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THE DAYS

The Days steal softly through the curtained door, One at a time the Warder lets—no more, Each with his gifts close-vailed from human sight, And lays them at my feet upon the floor;

Then waits, while I discover what he brought, Great things and small, with good and evil fraught, And watches quietly while I make play, For good or ill—and all too oft for nought

So speeds the great procession of the Days, Too fast, too slow, but nought its progress stays; Each gives me back, that which I first have given, But what each takes my endless future sways.

Extract from "The Days"

John Oxenham.