

From "A Sleep of Prisoners"

The human heart can go to the lengths of God.

*Dark and cold we may be, but this
Is no winter now. The frozen misery
Of centuries breaks, cracks, begins to move;
The thunder is the thunder of the floes,
The thaw, the flood the upstart Spring.
Thank God our time is now when wrong
Comes up to face us everywhere,
Never to leave us till we take
The longest stride of soul [men] humanity ever took.
Affairs are now soul size.
The enterprise
Is exploration into God.
Where are you making it for? It takes
So many thousand years to wake,
But will you wake for pity's sake?*

by Christopher Fry (1907-2005)