

“QUO VADIS ?” - A TRAVELLER’S TALE.

There stark it stands in midst of darkening moor,  
Like to a gallows, gaunt against the sky,  
A single sign-post in the emptiness,  
From which two pointing arms imperiously  
Demand, indeed, command that traveller choose  
Decisively, though undecided still,  
Which one of their directions to obey,  
Though both ways seem, within the gathering gloom,  
One self-same bare and barren wilderness,  
A waiting wasteland, undetermined weird,  
Its menace lurking in its mystery;  
For, due to deepening dusk or dimming sight  
Of peering seer on blindman’s holiday,  
No name on either arm is seen to guide  
The wary wayfarer who dares not guess  
Which went may lead to promise or to threat,  
Nor take the middle ground that lies between,  
And lose himself betwixt divergent paths  
To haunt for aye an aimless hinterland,  
Never to find the foreground, of his faith,  
Who further fears that either road might reach  
But such another sign-post, pointing back  
To that in which he now must put his trust. . . .

For choose he must lest choosing not to choose  
For fear he fall into some yelling hell,  
He miss his chance of peaceful paradise;  
Like those who, spurning hope, thus choose despair,  
Lost the the pointless compass of their days,  
“This way or that?” the silent sign-post asks.  
“This way - or that?” time’s wanderer makes reply.

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