

SUN DIAL

The morning sun burned off the misty wool
From Burston's Pond, where, just a boy, I spun
My line far out—and felt a rainbow's pull.

Intense the light that blazed from noonday sun—
Empyrean torch!—upon my wedding day
With radiance flaming round my bride, so bright
She seemed, reflecting every summer ray,
That Hymen's glory overwhelmed my sight.

The sun now sets upon the toys—a bear,
A train car, picture books, a princess' coach—
My children's children bring to my lawn chair:
Long shadows signal bedtime's fast approach.

My vision fails: the dusk's last gleam's soon gone,
Till skies of crepe dissolve in Easter dawn.