

A SACRED SPOT (Version 2)

I love my garden when the sun
 Caresses it at dawn,
And sets a horde of diamonds loose
 To sparkle on the lawn.

I love my garden when the dusk
 Comes by on noiseless feet,
And sets adrift from roses rare
 A perfume subtle, sweet.

I love my garden when the moon
 Enfolds it with her light,
For in my soul I feel, somehow,
 That God walks there at night.

By A. W. Norton

From: Girlhood Days Magazine
 Vol. 72, No. 49, Pg. 3
 September 2, 1934