

## Carajo

### "Afternoon"

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When I am old, and comforted,  
And done with this desire,  
With memory to share my bed  
And peace to share my fire,

I'll comb my hair in scalloped bands  
Beneath my laundered cap,  
And watch my cool and fragile hands  
Lie light upon my lap.

And I will have a sprigged gown  
With lace to kiss my throat;  
I'll draw my curtain to the town,  
And hum a purring note.

And I'll forget the way of tears,  
And rock, and stir my tea.  
But oh, I wish those blessed years  
Were further than they be!

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