

THE GUEST-CHAMBER

I have thrown wide the portals of my life
And fastened back the curtains, that the sun
May fill the room with light and warmth, and throw
A golden twilight when the day is done.

I shall not close my door because one guest,
However great, has gone; nor let the rust
Upon the hearth accumulate; the floor
Each day grow whiter with untrodden dust.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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