

Metamorphosis

This is the poetry of earth . . .

*The budding leaf and sprouting seed,
A new born baby's muted cry --
The constant miracle of life.
Eternal, never-ending sky.*

This is the poetry of earth . . .

*These shaking, palsied hands,
Twisted and gnarled by years of toil --
Reaching to wipe the wrinkled brow
Where intermingles sweat with soil.*

This is the poetry of earth

*Eyes that are dull with age,
Remembered pain and failing sight --
Worn by tears of countless griefs
And soundless crying in the night.*

This is the poetry of earth

*A sunken grave where weeds entwine
Above an obscure weathered stone --
The final refuge, dark, unseen,
Where every mortal goes . . . alone.*

From "After This Harvest", Copyright 1964 Elvina Granlie McNamara,
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