

When Time Is Free

by Jane Stuart

Before this earth was free as it is now
a round earth gilded by September's sun
it basked before the wintry moon's white glow
and did not harvest when day was begun
to turn the plow and fill our baskets high
with gathered crops for me and pretty flowers
for wives and daughters who had said goodbye
when it was time for work, and when those hours
were given willingly to shape the land
into a greener spot where time is free,
when children lead their mothers by the hand
and promise them a place where they can be
when age reclaims that youth that has been lost,
when summer follows winter's fleeing ghost.