

Helen Peterson

By George Sterling

DIED AGED SEVEN

We question not what Faith beholds,
Nor mix farewell with prayer,
As now Eternity enfolds
What Time beheld so fair:
Sinless as any flower we bring
Art thou whom Heaven gave;
Death never touched a gentler thing
Than thou whose peace we crave.

Here half-consoled we kiss thy brow
(We cannot speak our tears)
In gratitude at least that thou
Hast foiled the sadder years,
Hast fled the years when care and pain
Would greet thine elder breath,
To sleep forever without stain,
How innocent in death!

Beyond our clasp thy soul must wait,
Wiser than we at last,
Till each attain, in peace as great,
The silence that thou hast;
Be then it given each to be
What now in truth thou art—
Pure love renewed by memory
In twilights of the heart.