

# *Frontier 1961*

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Being an egoist, I made a chart  
And planned a new frontier. The world, my dream,  
Began, a fetus, secret and apart  
And fed in rhythm from creation's stream.  
It grew in size held by a twisted skein  
Of bland inertia, till, with solemn rite,  
I gave it birth with travail and much pain  
And breathed life into it and gave it light.

Its swift expansion subjugated me.  
As it pushed contours into outer space,  
I sought for meaning and reality  
And knew its needs were discipline and grace.  
I gave it life but not a moral soul  
And now I plead with God to take control.

