
PREMONITION

by Laura Goodman Salverson

*"Why stand you, gentle mother,
So lonely and so still,
Your eyes, with fear and longing,
Upon yon distant hill?"*

*"I wait my son, O stranger;
Perchance, ere sun be set
His steps may lead him homeward
From blue Genesareth."*

*"But why these tears, O mother,
When earth is still so sweet
And snowy doves come drifting
To garland round your feet?"*

*"You cannot know, O stranger,
What dwells within my heart—
The bitter-sweet remembrance
That makes the tears to start."*

*"But why the troubled vigil?
Youth needs must find its star,
And follow it, thereafter,
Howso' it lead afar."*

*"My heart is heavy, stranger,
With some impending loss;
Last night I dreamed my lilies
Were twined about a cross!"*
