

REQUISITUM

When all the shining heads of life are told,
And only dull ones on the string remain,
If there be many or but few of told,
And all the rest are rusted with the stain
Of hurting years – I pray thee, Lord, withhold
This knowledge – lest hope in my heart be slain:
When all the golden heads of life are told,
And only dull ones on the string remain.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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