

Shining Things

by Elizabeth Gould

I love all shining things —
the lovely moon,
The silver stars at night,
gold sun at noon.
A glowing rainbow in
a stormy sky,
Or bright clouds hurrying
when wind goes by.

I love the street-lamps shining
through the gloom,
Tall candles lighted in
a shadowy room,
New-tumbled chestnuts from
the chestnut tree,
And gleaming fairy bubbles
blown by me.

I love the shining buttons
on my coat,
I love the bright beads round
my mother's throat.
I love the coppery flames
of red and gold,
That cheer and comfort me,
when I'm a-cold.