

THE HILLS

I left the hills' monotony; I flew
To the great city's heart, where wisdom dwelt,
Urged by a restless soul to try the ways
Where might be satisfied a want long felt.

And now I hear the voices call again,
Calling me where the source of wisdom thrills,
Back to the heart of Nature. Back to peace
And rest among the hills, the steadfast hills.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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