

TO GOV. ALVIN T. FULLER  
(August 23, 1927)

And now the awful deed is done, wash well your hands  
Before the mob; can you not see  
The Nazarene go forth at your commands  
And climb again to Calvary?  
Snug and content you sleep tonight while he  
Is writhing on the cross again.  
Hear how the mob shouts at his agony;  
Hear how a few weep at his pain.  
How will it be with you in that red dawn  
When we shall scale the walls of hate and fear,  
When those you killed shall be again reborn  
With all the truths they held so dear?  
Pilate, you have steeled our hearts and cleared our eyes  
To meet the morning light as darkness dies.

—*Max Press*