

# ZENITH

All I ever knew about the lad  
Was that a book somehow transformed his hour.  
I had one moment with out of time —  
An arrow's flight, a comet meteoric shower.

Beauty leaned about him as a tree  
Leans when approaching dusk is sweet;  
I saw him dream beside his book,  
His strange young eyes aglow, replete

With some reflecting imagery.

**This is the zenith of my life, I thought:  
To share without a sound, the world of books,  
To ease some youthful thirst with silvered draught.**

Edith Foster