

LOOKING BACKWARD

I want to go back to a day long dead;
To my mother's knee, and the simple prayer,
"Now I lay me down;" to the jeweled hours
That were free from care.

I want to go back to the gray-roofed cot,
To the wild bird's song, and the joyous play;
To the voice that called from the vine-clad door
At the close of day.

I want to go back – my soul is sick
Of the daily grind, of the strain and strife;
And the ceaseless roar of crowded streets
That men call "life."

I want to go back to the whispering nights,
The rain on the roof, the drifting leaves,
For the wood-fire's gleam on the time-stained walls
My spirit grieves.

I want to go back. The peace I crave,
And the lamp of joy that I sought with tears –
Though I knew it not – are there, back there,
With the varnished years.

By Beth Whitson

From: Poems of Pep and Point for Public Speakers
Vol. __, No. __, Pg. 180
_____, 19__

And Found In: People's Home Journal
Vol. __, No. __, Pg. __
_____, 19__