

# **A Prayer in Darkness**

G.K. Chesterton



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This much, O heaven—if I should brood or rave,  
Pity me not; but let the world be fed,  
Yea, in my madness if I strike me dead,  
Heed you the grass that grows upon my grave.

If I dare snarl between this sun and sod,  
Whimper and clamour, give me grace to own,  
In sun and rain and fruit in season shown,  
The shining silence of the scorn of God.

Thank God the stars are set beyond my power,  
If I must travail in a night of wrath,  
Thank God my tears will never vex a moth,  
Nor any curse of mine cut down a flower.

Men say the sun was darkened: yet I had  
Thought it beat brightly, even on—Calvary:  
And He that hung upon the Torturing Tree  
Heard all the crickets singing, and was glad.