

Remembrance

And yet again,
It's September,
And I no longer
Long to remember
Days gone by.
I wish to think of
The future,
Or even
The present
And not
Frequent
The Past,
Full of memory and desire
Mixing—¹
But what are they mixing?
Nothing
That I
Remember.

¹ See Eliot, *The Waste Land*, I. 2–3.

After Writing Cards to Friends

But I know so much

Now.

That I didn't know

Then.

About leaves,

How they fall in the autumn,

And how friends can

Likewise,

Fall away

From us with time

And over time,

Drifting in the wind.

I wanted them to stay,

But sadly

They couldn't, or wouldn't,

Who really knows why?

For a time,

I walked alone.

Bittersweet,

Learning to like my own company

Before there was company to keep.

But lonely with only myself along the road.

Wishing to be with someone,

Who would understand.

But after this time,

Another would come,
One where there were many to walk beside.
The laughter was over-loud and the path narrowed,
So more fell away,
But the ones who were meant to
Stayed.
And it was nice,
To have friends to comfort and for me to comfort in turn,
When sorrows came.
Oh,
But what rejoicing we did,
When life offered us honey,
Flowers in spring time,
And good books for long weekends.
In the good and the bad,
The honey and the salt,
The friends remained
Who could taste and appreciate
Both.