

## Looking Back

I might have been rich if I'd wanted the gold instead of the friendships  
I've made.

I might have had fame if I'd sought for renown in the hours when I  
purposely played.

Now I'm standing to-day on the far edge of life, and I'm just looking  
backward to see

What I've done with the years and the days that were mine, and all that  
has happened to me.

I haven't built much of a fortune to leave to those who shall carry my  
name,

And nothing I've done shall entitle me now to a place on the tablets of  
fame.

But I've loved the great sky and its spaces of blue; I've lived with the  
birds and the trees;

I've turned from the splendor of silver and gold to share in such pleasures  
as these.

I've given my time to the children who came; together we've romped and  
we've played,

And I wouldn't exchange the glad hours spent with them for the money that  
I might have made.

I chose to be known and be loved by the few, and was deaf to the plaudits  
of men;

And I'd make the same choice should the chance come to me to live my life  
over again.

I've lived with my friends and I've shared in their joys, known sorrow with  
all of its tears;

I have harvested much from my acres of life, though some say I've  
squandered my years.

For much that is fine has been mine to enjoy, and I think I have lived to  
my best,

And I have no regret, as I'm nearing the end, for the gold that I might  
have possessed.

**Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)**