

# Abel, Cain

Orson Scott Card

Corn is the soil's song, and wheat the hymn  
Of heavy fields; who wields the sickle sheaves  
The stalks in golden holds and cantileves  
In measures the plain-song and the praise-Him.

Home-come sheep cry far and dim  
To this stony altar where the shepherd grieves,  
Covered with sorrow and the fallen leaves,  
Shadowed with sorrow and the low-hung limb;

And bowed, an unshorn lamb he bleeds in grim  
Similitude of his father's son; aggrieves  
Not, nor wished to; but the scythe bereaves,  
And the strong-armed reaper, watching, envies him  
Whose hill music and silence God believes  
As sung in sheep's song and the herd its hymn.