love, but I did not—I was too busy. I did not even tell him that a
lark builds its nest in the growing corn, while an oriole swings hers
from the branch of an elm; a poor man could tell his son so much—
a policeman or a cobbler,—and it would take only a little time.
"I never told my son that being something was worth more than
having something. I never told him that a skilled craftsman was
the noblest work of God. I never told him that I thought there was
a God, or anything divine in beauty or harmony or labor or love.
"You, woman, I tell you this because you are the keeper of that
little thing upstairs. Tell him that someone always pays, but the
one who pays the greatest price is the one who is too busy."

LOVE’S INFINITY

Though I have given all my love to thee,
Abundance measureless remains behind.
Freely I give, for thou shalt never find
A barrier to my soul’s infinity
Of tenderness or passion. Canst thou see
The confines of immensity that bind
The star-mote’s journey and the tireless wind?
They are no farther than the marge of me.

Boundless I am as the star-dancing deep
Reflected in this bubble that is I.
Gaze till thine eyes are weary, and then sleep
Within the bosom of the mirrored sky.
Love has no limit that I need to keep,
Love has no terror that I need to fly.

Elsa Barker.