

1936

Youth

Alice Gill Benton

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Her face became for a moment that of Andrea's Christus, and with the beautifully curved fingers which Andrea had trained so carefully, she lifted her skirt a little and stepped forward into the river.

Youth

By ALICE GILL BENTON

There's something in my soul forever young—
Forever questing up the cloud-kissed ways,
For something I first glimpsed in earlier days—
A golden, God-created glory, flung
Out by a lavish hand and lost among
The stars. Sometimes an elusive gleam betrays
Its hiding place, when opalescent rays
Shine out from clouds, where the crescent moon is hung.
Then in the spring, when crocus buds appear
And meadow larks begin their mating song,
While trees put on their new green lace, so near
The glory shines and beckons me along
Old star-strewn paths, that I can know no fear
Of old age limping on, weary and long.