

## Asylum . . .

*One sunbeam creeps through windows barred,  
To shadows on asylum walls,  
Then dies and fades into the gloom  
Of ghosts that haunt the dismal halls.*

*Here live the tragic, tortured souls --  
The sad bewildered and insane.  
Theirs is a dark and mindless world  
Where only God can know their pain.*

*Down through the long, dim corridors,  
Their shuffling feet move on  
In aimless, futile search of minds long gone.*

*Dull eyes in pallid faces  
Are fixed in vacant stare,  
Bereft of all emotion  
But hopeless stark despair!*

*Hair unkempt and shapeless garb  
On bodies where all joy has fled  
Out of the tragic lives of these --  
The countless sick and living dead.*

*Loud screams, curses, silence!  
The shuffling feet move on  
Through nightmare days and endless night  
To dull and empty dawn.*

*Insane! What pathos and what grief  
The very word conveys:  
The tragedy of empty lives --  
The agony of fruitless days.*

*Unbridled tongues yell loud and shrill  
At phantom voices on the wall --  
In senseless dialogues converse  
With echoes as they rise and fall.*

*And we who live with joy and love  
And laughter look at these and sigh  
In fervent gratitude that "there  
But for the grace of God go I."*

*Once long ago, they must have loved  
And laughed with every waking dawn.  
Now, through the long, dim corridors,  
Their aimless feet move on and on . . .*



From "After This Harvest", Copyright 1964 Elvina Granlie McNamara,  
Triangle Publishing Company, Dallas, Texas.