

SINGING WIRES

Singing wires, I've heard them singing
In the dawning of the day,
Long before the sun has risen
From her cradle soft and grey.

I have heard them singing madly
Underneath a threat'ning sky,
Weird and sweet and strained with anguish,
From the wild winds passing by.

Singing wires, I've heard them singing
As I walked a lonely road
With my spirit crushed and broken
Under life's oppressive load.

I have heard them singing softly
In the fastness of the night,
Tender as an upland plover
Calling from an eerie height.

Through the years I've loved and listened
To their voices sad and gay,
Bringing hope and inspiration,
Brushing fear and doubt away.

Singing wires – sing on forever,
Irregardless where you swing,
And when I have ceased to hear you
To another poet, sing.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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