Once Upon a Time

Once upon a time a Person looked down at me with the gentle-eye-of-worldly-wisdom.

"Feel."

I listened because I was young.

"Don't be afraid to feel.

See the sun play gold laced dances on the fields.  
Feel his hard lips draw the world close around you in the darkness.  
Hear the tears of a woman who is dead inside."

I listened because I was young.

But now I am old;  
very, very old.

I am afraid. .  
Because I know how it hurts to feel,  
And I have hurt too much.

So I am growing stiff inside  
with a dead, brittle crust.  
And I am laughing at the world through glazed tears.  

—Margret Wallace, H. Ec., Jr.