

Star Dust

Out from the bloom
of the roses
There fell
one white rose
And I wept — for grief
at its woes.

But I looked
at the ground
Neath the rose tree
and I breathed in
The fragrant air —
For the deathless flower
Had changed
into attar of roses there.

Out from the blue
of twilight
There came
one falling star
And I wept — for grief
of its sorrow.

But I looked
at the path
It had travelled
and along the Milky Way
Was the beauty and brilliance
of star dust
As immortal as love
it lay.

Out from the song
of friendship
There came
a melody
And I wept — for grief
when it ended
For you had belonged to me.

But I sat
where we often sat, dear.
And I cherished
a memory —
I've wrapped it
in attar of roses
And sprinkled it
here, you see,
With the star dust
of love and beauty —
Of everything
you meant to me.

Remember not
the pain filled hours
Whose shadows
now are gone.
Each morn anew
the promise true
Each morn anew
the dawn.

Death does not stay
such mortal things as these:
The song of birds
among the trees,
The flower's fragrance
in the breeze,
Who, then, could doubt a power divine —
Your soul's eternity — or mine?

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