

# 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.