

## **The Long View**

*November 1922*

Silence is golden. One hears things, of course:  
Echoes, footfalls where my people labour  
For their latest lords. Flash floods, sand storms.  
But mostly silence. That is what I like:  
To drowse in darkness,  
Hiding my dreams from the light.  
The sun, my father's eye, still scans the Valley;  
Preys on every shadowed thing.  
He can't come in. Centuries crumble away.  
One forgets the names of the gods,  
The dates of the wars. Remembers best  
The outline of a well-appointed room.  
That chest, for instance, over there. My chair.  
These things can wait. To wake, at last,  
In my own time, is all I ask.