The wind blows softly in that eternal meadow
Ryan Woods

The wind blows softly in that eternal meadow
Where the cool stream runs
And the sun is high
In the cloud-dusted sky,
And our feet are bare
On the dewy grass,
Her dress white,
Her golden hair,
Her eyes blue
As the sky.

My hair is golden, too,
And my eyes are green
Or blue,
And the stream feels cool on my naked feet
In the middle of the day
Under the sun’s gentle heat.

She runs down to me,
Softly on the grass,
And pulls me up;
And we run
Over hills
Against the sky,
Our hair in the wind,
Our hands together.
And then we chase each other
(She in front)
And we laugh,
(Oh, her laugh!
So sweet, so joyful,
So childlike and beautiful!)

And we lie
Side by side
And look at the sky.

The clouds move slowly
And change their shapes
As, over time, a memory
Or dream
Begins to change -

As we change.

And here, I end;
For I know not where to go
Beyond this scene.
- Is there any better?
Best to end where all is well
And, dare I say it,
All is well.