

**The Beauty Of It**

Sniff, sniff in the dewy grass,  
The hound tests messages as they pass.  
In the course of a windy, sunny day  
Scents and hound pass away.

In the course of a windy, weathery year  
Grass fades, and friends disappear.  
Generations come and go  
And rest beneath the gentle snow.

The earth shall fade beyond recall,  
The sun shall into darkness fall.  
Consider all you don't understand,  
And touch, touch your love's firm hand.

If she has left you unutterable grief  
Cling to the sunlight on every leaf.  
It's not for life's lasting that we love it;  
Fragility is the beauty of it.

— *Theodore Wilson*