

Longing Stilled

Anne Clark

Bathed in the golden glow of evening,
how solemn the woods look!
The soft blowing of the evening breeze
breathes in soft bird voices.
What are they whispering, the winds and the birds?
They are whispering the world to sleep.
Oh wishes, which always stir
in my heart without rest or peace!
Longing which troubles my breast,
when will you rest, when will you slumber?
Oh yearning wishes, when will you fall asleep
to the whispering of the wind and the birds?
When my spirit no longer hurries
on the wings of dream into golden distances,
when my eyes linger no more with longing glance
at the eternal distant stars;
then will the winds and birds whisper
in harmony with my longing and life.