

## TWILIGHT MUSINGS

The twilight spreads her dusky pall  
On hill and vale, on spire and dome;  
And eve's one star shines faintly down  
Upon the pathway leading home.

Sweet wildwood, I for years have trod  
Your beaten paths at morn and eve,  
Have marked spring violets deck your sod,  
And watched your hoary beaches leave.

Their bark by ruthless Time is scarred,  
And floods their rugged roots have bared,  
Fierce winds their limbs have bent and marred,  
But green their crown and unimpaired.

'Tis here sweet songsters love to nest;  
The chattering squirrel hides his store;  
And here that I would take my rest,  
When life's brief comedy is o'er.

Upon your oak my name I traced,  
And one beneath it long ago;  
But Time hath partly mine effaced,  
And hers—perhaps 'tis better so.

For widely now our paths diverge,  
Yet still to me she's just as dear,  
And I have prayed that they might merge,  
And she might rest beside me here.

By Beth Slater Whitson

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