

ANCIENT EYES
for Eleanor

by Oscar Treadwell

Eyes that blur, now and again
clearly see the time when
blossoms in the meadow sigh
for springtime to begin.

Eyes astonished with each view
would rush to every avenue
of friends and mark each rendezvous
with chatter's secret hush.

Eyes on lessons, how to groom,
how to cook and make her room
how to entertain and cater, and
surely just a little later, how to meet
a beau, and keep him from romance too soon.

Eyes in time, that teared and smiled
approval and a soft, "I do,"
to his entreaty and beguilement,
shared his life into retirement.

Eyes that wept, as anguish
swept the piece of mind amid the cleft
his death had brought, she fought
to find an answer.

Eyes looked around, persistence
found an inner source of comfort,
knowing what her eyes had seen
was everything her heart meant.

Eyes, though ancient, seeing
dimly in the present,
now puts to shame the eagles' sight
compared with her contentment.