



An Open Road

Give me an open road,
I care and know not where it leads,
To mounting seas or a river's bank
With a lush green covering of reeds.

And let me have a clear long look
From a hill or some rising ridge,
And I may find a sycamore
That grows by a rude stone bridge.

The plunging stream that ever flows
Beneath the low graceful arch
Will be like my restless spirit
On a long and eventful march.

And let a song rise in my heart
In drifting snow or falling rain,
Or at the dawn's first streak of rose,
When robins carol their sweet refrain.

Mary Alice Parmley
Seasons: Thoughtful Reflections in Poetry

