

THE LAST LIGHT OF THE YEAR

From the painting by James Colby called "The Last Light
of the Year."

A LONG straight road of pearly white,
Ending in whiteness ever.
Over the road a fair, faint light,
All daylight seeming to sever.

The very last light of all the year,
Fluttering, fainting, dying,
Loathfully leaving the year-worn place,
Where it erstwhile wandered sighing.

Sighing o'er crime, pretence, and abuse,
Sighing and fading to numbness,
O'er old superstitions without an excuse,
A failure because of their dumbness.

The old farm-house snug nestled in snow,
Made fair in spite of its oldness.
Out from the frame came a glimmering glow,
Protesting against its odd boldness.