

1979

This Place Of Mine

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Recommended Citation

Bernard, O. A. (1979) "This Place Of Mine," *The Angle*: Vol. 1979: Iss. 1, Article 8.
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1979/iss1/8>

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Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Spring 1979.

This Place Of Mine

I've walked this path many a time, only to sit upon a fallen log and look about me;
witnessing life, death, smelling the red of the flower, seeing the sweetness of its nectar,
shedding not a tear, but a river of hurt and pain. . .

I've walked this path before
and it, as well as the fallen log,
have become my close friends.

I've shed a river of tears
and this the land knows
for it seems to understand my fears.

Tales of pain and hurt
are all I have given this place of mine
but today I give it peace.

Today I wear a smile
for my heart is full of love
love from a woman—an Angel.

This love has given me life
and, place, you know
life was no longer important
for my blood was ice
and through veins ice cannot flow.

"I love you," I thought I heard
yet it was not thought,
and with those words I soared
higher than any bird, beyond any dream.

One day I will bring this Angel to you
for she cares as I know you still do—
now listen to what will be.

No longer will I walk this path of despair
nor sit upon this fallen log and weep
for I have kissed a tear
and am alive once more.

— O., A. Bernard