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One Plum-Blossom Day/ One Solemn Night

Maggie Aldridge Smith

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ONE PLUM-BLOSSOM DAY

Maggie Aldridge Smith

One plum blossom day
I would not linger
you kissed my lips
tenderly, just so;
these many years later
I've always wondered
Where?
And why?
Did I go?

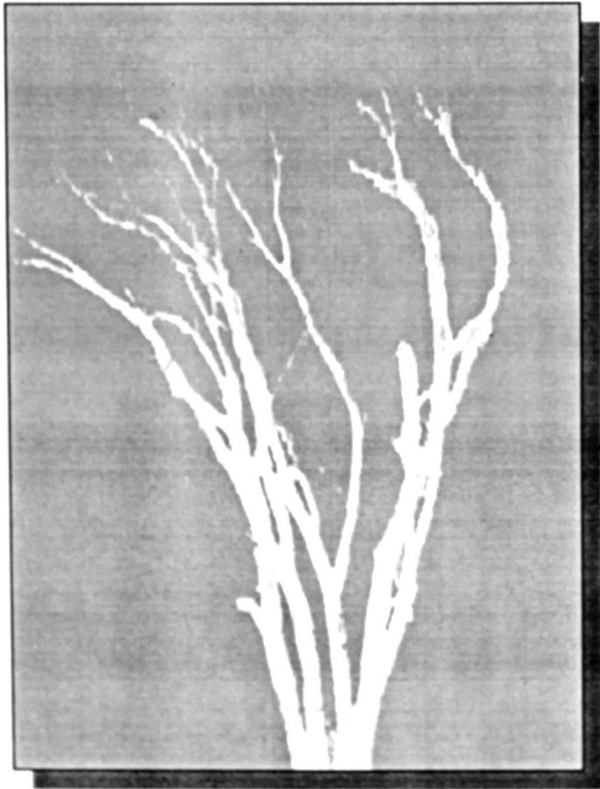


ILLUSTRATION BY BRANDON RAPEL

ONE SOLEMN NIGHT

Maggie Aldridge Smith

One solemn night
The big, whitened dead tree
Left the high bank
Of some sixty summers,
Laying its great length
In the valley.
No storm or wind
presaged its passing.
No lightning strike
Brought it down.
The soil is unscarred,
As other roots surround it.
But there, against the sky,
A huge vacancy cries.
Surely I,
In passing from this earth
Will leave no scar.
But, oh, let there be
In the atmosphere,
A void,
for me.

