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
   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.

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 . . .

It is good we have the Old Repair Man.