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This Place Of Mine

O. A. Bernard

St. John Fisher College

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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