

THE WAYFARER SPEAKS

I pause a moment in the heat, and pray
For needed strength to bear me on the way
That stretches wide and burning to the end
Where shadows beckon, and the balsams send
Their fragrant messages to me. I pray
For sunset, when I may forget the gray
And rigid face that Duty wears, forget
The discords and the pangs of life, and, met
Again by those who left me far behind
Upon the road, I hearken to the wind
Attuned to their mild tones, and fill my hand
With blossoms that bud not in this drear land.