

The Golden Moment

The sculptor stands before his modeled dream.
Complete and plastic in the close-wrapped clay
His statue rests, and, half afraid to lay
His reverent hands upon it lest it seem
A desecration, his heart-beats are slow
As fold on fold the winding-cloths are drawn
Gently away. Yet when the last is gone
He has that perfect moment so few know.
So are the days on which I see you, dear.
The hours of morning, noon and evening pass
And fall away, like slow sands through a glass.
Then there is left one golden grain of sand
The wondrous moment when your voice I hear.
And feel within my clasp your slender hand.

HALLETT ABEND.