

SILVER IN THE SUN

AS I look back the old remembered ways—
Some hours shine out like silver in the sun:
A spangled brightness, lighting up the days,
And marking them with beauty, one by one.
Home swift brief space of time, remembered still:
The green-gold ecstasy of one far June;
An hour of glory on a wind-swept hill;
A night where locust branches sprayed the moon

Yet as I lived them—strange I did not know
Which hours were destined thus to live and shine,
And which among the countless ones would grow
To be peculiarly, forever mine.
If I but wait—perhaps this hour will be
Like silver in the sun, someday—to me.

