

NIGHT, AND THE STARS ARE LIT

Night, and the stars are lit
In the great dome.
Softly their lamps illumine
My pathway home.

Night, and my weary feet
Turn from their quest,
Swift as a mother-bird
Goes to her nest.

Night, and the heart of me
Calls for its mate,
My eager thoughts outrun
My stumbling gait.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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