Matthleson State Park

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Sturm: Matthleson State Park

Or see the blinding light of night,
Trust the religion of science
Or the frailty of the might?
Can you rein in your fate in oblivion
Or wet the lips of the desert in pouring rain,
Touch the sky standing on the horizon
Or set up camp at the portals of heaven?
Do we need to wage wars for peace
And tackle thorns to smell the rose,
Do we scale the peak of the abyss
In the realm of heaven to repose?
Do we need to sin for salvation
And to win God — court the devil,
Is freedom an aftermath of revolution,
Can good at all be born of evil?