

Bright with the expectation
Of joining our games.
But they were too slow;
Youth respects only speed.
We left them standing in the grass
Amazed at their own lack of virtue.
(Somehow we were not ashamed!)
But now that speed
Seems not such a virtue,
We wonder about the big-chested boys
Who were slow afoot,
And we would like to see them
Come thumping up and look at us
As though we had just come
Sprinting across the yard.
We would like to ask them
To let us join their game.
But we went too fast for them.
We'll have to wait
Twelve years after death
For them to catch up;
So we can ask them.

-- Robert Lewis Weeks

Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Heaven Was A Dream I Had

When I awoke my father smiled;
I had come home
from a personal round-about
to smell his world again.

His eyes were red; he knew I knew
that this return
was a chance to repeat goodbyes
before the final stop.

And I look back in silence now;
his time-slash'd face
turns alone in his private night,
but I can't touch his cheek.

-- Ottone M. Riccio

Belmont, Mass.