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Youth-Song

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Youth-Song

By CHRISTINE CONDIT

sweet umbrella of the maple bloom that foretells the leaf grow not old and away

you know sun you know wind and rain I suppose you know more than man suspects

I too know much
I know love I know slight hate
I know desire I know ambition I once knew peace
and I think that my knowledge will last longer
than yours

bitter growing leaf i see you now!
you cannot fool me you are here and with you
comes maturity old age death
sweet umbrella of maple bloom do not leave me
i am so afraid of age of death
of anything that is not Youth

