

A Soliloquy

*I had been sitting at my desk all day
Musing, and pouring over tales of ages past,
Until I had grown weary with my task.*

*Something there was that came into my mind
That had long lain hidden in the trend of thoughts,
The silvery light of Truth dawned upon me
And I sighed. It was a sigh
Of bitter sorrow, vanished hope, and futility.*

*Something there was that seemed to tell me the
Talent I had not, nor could I strive for fame.
Something unnamed there was that seemed to tell me
"Poet thou cannot be.*

*In this world today
That laboring pen of thine, and all thy dreamed
And cherished aspirations are in vain."*

*Thereupon I put aside my pen
And placed my manuscript, still undone,
Upon the shelf. And all my celestial hope
And vanished with the setting sun.*

from "Leaves of Yesterday", Copyright Elvina Granlie McNamara, written at age 16.