

The Future

I am a girl
Sixteen summers young,
Dreaming of all the joys
Of years to come.

I lie awake and wonder
And dream the dreams of girls-
Wondering when my ship will come
Laden With Pearls

Will all the pearls be sorrow?
Will there be sunshine too?
Or will it be a thousand things,
Both old and new?

It cannot be all gladness,
There must also be some pain;
We cannot have the sunshine
Without sometimes having rain.

Olga, 1921