Broad Gold

Iris DeMent

Broad gold, the evening heavens glow
The April air is cool and tender.
You should have come ten years ago
And yet in welcome I surrender.Come here, sit closer to me and look
With eyes that twinkle, mouth that purses,
Into my little blue-bound book
That holds my awkward childish verses.Forgive me that I long forsook
Joy's sunny paths, nor glanced toward any.
Forgive me those whom I mistook
For you, alas, they were too many.

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