

## **“A Missionary Brings a Young Native to America”**

**Helene Johnson**

All day she heard the mad stampede of feet  
Push by her in a thick unbroken haste.  
A thousand unknown terrors of the street  
Caught at her timid heart, and she could taste  
The city of grit upon her tongue. She felt  
A steel-spiked wave of brick and light submerge  
Her mind in cold immensity. A belt  
Of alien tenets choked the songs that surged  
Within her when alone each night she knelt  
At prayer. And as the moon grew large and white  
Above the roof, afraid that she would scream  
Aloud her young abandon to the night,  
She mumbled Latin litanies and dream  
Unholy dreams while waiting for the light.