

## THE RETURN OF FAITH

*Anan Okris*

But if, then, you too much me hate,  
I'll never beg, "Forgive me please,"  
But ask, "Do kill me now !" If Fate  
Of mine will make you more at ease

Let drops of blood on lowly ground  
Declare the truest fact of faith  
To all the world with loudest sound.  
So that they'll know the cause of Death.

My history of faithfulness  
Is writ with blood and life by you  
Upon the widest world's surface,  
And with the world 'twill last long too.

Do watch and find the faults in me.  
If Trust has died from human mind.  
Or if the faith and loyalty  
Are my hypocrisy you find

You know ? Your small and lovely hand  
Has writ the most immortal deed,  
For future's literary land  
Will always it refer and read.

Then judge and sentence me at once,  
Without a bit of sympathy.  
Or I'll, in form of Faith, advance  
The frauds and faults again to thee.

The Death and Faith will be the aim  
Of 'xample which each one must learn,  
When one's to name my name your name,  
All age will know what's faith's return !