

On board the Charleston Train

A steady quiet rain - as though it had been at it for a long time - Little white washed shades - half washed by the rain - palmetto ^{yellow} ~~thicket~~ grass - high pines - live-oak - moss hung - great high-ways with the white lines crossing - then back - country once more - a wagon trail in the dark sand - the hum of the air conditioning fan in my ear - the sound of our whistle on my distant ear - creeks and rivers and cypress swamps - lumber yards - tin roofed buildings - a store or two - a filling station - a few dogs - some children - a group of men huddled under a tin roof out of the rain - two women sitting near a window their faces quickly gone - the little town quickly gone - not even a name in my memory - only those few pictures - now again the pine woods - the half winter - half summer feeling - the cypress still in the bare grey of winter - the live-oak with new pink buds - ploughed fields with a young green crop - my colored porter with his clean white coat - his shining black face - another scattering of houses - thin blue smoke from each - old tumbled down fences half covered with green honeysuckle - white washed out buildings - everything rain soaked - earth - people - everything - rivers red with mud - a highway with speeding cars - stopping for nothing - not even seeing the corner through which they pass.

The first shall break in bloom - feeling of freedom -
as if I were flying in between the moments - hours - years
yet not caught in any. The old inertia and the old
pressure have loosed their hold - I sail serenely
without effort into time - letting my thoughts pick up
their heels in the pastures of ^{the} stars - nothing seems either
sublime or ridiculous except man himself. Fear and hatred
are not here - Perfect Love has cast them out - perhaps that
is what is meant by being born again - into a new
consciousness of life.

The difference is not so much in what a man thinks
or feels - or wonders - But how much of his wonder and
his feeling ~~and his thought~~ he can translate into
words ~~that~~ will touch another man's thought. - To
make him conscious of his own. However simple it be so
long as it is from the heart with no effort to say more than
is there.

He marshes how candid and simple and nothing
withholding and free - ye publish yourselves
to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea
as the marsh hen secretly builds her
nest on the watery sod - Behold I will build
me a nest on the greatness of God - I will
build me a nest. The man of to-day has too many news-
papers - radios - movies - talkers - arguers &
politicians and too few hours alone with his own soul.
What strangers we will be when we must take off on
that last long flight again.