

Faith

Natalie Shaw Evjen

I once thought Faith the expense to secure
A pass aboard the Boat That Cannot Sink,
Destined for the Island Of The Sure:
A place of facts, concordance, sutured chinks.

That ship has sailed, is somewhere lost at sea;
Mutinied by Logic, Doubt, and Fear,
So long held captive by feigned piety,
Scorned, disregarded, labeled insincere.

I struggled, fought, 'til Doubt exposed the truth:
The Island never was, and ne'er will be,
Its pledge of certainty—a myth of youth,
The wavering ocean, my sole destiny.

My heart still languishes to reach dry land,
To touch, to grasp, to feast on what is true.
But though the journey's different than I'd planned,
If not for Faith, I would have missed the view.

Perhaps I misread what the Bible says
On never knowing what we'll never know:
For Doubt will torture, haunt, beguile, unless—You be polite and
sometimes let him row.