

BINDING LINKS

In dreams I often see a road,
 'Twist hills both steep and high,
Where once, in sweet content and joy,
 I watched the world go by.

I see in dreams a moving stream,
 A slender birch canoe,
A swaying field of tall, brown sedge
 All wet with silvery dew.

In dreams I hear the wild wind sing,
 Among the leafy trees
That scattered down the winding road,
 Strange sweetness on the breeze.

In dreams I see the twilight fold
 Its wings within the west,
And hear a lonely night bird call
 Her weary babes to rest.

'Tis strange I love these things so much,
 And yet it's plain to see,
They're only emblems, one by one,
 That link sweet youth to me.

By A. W. Norton

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