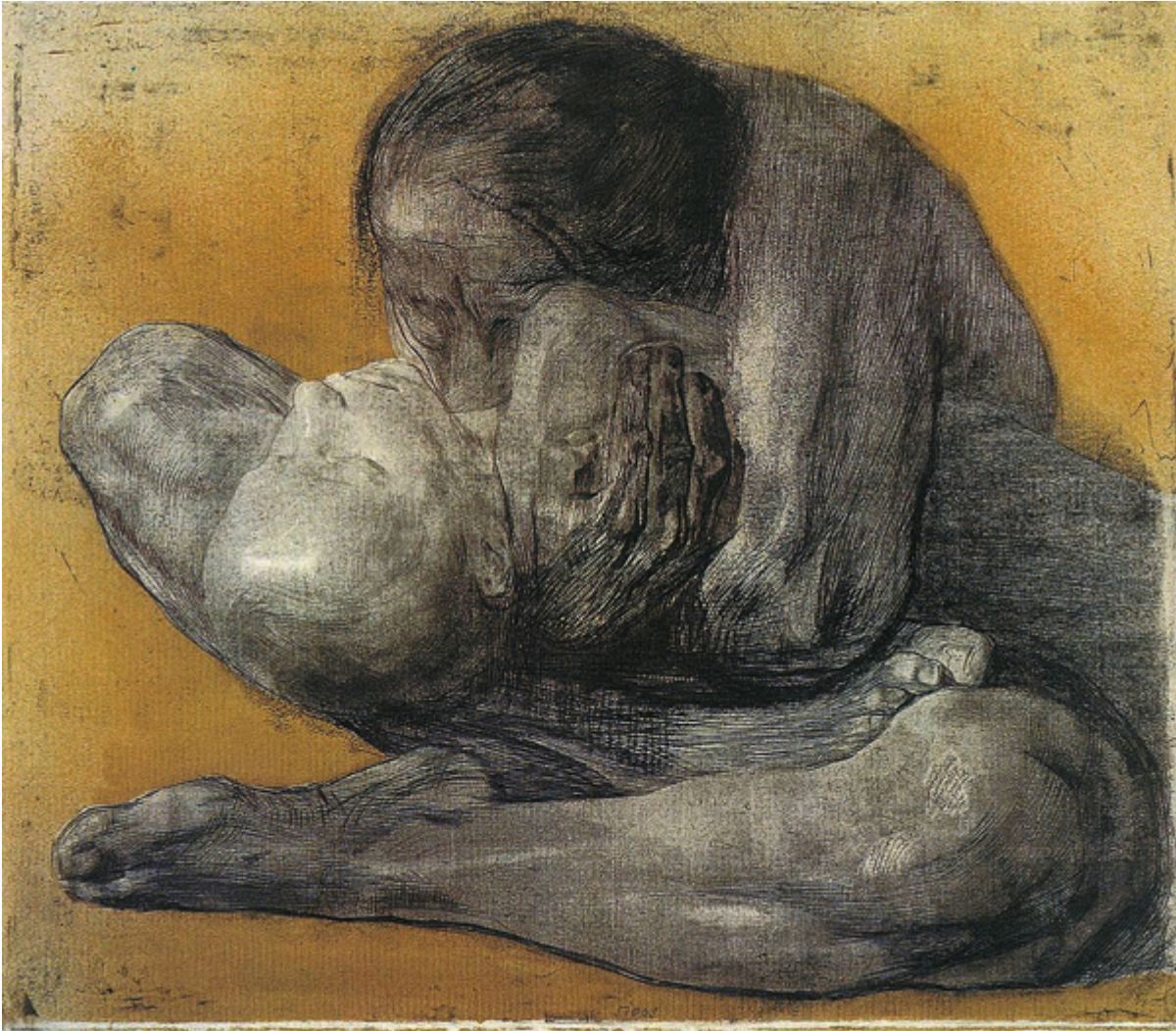


When I Grow

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.

«[Previous Article](#) [Table of Contents](#) [Next Article](#)»

Michael Shindler is a writer living in Washington, DC. His work has appeared in publications including *The American Conservative*, *The American Spectator*, *National Review Online*, *New English Review*, *University Bookman*, and *Providence*. Follow him on Twitter