I Once Knew Her

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I Once Knew Her

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://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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