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The Crippled Chronicler

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ROGER LOEFFLER

THE CRIPPLED CHRONICLER

“I have written a great book,”
Said the cripple from his chair.
“At the world I took a good long look
And found both foul and fair.”

“I know now its ways and whys;
I am worldly wise and round.
I see through all man’s truths and lies.
For answers I have searched and found.”

“My analysis I now perfect
In a work of fiction formed
For only those of the intellect
With which I myself was born.”

And tell me, lord of knowledge,
Who so young was maimed and smitten,
What great worldly college
Formed these opinions you have written?

From what great works of insight
Did you draw your sure conclusions?
From what theology beams this light
Which unshadows man's illusions?

On what broad far and foreign soils
Did you search for what you found
And in impassioned nightly toils
Relate as sure and sound?

“Through that side window of finest plate
You see my wisdom's store;
I gain my knowledge as I mediate
On those bricks on the house next door.”