

R.L. COOK

## Youth and Age

The yellow girl sings:  
"My life is a song."  
The green boy is running  
To meet her, along  
The fringe of the harvest  
Field, dizzy with sun:  
But there will be weeping  
And lying alone,  
Before long.

The grey woman merges  
Into the quiet grass;  
The withered man looks on  
The stubble that was  
An ocean of ripeness,  
With billows of gold.  
Green, yellow, grey, withered  
Their seasons unfold—  
And they pass.