

**The wind blows softly in that eternal meadow**

Ryan Woods

The wind blows softly in that eternal meadow  
Where the cool stream runs  
And the sun is high  
In the cloud-dusted sky,  
And our feet are bare  
On the dewy grass,  
Her dress white,  
Her golden hair,  
Her eyes blue  
As the sky.

My hair is golden, too,  
And my eyes are green  
Or blue,  
And the stream feels cool on my naked feet  
In the middle of the day  
Under the sun's gentle heat.

She runs down to me,  
Softly on the grass,  
And pulls me up;  
And we run  
Over hills  
Against the sky,  
Our hair in the wind,  
Our hands together.

And then we chase each other  
(She in front)  
And we laugh,  
(Oh, her laugh!  
So sweet, so joyful,  
So childlike and beautiful!)

And we lie  
Side by side  
And look at the sky.

The clouds move slowly  
And change their shapes  
As, over time, a memory  
Or dream  
Begins to change -

As we change.

And here, I end;  
For I know not where to go  
Beyond this scene.  
- Is there any better?  
Best to end where all is well  
And, dare I say it,  
*All is well.*