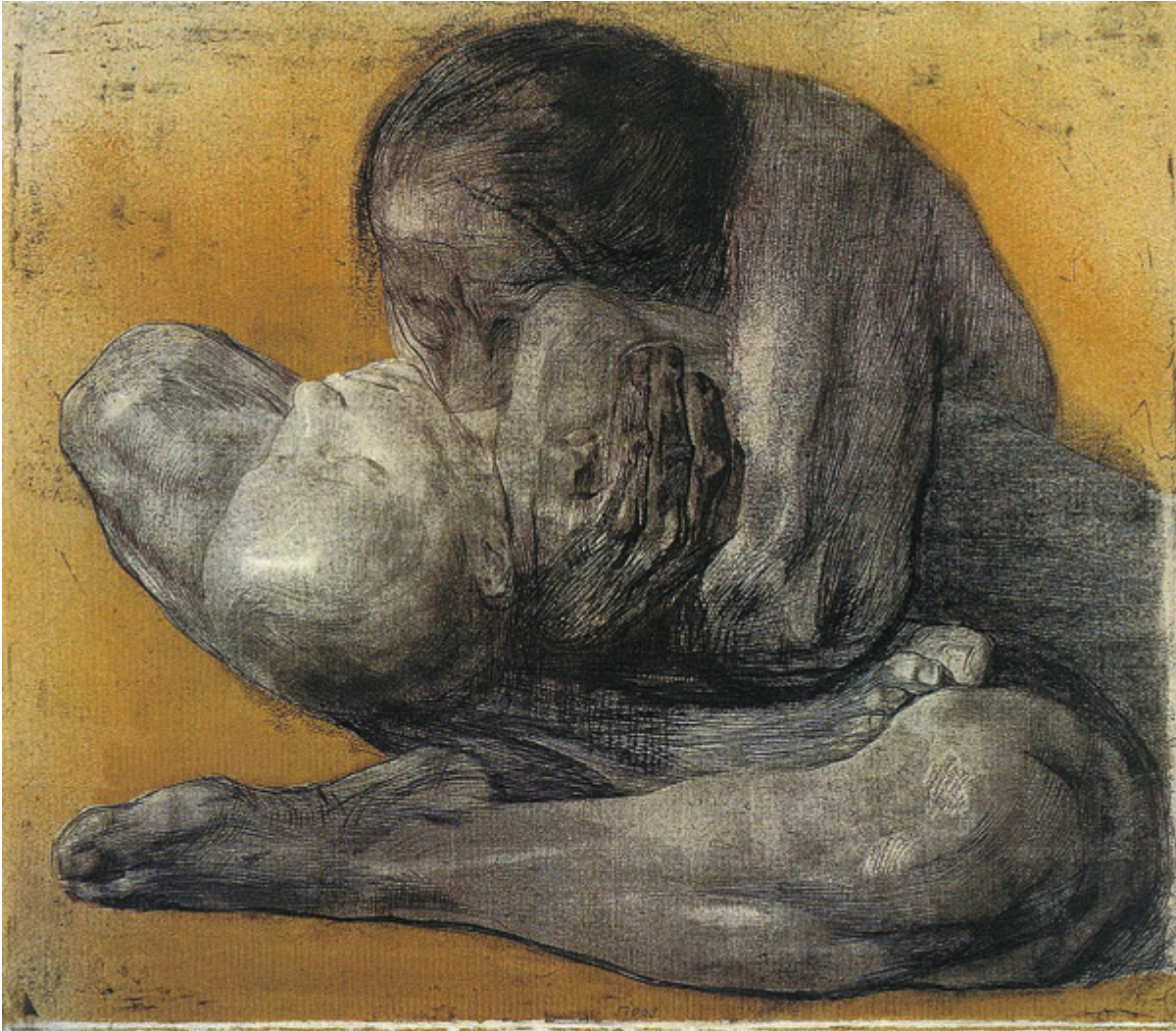


# When I Grow

by [Michael Shindler](#) (February 2020)



*Woman with Dead Child*, Käthe Kollwitz, 1903

“When I grow old, have lost my hair,  
Her hair will be white, her face fair.

“Never alone, ever a pair,  
Knowing sorrow, but not despair.

“O, loss that loves and moves like air  
Into my heart, into my care . . . “

There went the wind, there went the wild;  
There went a song quite neatly styled.

The dirt is trod, the stones are piled;  
The storm has passed, the sky is mild.

Hear of this from a mouth that smiled;  
Hear this from the mouth of a child.

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