

February 24, 1940

ALONE

Alone— far in the midst of the mellow forest,
Shaded by rich green leaves quivering in the sunlight,
Rippling against the soft warm breezes of the autumn,
Lies a cold clear pool of water,
Alone— deep in its misty blueness,
Lapping against the rich, dark earth
Where once a lonely maiden's slim feet pressed,
But now alone— alone through the years and ages,
Unseen, unheard, unfelt in the dying decades,
Yet still retaining all of that magic splendor
And loveliness from the time of the lonely maiden
Who never returned, yet whose spirit haunts the waters,
Those waters so clear, so cold in the rippling sunlight
Of the shady forest far away— and alone