

Sanctuary

by Natalie H. Wooley

Ah, there are dreams that all the world of dreamers understands,
We all have dreamed of strange dim lands, beyond horizon bars
Where purple peaks lift to the sky, and shining silver sands
Lie in a drowsy quietude beneath the swinging stars.

And here is sanctuary for the dreamer, where the gleam
Of white stars burn, and night drifts down on sable velvet wing
Where time and space are but a thought, tomorrow but a dream,
And life a strange dim echo of the song the ages sing.