Beauty Is One With These

By John E. Nixon, Wauchope

You ask me for a list of lovely things:
These will I name for you—
The soft green of the poplar's emerald hue;
The deep blue of the sky that April brings,
Half seen through clouds; moonbeams that dance and shake
On moving waters; the green gold light that lingers
In wooded groves, and little winds that make
Dark shadows on a pool's tranquility.
Frost laid by Winter's fingers
On window panes by night; starshine at dawn,
Or the wide ocean's blue immensity.
Are these not lovely things?

The music of the song the thrasher sings;
Sunlight on dew, and dew tracks on a lawn;
Blue shadows on the snow as evening falls.
The gleam of light on china and on glass;
Dim colours in the bricks of ancient walls;
Rainbows and bubbles, and the yellow gold
On spreading beds of opening daffodils.
The light of sunset thrown on barren hills;
The slow change of the seasons as they pass.
Bare boughs and twigs against a winter sky;
The sheen of pearl; the cold
Hard light of diamonds; the soft sigh
Of stirring trees when wind the forest fills.

Voices of children and the songs they sing.
The smile of childhood is a lovely thing!
—All laughter, when its source is innocent—
Men spent in years, yet in their age content;
And women, silver-haired and quiet eyed.
Beauty is one with these.
Beauty is everywhere for one who sees,
And only hides from those who from her hide.

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