R.L. Cook

Youth and Age

The yellow girl sings:
"My life is a song."
The green boy is running
To meet her, along
The fringe of the harvest
Field, dizzy with sun:
But there will be weeping
And lying alone,
Before long.

The grey woman merges
Into the quiet grass;
The withered man looks on
The stubble that was
An ocean of ripeness,
With billows of gold.
Green, yellow, grey, withered
Their seasons unfold—
And they pass.