

TOWARD THE WEST

O those friendships of the way,
Never shall their roots decay,
In their branches green I nest
From the cold winds of the west.

What the future holds in store
I have questioned o'er and o'er,
Shall I in oblivion rest
When I reach the silent west,

Or beyond death's portals wide
Shall my powers unsatisfied
To diviner tasks be prest,
In the fair fields of the west?

Faster, faster move my feet,
Morning breezes, noonday heat,
Both behind, for I, earth's guest,
Swift approach the purple west.