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Reminiscence

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I heard you singing in the wind,
Each sweet note falling clear.
(I stand upon our hill to wait
About this time each year).

They say you saw black mud and dirt,
That blood streamed down your side.
But I, who know your soul so well,
Know, too, the way you died.

I know that light within your eyes
Leapt into glowing fire,
I know the music that you loved
Sung by celestial choir.

There were the colors you always loved,
These you must have seen.
There were the woods your hands have touched,
Caressing their satiny sheen.

And so, when I read of the way you died
And turn inward eyes to you,
I listen along the wind for song
Sung in a voice I knew.

“REMINISCENCE”

By ROBERT FREDERIC HERTER

Rivers of thought,
Silent, mighty as Zeus,
Plunging through the chaos
That is life. . .

Memory is a dancing girl
On a bright terrazzo stair.
Memory is a blind old man
In a hickory chair.

...small towns dreaming
Of tomorrow;
The slanting sun
Gold through Autumn leaves,
Death, purple-shadowed,
Skulking down a country lane.

Misty valleys at dawn. Cold
Glad winds, brushing a hilltop.
Words, beside a still pool,
Echoing a dream.
The timeless protest
Of one just born.

Muffled tom-tom urge
Of drums . . . calling
From a flag-draped street.
Orange blossoms
Tangled in lacy veils.
Tiny hands reaching. . . .

Memory is a silver bell,
Tolling through the years.
The afterglow of ecstasies,
The ghost of vanished fears.