
“THE LASTING”

By SHEILA BARBOUR

Longer than any look of earthly eyes
I shall remember stars and summer skies.

Closer than any dream I held to me
The blue-dipped shadow of the night will be.

Sometimes I think I could forget desire
But not the symbols of it: lamplight, fire.

A stranded cloud-wisp fast caught in a tree
Will outlive many things in memory.

Lest sorrow out of beauty live alone
Our days are molded into gold, brass, stone.

So that the splendor of the world I keep
Against the harvest-hopes I may not reap.

I shall put first in my rememberings
The immortality of earthly things.