

“AN ELEGY OF DUST AND DREAMS”

My brooding twilight spreads its violet pall
On hill and valley, over cot and hall,
While, mid the ruins of one decaying hearth,
I linger, musing o'er its rise and fall.

Gray lichened walls, where deepening shadows hide,
Love tenement of vanished pomp and pride,
Where ebbd and flowed the sea of human life,
Winged wanderers seek rest at eventide.

A broken urn keeps guard beside the door,
Its days of usefulness long since were o'er,
The twilight filters through a broken pane,
And marks the hour upon the time-stained floor.

Full many a year has gone its silent way,
Since last a mother watched her child at play,
From that vine-shadowed porch at sultry noon,
Or called it at the closing of the day.

How oft yon beaten path tired feet have pressed,
How oft beneath yon elm, at noonday's rest,
Some tuneful ear has caught the robin's song,
The told the story of a crowded nest.

The creepers climb and riot as of old,
And still the garden rose its sweets unfold,
But like the petals scattered Junes ago
The hands that nursed them now are crumbling mold.

The voices that once echoed through each room,
Are stilled, but in the limit of some tomb,
Are pulseless heaps of perfumed, sacred dust,
Discarded woof, from life's unceasing loom.

For them, no more the depths of human woe,
For them, no more the pain and joy, to throw
Light, where another's stumbling pathway runs
No more for them life's petty cares to know.

Sleep well, winged minstrels, on your borrowed nest.
Sleep well; no shades of mortals here molest,
No habitant within the whitening dust and dreams
Will disturb your solitary rest.

By: Beth Slater Whitson