

These Sixty Years of Memory

By William A. Cook

These sixty years of memory
Should ease the soul, as ointment
On a wound withdraws the pain,
A comforting solace to prevent

Time's arrows from forging to the fore
Obliterating in a moment
What time itself had allowed,
The love, the peace, and merriment

That grew together with the years,
Memories so iridescent
They would light the soul as candles
Recessed chapels, dark and silent,

Where lonely women go to pray,
Knowing their God omnipotent
Listened beyond the gloom and vault
And judged their goodness and intent.

So my memories rise in the air,
Like smoke from incense candles rent,
Fleeing beyond my forlorn call,
Disappearing in an instant,

Never to ease sorrow's awful pain
That pierces the heart with trenchant
Force, baring depression and despair,
Twin Charons of the soul's lament.

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