

The World's Too Busy

The world's too busy for those who weep,
The days maybe bright and nights without sleep.
And bereft and silent the hours drag by
Without purpose now — time does not fly.

The world's too busy for those alone,
Who dreamed the dreams, which passed unknown.
Love's long-promised thrust has gone with thee
Who only sired those dreams of me.

But I knew a boy with separate tongue,
Who had travelled afar from whence he sprung.
He talked to me with words unknown;
Time then did fly — we were not alone.