
EVENING STAR

GILEAN DOUGLAS*

This star shone down upon our little world
When it was void of tusk or claw or fang;
When no flower grew, when no tight bud uncurled
And no bird sang.

It will shine on when stone is acrid dust
And fire is ice upon the breathless ground;
When all these fragile towers in which we trust
Are earth unfound.

*Of Whaletown, B. C.