

TO DREAM OF YOU

To dream of you is like an autumn bloom
Within a spot bereft of other flowers,
That through the drear and slowly moving hours
Brings forth unwanted glory in the gloom.

To dream of you is like a thread of song
Beneath a sky of winter's somber gray,
A tender bird-song on a snow-bound day
Where tall, dark cedars stand in solemn throng.

To dream of you is like the brooding peace
That lies around the board of sacrament,
Uplifting, filling with a great content
My restless soul that ever seeks release.

By Alice Whitson Norton

From Holland's Magazine of the South
December, 1936 – page 26