

Christy Sterling

From time and time for all that stands
from thing to beast and earth to man
Is that bestowed but quick of breath
ne'er to hold, yet have nonetheless.
By grace its hour of beauty rests
but light, to wake from innocence.
Then savor the visage thine heart beholds
'till drawn from hand so dust shall fold.
Oh pity but to sigh in grief
Whence give thy gems to the eminent thief!
Once truth remains but for pain to see
the sphere of life manifest in thee.