Fenton Johnson's "God is the Old Repair Man"

When we are junk in Nature's storehouse	
he takes us apart.	
What is good he lays aside;	
he might use it some day.	
What has decayed he buries in six feet of sod	5
to nurture the weeds.	
Those we leave behind	
moisten the sod with their tears;	
But their eyes are blind	
as to where he has placed the good.	10
Some day the Old Repair Man	
Will take the good from its secret place	
And with his gentle, strong hands will mold	
A more enduring work—a work that will defy Nature—	
And we will laugh at the old days, the troubled days, When we were but a crude piece of craftsmanship, When we were but an experiment in Nature's laboratory	15
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It is good we have the Old Repair Man.