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I Once Knew Her

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I Once Knew Her

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1989/iss1/12
I call, dear girl,  
And you're not there,  
But I still  
Remember your hair;  
It was a chestnut-brown.  
You wore it long,  
Then cut it short,  
Yet never took away  
Your smile.  
Oh, that smile of yours!  
You were a beauty  
In my eyes  
That transcended  
Physical desire;  
No; you were more  
Like a spiritual fire . . .  
I could see it  
In your eyes,  
Those sparkling-blue crystals  
That lit a flame  
In the dark, inner depths  
Of my soul.  
That same soul  
Now aches for the flame original  
You once, for a while, provided;  
Out of sight,  
Not out of mind,  
I search for you,  
Yet cannot find.  
Time has flown,  
As if on Hermes' wings,  
To take away  
The joy you bring.  
My thoughts of you  
Have no end,  
Though to the winds  
Of tomorrow,  
Your flame in me  
Does bend.  
Those same winds  
Drift us further apart,  
And I begin to doubt  
What I remember of you  
Now, dear woman.  
Were your eyes a sharp,  
Sparkling-blue, or  
Were they really  
An earthy brown?  
Do I imagine that which  
I can't precisely remember?  
I feel I need you,  
Before my eyes,  
To remember,  
And know again,  
What it feels like  
To see you,  
To hear you,  
To sense you beyond  
The five senses,  
And to, once more,  
Embrace you  
With my soul!

Roger Scalzo
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