

## **HEART HUNGER**

I want to go back to a day that's dead –  
    There I knew in the long ago –  
Where the wild birds sang at the evening tide,  
    In the sunset's fading glow.

To a forest that's deep and wide and green,  
    Where raindrops, singing, fall;  
And the sunshine and shadows play in the trees,  
    And the gray doves gently call.

I want to go back to an old log house,  
    And climb the stairs to my bed,  
Where I played peek-a-boo with the moon and the stars  
    Through the cracks of the roof overhead.

I want to go back to my mother's knee,  
    And kneeling by her chair,  
Again with childlike Christian faith,  
    Repeat an evening prayer.

But the road that lies 'twixt the here and there,  
    Is one that covers years,  
And I doubt if I could find the way,  
    With eyes so dimmed by tears.

by Alice Whitson Norton

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