



FABLE

In heaven
Some little blades of grass
Stood before God.
"What did you do?"
Then all save one of the little blades
Began eagerly to relate
The merits of their lives.
This one stayed a small way behind,
Ashamed.

Presently, God said,
"And what did
you do?"
The little blade answered, "O my Lord,
Memory is bitter to me,
For if I did good deeds
I know not of them"
Then God, in all his splendor,
Arose from his throne.
"O best little blade of grass!" he said.

