

The Question Song

The wind is whispering quietly, so quietly in my ear,
It is carrying all of the voices I think I will ever hear.
Some of them are old and full-moon-pale, quiet as a fine white mist,
Some are young as an apple sapling, as gentle as spring's first kiss.

The night is clutching them closely now, closely to its velvet breast,
All the names of all of the people I will meet before I rest.
It is saying them in the meadows and glades where the deer will sleep,
It is calling them in the valleys, on the ridges wide and steep.

I will ask them tonight when I go, to walk in the wind-blown dales,
If they have heard, if they will tell me, any shining, star-bright tales.
Their answer comes in the croaking frogs, and the trickling crickets' trill,
All the dreams in the dripping downspout, and my heart under the hill.