

BEREAVEMENT

The fields are gold, the music of the scythe
All day I hear,
But I can claim the joy of no single tithe –
O barren year!
Soon will the Master Painter touch the hills
With wondrous stain;
The wine cup of the grape with nectar fills
For me in vain.

The far-off horizon is purple-rimmed,
And veiled with haze;
And on the stream great rugged trees are limned
In subtle grays.
The sunburnt slopes before my eyes
Become a blot,
Since you, who taught me Nature's moods to prize,
Remember not.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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