

Joseph Campbell,
The Old Woman

As a white candle
In a holy place,
So is the beauty
Of an aged face.

As the spent radiance
Of the winter sun,
So is a woman
With her travail done.

Her brood gone from her,
And her thoughts as still
As the waters
Under a ruined mill.

*Verkinto de tiu ĉi Angla poemo estas JOSEPH CAMPBELL (*1904-03-26 – †1987-10-30).*

Arg-842-1695 (2013-02-26 19:17:16)

*La tekston mi, Manfred Retzlaff, trovis en <http://oldpoetry.com/opoem/32224-Joseph-Campbell-The-Old-Woman>
Pri la poeto enrigardu la vikipediejon http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Joseph_Campbell.*