The Lady of La Salette

Gracia Fay Ellwood

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The Lady of La Salette
My Lady wept.
High upon the arid windswept slopes
Those crystal raindrops fell; and deep in earth
A healing spring awoke and flowed.

My Lady wept.
Above my spirit's baked September hillside
Laden, gold-edged thunderclouds were driven
By the damp and gusty March.

My Lady wept.
The star-blue windows of the heavens opened;
Glory streaming swept my firmament till
I was drowned, and Love was born.

My Lady smiled!
And I was set upon a narrow pathway
Crossing worlds of worlds to find Love's center;
I shall not return as I.

.....Gracia Fay Ellwood