

Dreaming

Just now I think
I'd like to be
At the river's brink
Beneath a tree,
And stretched out flat
On the cooling grass, Just gazing at
The clouds that pass
Like toy ships fair
In a sea of blue;
But I can't be there,
I have work to do.

Or I'd like to be
In an orchard gay,
Where every tree
Is in bloom today;
Where the pink and white
Of the blossoms sweet
Blot out the fright
Of the city street,
Where there's nothing to see
But what is true;
But that cannot be
For I've work to do.

Oh, I'd like to steal
From my little den,
From the great unreal
And the haunts of men
To the joyous truth
Of the open air,
To the honest youth
That I left back there,
To the boy I was
In the days of old;
But I can't because
I'm a slave to gold.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)