

WAITING

Grayed, chilled clouds—

by the window...

Old people...the aged people...

waiting...waiting for life to ebb.

Nothing to occupy but

counting the time

since the yesterdays

that were the gold

of fancy breastplates,

of grand banquets,

of dancing.

How long passed,--

in an instant!

Sometimes one can remember

the fine music,

the tinkle of high piano, as

distant as a whirr of harpsichord,--

a look from fire-lit eyes

an extended pulsing hand,

"May I have this dance?"

--J. F. Lowe