Regret

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Grayness
Helen M. Pundt

H. Ec. So.

I meet the morning as she treads the hills
And walk with her until the sun is up;
All day I rest among the busy grasses
To rise in lazy mists at dusk;
I shimmer in the slender spears of rain
And cover with a thin-drawn veil
The shameless hues of autumn pride;
I coat the frozen ponds where children play
And gloss the granite stones that mark the place
Where new and ancient dead alike repose;
I draw the lips of weary men
And soften with a silver tinge
The sterner beauty of the old;
I hide among the clouds;
I ride the seas;
And when the days are shortening in their flight,
I billow with the fog
And hang among the appletrees
Like wraiths of blossoms long since gone,
And only little man-made lights
Dare pierce with a starry hand my gloom.

Regret
Rosemary Folgate


They who plant the bitter roots of yesterday
Water them with wretched tears;
Carefully they tend the twisted growth,
Cherishing a lonely sorrow—