Lines Composed A Few Years Later

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1989/iss1/24
LINES COMPOSED A FEW YEARS LATER

Old people’s eyes are swimming
And young people’s have yet toed the ebb
Not having the seas of experience
Floods of despair
High swells of sight
A reservoir of hopes and dreams
And the long time tapping of millions of rain drops
Each swelling bulb a face, a home, an action.

Sitting among the ruins Dorothy still squints
Searching the calm, green valley with a clear eye
Full of soft murmuring and smokey wreaths around.
Does she know the Wye rushed red with noble blood
Or a mortal tide washed her brother’s kind two times?
And what of the Beagel’s watery notes and Austrian spectacles?

As an eagle soars into the night
To dip its wings in tranquility’s basin
She considers the half-shading moon on a crumbled abbey arch
And blinks to moisten her eyes and sighs.
She draws her sweater tighter
Waves away wining flies and stamps her feet at the rising dew.

Old people’s eyes are swimming
Pools of light and dark, lapping action

Proud Heritage

Luther, Jackson, Douglass
Black or white
Do we have a choice?
Yellow or red
Does color really matter?
Proud Heritage.

They say, we’re all born naked,
and we’ll all die naked.
No one is different
We’re proud
Proud is what we are
Proud Heritage.

Whether Black or White
From dawn to dusk
From the morning light,
to the star lit sky,
Life sometimes goes awry,
From shining hopes,
sudden turns,
From grim to grand,
from joy to sorrow,
Waiting for a new
tomorrow.

Or if you haven’t stood
an hour in the heat
of hurts you did not choose,
or until your heart has
felt the sting
of criticizing tongues,
your unable to taste
the salty tears,
a wonderful soul has wrung.

Proud Heritage:
Where’s the black lady
that rides in the
back of the bus
Or the white men who are
confused?

Deborah Ayala