

January 12, 1940

He came, a child in beauty from the fresh green earth
And lived amidst the splendor of the trees,
The flowers stooped in joy when he would pass,
His slim feet pressed against the dew-damp grass,
His brow caressed so gently by the breeze.

He was an honest child, and full of dreams and love
For all about him, birds and grass and skies,
The blueness of the rolling, rippling, rills,
The sunny sweetness of the misty hills
Shone deeply in his dark and lustrous eyes.

They took him from the woods he knew and so adored,
And kept him in a crowded city home,
They vowed without a single doubt at all
That presently he would never recall
The fragrant woodlands where he used to roam.

Within the dusty city steeped in soggy smoke,
Away from buds and birds and bowers he grew,
Amid the lost fidelity of men
Where every home is but a lair or den
And far, so distant from the world he knew.

He grew among small hates and passions low,
Amidst the din of constant struggling strife,
He grew into a hardened hating man
Whose mind along a single channel ran,
Of money, gold, and riches all his life.

He lived alone, he had no warm and loving friends,
For friendship was a thing far from his mind,
He thought no longer of the murmuring trees
Or of the fragrant flower-scented breeze,
Nor of his childhood joys so far behind.

His name grew famous far-known for his wealth and gold,
And in the world, so full of seething pains
He soon became a man of wealth and age
And passed through every common human stage,
His soul, as others, reeked with ugly stains.

But when his golden locks had turned to soft white snow,
When he was hobbling weakly on his cane,
He chanced one day upon the woodlands wild
That he has known and worshipped as a child,
And knew at last that he was home again.

Despite the efforts made to keep him far,
He still was human, and the days of yore
Had, with all firmness from the very start
Been deeply molded in his misled heart
And served to lead him to his love once more.

He lived his last days in the woodlands fresh and green,
He died, his name forgotten and ignored,
Yet through the years, the only ones that knew
He lived and died, were but the trees that grew
Among the woodlands that he so adored.