient mortal, turn dismay'd.
 Yet in that brief moment we sense that we have seen
 Something beyond our ken, an inner voice that speaks,
 In accent we but barely hear,
 Tells us that had we less impatient been,
 We would have known much more than now.
 The Planner works not by mortal hours,
 A million years for ev'ry shuttle throw
 A million million years for hue and shade
 With all eternity the weave of a completed whole.
 The mind staggers at the very thought, yet rises
 Once more to vision fresh and boldly launches forth
 On yet another quest.
 Restless like the rolling ocean wave,
 Storm tossed too, sweeping on, it breaks on rocky shore,
 Or washes sand along the beaches of our rest.
 Forever move the waves, forever shifts the sand,
 Forever weaves the Spinner on the loom of life
 He planned. Man is but part of the unfinished whole;
 The Weaver guides the shuttle,
 Time and eternity work together and abreast;
 Man falls and rises, stumbles, fails, and yet succeeds;
 Comes home at last where shades are drawn,
 Doors closed, lights dimmed,
 Rest and peace abound for all life's needs.

Norman Turnbull.
 April 4th 1969.

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Title (Possibly The Circus of Life)

fleeting period

When for a (space) man is free,
'The ceaseless roar of traffic hushed
Drapes are drawn and doors are closed
To keep the shapes of dark away
And though the dim lights, lowered,
That we may relax, and rest in peace;
We conjure up visions of past days
Or plan on what ^{may be} is yet to come

Or just sit still and ponder this and that;
7 Content to just each day alone ^{Against our stirrings and}
Until at last asleep, we dream ^{our loss or gain}

The prairie evening and a coming storm
Low lying ^{dark, moor} still on far horizon to the west.
The circus come to town, and the longing
In a boyish heart. Just to see

Those people from another world:
'The animals from ^{land and the many} far ^{across the} seas
No nearer until now than leaves in an old
And worn book. The acrobats, the clowns,
The music and the horns, the horses
And the dogs, Performers all, and all
Beneath that huge canvassed dome
Whose supports towered up and up,
The struts of working hard to make enough
To pay a ticket fare to see
all these dreams come true, To live
For one brief hour among the wandering
Of the world, and feel the urge to go
With them forever on their way.

Of dreams, and dreams of dreams.

Who can say they are not real.

Who are we to judge this mind of ours
 That ^{guides} takes us on our journey thro' this life
 And while we journey, whispers 'this too'
 (This is yours, and yours alone, not one
 Can take it from you; and you, you
 Cannot say whence it comes or whence it goes.
 Nor yet if it be but coincidence that, as we think
 We know the path, it disappears and other roads
 Beckon us across the hills.

Dreams, yes, they come and go, but what are they?
 Of what substance are they made.

The warp and woof, on what loom woven?

Who palms the shuttle to and fro?

Whose plan, the pattern, which we dimly ^{see} see?

And in our life a thread of that vast whole
 A myriad part of thoughtful weave,
 Whose end we see not while we live.

Someone has planned the whole, this but a part
 The planner all unknown, but ever here.
 Leading us on from step to step.

In eager haste, we would see
 The finished piece, completed whole

Yet while we press on in haste it fades.

We strive anew to grasp and tear aside the veil
 But as we grasp and pull, it slips away

And we impatient, mortal, turn dismay'd

Yet in that brief moment we sense that we have seen

Something beyond our ken. Some sense
Has told us that had we less impatient been
We would have known much more than now.
The Planner works not by mortal hours,
A million years for each shuttle throw
And million million years for each hue and shade
And all eternity woven into a completed whole.
The mind staggers at the very thought, yet rises
Once more to vision yet anew, and boldly
Launches forth, on yet another quest. Restless
Like the rolling ocean wave. Storm tossed too
Yet rolling on it breaks on rocky shore
Or washes sand along the ^{peaches} beaches of our rest
Forever more the waves, forever shifts the sand
Forever weaves the spinner on the loom of life
He planned. Man is but part of the unfinished
Whole. The weaver guides the shuttle.

Time and eternity work together and abreast;
Man falls and rises, stumbles, fails, and yet
Succeeds, comes home at last where shades
Are drawn, doors closed, lights dimmed,
Rest and peace abound for all life's needs.

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