

## YOUTH

If Youth were but an armour  
That only had been shed,  
I'd look for it in every room,  
I'd look beneath the bed.

I'd look inside the wardrobe,  
I'd look behind the door,  
I'd search the loft from end to end  
And rifle every drawer.

I'd seek to know what form it took -  
If supple or concrete -  
And if it left me in the day  
Or while I was asleep.

I'd ask the many questions  
That Man is doomed to ask:  
Oh how could something held so close  
Escape from out one's grasp?

Then if I found it lying  
Where it had fallen down,  
I'd pick it up and wrap it tight  
Around me like a gown...

And if it then transformed me  
To how I was before -  
Well, there would be a righteous case  
Of property restored!