1989

Proud Heritage

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Cover Page Footnote

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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

Peter J. Duffy