

A MENTAL HOLIDAY

Often above the traffic
Of the city's lighted way,
This nature-loving heart of mine
Will take a holiday.

Back to the joys of my childhood,
In ecstasy, I roam –
A bubbling spring, a spreading tree;
A little house, called home.

The song of reapers fills my ears,
As sickles free from stain
Clear a path of dazzling brightness
Through the fields of golden grain.

Like a drift of brilliant blossoms,
Falls the sunset, soft and slow;
And I hear the raindrops patter,
As they pattered long ago.

But the voice that used to call me
From the vice-clad cottage door,
Seems to be a plaintive whisper
From some far-off distant shore.

by Alice Whitson Norton

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