

Lacy and *Star*

A poem contrasting a young flower bud to an old stone.

Lacy and Star
Two happy friends are.
Lacy lies in a field
Of grass ever green
Gazing up at a field
Of sky ever blue
And she is so new
That she never has seen
Any fields not fresh,
Any skies not serene.
And has never felt rain
And is sundered from sorrow
And from knowledge of pain
And from fear of the morrow.
She is joyous and glad
For the hours she's had,
A bud, newly ope,
She is full of young hope,
And is longing to see
How her young life will be.

Beside her, so old,
Is strong, stolid Star
Of earth-bone so cold,
Star lies in a field
Or fluctuating shades,
Gazing up at a field
Of fluctuating blues,
And he is so wise
Knowing millions of hues
In millions of skies,
Knowing both truth and lies,
Knowing harrowing cold,

Knowing harrowing heat,
Knowing sun, wind and rain,
Knowing hail and sleet.
He has knowledge of pain,
Is acquainted with sorrow,
And yet, like the Bud,
Has no fear of the morrow.
For from his long life,
He is full of strong hope.
He is joyous and glad
For the centuries he's had.

Lacy and Star
So different they are,
Disparities stretch
Between them so far.
Together they lie
Side-by-side in a field
Gazing up at a sky,
And the future will yield
Whatever it will.