GLODS AND CLOUDS

Fatigued and soiled by heat of day
And browned by rays of sun
The farmer drowses on the ground
At night when work is done.
His troubled soul is now at peace
As on his visions run.

His barn, an old and faded gray,
A few points out of line
Has changed into a massive hall
Near which the cows and sheep and swine
Graze in fields of verdant grass
With fence of quaint design.

The house, so dark and bare to view
The porch with simple lines,
To soaring mind a cottage seems
With flowers and walks and vines.
In place of road with ruts and stones
A concrete driveway winds.

The door to homely vision swings
And in the dreamer's sight
A woman steps with graceful tread,
Beside, a child in white,
She strangely seems the wife he knows
Who labors morn 'til night.

Then up the road browned children come,
With smiles and books and pails,
Home, a long day's school behind,
Full of childish tales.
Happy and free as singing lark
That o'er the Meadow sails.

The farmer starts, the falling dew
Has brought an evening chill,
The vision fades, but memories strong
Cause his eyes to fill.
Though hard work be his destiny,
Success by dream and will.

- Hal Rinehart - '36