

SUNSET IN ALMO VALLEY

Across the summer fields of home
I gazed at close of day
And memory paints the vision clear,
Emotion bids it stay.

A fringe of willows with the hills back-
dropped,
The mountain valley shows
Gold against the amethyst,
Green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are Gods' great pictures hung.

The granite spires of castled rocks
No longer are gray browed;
They melt in gold ad rosy mist;
The rock is softer than the cloud.

The valley holds its breath,
A warm light is unfurled.
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

What Presence from the heavenly
heights
To those on earth incline?
What enters in my soul to stay?
It is a symphony divine!

A symphony of color sifts
Through purple veils of air
And wraps the willowed stream and field
with mystic loving care.

A lover's claim on all is mine'
I see - to have and hold.
For beauty seen is never lost.
I'm flushed with joy untold!

My heart beats high in ecstasy!
God's colors all are fast!
The beauty of this sunset hour
Into my soul has passed.

The golden valley pales and shades;
Slow fades the vision from the sky,
And like a benediction
This glory, too, must die.

No whisper form the mountain pines,
No fragrant cedars tell
Of her, who paused and gazed this day,
And loved those scenes so well.

Written by Pearl Taylor
at age 16.