I Never Lived in the Colored South

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Day’s Beauty – A SONNET

Betsy Green

The day gave up her beauty to the night
And wrapped its shadowed shawl around her land
Allowing those who dwell in simpler light
To revel in their doings as she planned
Through one open eye she still sees the soul

Who makes by night the markings of their way
Until, again, her radiance takes in the whole
Of that which sin and vile left on display
For those who choose to see her golden face
And live exposed to every fault within
Are reminded of the need for her grace
When viewed to remnants of night’s shameful den
Then day’s beauty seems even greater still
Shining forth from those who gave to her their will