

Want

by Mae V. Cowdery

I want to take down with my hands
The silver stars
That grow in heaven's dark blue meadows
And burn my face in them.

I want to wrap all around me
The silver shedding of the moon
To keep me warm.

I want to sell my soul
To the wind in a song
To keep me from crying in the night.
I want to wake and find
That I have slept the day away.
Only nights are kind now . . .
With the stars . . . moon . . . winds and me. . . .