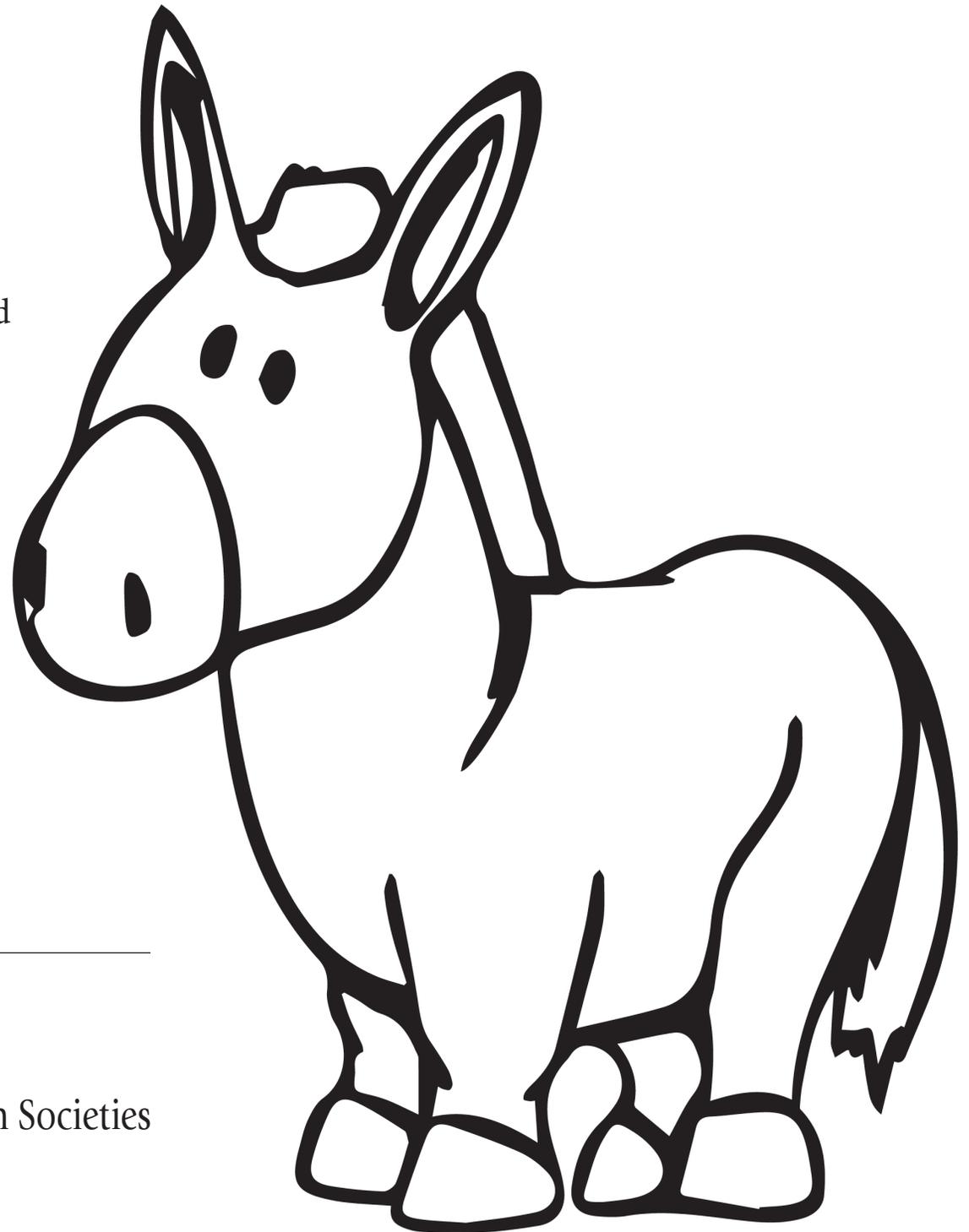


# The Donkey

By G. K. Chesterton

When fishes flew and forests walked  
And figs grew upon thorn,  
Some moment when the moon was blood  
Then surely I was born.  
With monstrous head and sickening cry  
And ears like errant wings,  
The devil's walking parody  
On all four-footed things.  
The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
Of ancient crooked will;  
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,  
I keep my secret still.  
Fools! For I also had my hour;  
One far fierce hour and sweet:  
There was a shout about my ears,  
And palms before my feet.

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American Baptist Home Mission Societies  
SINCE 1824