

Look for a clear morning

All our lives we say good-byes.
Someone is always leaving;
waving back to us.
Sometimes they go before we know they've
gone.

Echoes sound in their wake,
like a ball bounced over and over
in an empty gymnasium,
or the flutter of unseen birds' wings
between trees in the woods,
or snowfall on quiet streets at midnight.

Would that I could make it otherwise,
or even wish it would not come to pass at all;
but snow will fall,
heavy, cold, often swirling wildly,
and for a time you will not see
your hand before your face;
that is the way of things.

But, look for a clear morning,
when through the hollow spaces in your heart,
echoes will ring, for sweet remembering.
Ring on, O echoes, ring,
and teach sad hearts again their song to sing.

Jessie Phoenix, 1926-1998