

Moments

KAROLYN GOULD

Moments in life? — living pictures defying time
Mellow moments like golden notes of a loved refrain,
Daring, cruelly stabbing spears, moments of poignant pain,
Joyous moments like snowflakes melting away, impossible to recall,
And sorrowful moments, dragging with them their laughter—robbing pall
Moments without purpose shifting through the pages of the present—aimless yet
sublime.

I like to see the pale moon on a winter night,
Its cool luminosity visible through naked branches tufted with snow
Throwing frosty pools of light on the walks and streets and rooftops,
Alone, the commander of the universe — it hangs low.

I like to listen to heavy trucks on a paved road,
Their monotonous rumble deafening as they draw closer.
In the day the noise, triumphant, is a symbol of a new age,
At night it is pitifully lonely — a jeer to the modern machine mode.

I like to walk in the fresh snow unblemished and clean,
Let it squeak dryly beneath my feet and let the wind sting my face.
I like to walk on a summer evening, feeling the cool, blessed breeze,
With its fragrance of flowers known but not seen.

I like to listen to my mother's voice — the inflected speech bound
To a language a little unfamiliar. Its softness is lulling, comforting.
The words pronounced in a soft, foreign way
Endow each syllable with new, unique sound.

I like a large crowd—people who can be sad or happy or rude.
I like to be among friends in the midst of bright lights and festivity.
Yet at the same time I like to come home,
I can enjoy its seclusion, and my own solitude.

A Little Boy's Prayer

KAROLYN GOULD

Hear me now, a little child,
Who kneels and begs One who is mild;
If I have sinned at all today,
I ask forgiveness if I may.

I pulled the cat's tail, that I know,
And pushed little Betsy in the snow,
And stole some jam from off the shelf,
But truly, I couldn't help myself.

And, too, today, I caught a worm,
Which I cut up to see it squirm,
And then I said a naughty word
Which they didn't know I'd overheard.

I'll never say that word, I hope,
I still can taste that awful soap,
But, Lord, I wished not to displease,
And now I hope I may appease.

Bless Mother and Father—and the cat, too,
And make me learn to always please you.
The good things you have done for me,
Let me repay by loving Thee.

O, thank you, Lord, for all you've done,
And please love me like another son,
Help me, Father, to see the right,
And bless me, Father, throughout the night.