

I Like Old Walls

I like old walls that tell of deeds of old:

The walls in England where high splendor falls.
The Stonehenge pillars in the fretted mold,
The Coliseum that old Rome recalls;

The walls of China reaching through the land;
The stones Vesuvius buried for awhile;
The place in Rome where Caesar took a stand;
The Pyramids beside the snaky Nile.

The chimney walls where Santa makes his calls
Ascends to hearths that happy children know
Arranges sled and pack before he calls;
"Away my own reindeer across the snow."

I like old walls, but pinnacles of love,
Where winged noble thoughts must have a part
Intrigue me more. They reach to heights above
As deathless visions fare from out the heart.