

Between Eternities

STANDING between these two eternities:
The Past and Present, now, this very hour,
Ah, wise indeed is he whose clear eyes see
A moment's vast importance, and the power
Within him for fine living, as the brief
Swift present flows with scarce a shadow cast,
Forever backward, swift beyond belief,
Running like some bright stream into the past.

The future rushes toward us ... O my heart,
Lay hold upon this moment, it alone
Is all of time in which we have a part,
Is all of life that we can call our own.
Clasp beauty close, hold truth, lest they take wing,
Thus make this brief swift while a shining thing.

