

Land of Beginning Again

by Louise Tarkington

I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all our poor selfish grief
Could be dropped like a shabby old coat at the door
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unawares,
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail,
And I wish that the one to whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would all find the things we intended to do,
But forgot, and remembered too late,
Like praises unspoken, little promises broken,
And all the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have been perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again.
And ones we misjudged, and the ones whom we grudged
Their moments of victory here,
Would find in the grasp of our loving handclasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd known had been best,
And what had seemed loss would be gain;
For there is not a sting that will not wing
When we've faced it and laughed it away —
And I think that the laughter is most what we're after,
In the Land of Beginning Again.

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