

1-1-1936

Beating within my soul, ordering my life that this - that  
I was a child. How little did I know that her who  
has

is longing for a bond. And her who tied loops for a quick

release

that there will be no peace within the soul so long as

binds

turns to so long as binds turn with thoughts of freedom

A memory is hateful thing

because it brings

smiles & tears with every wind

or bird that sings.

Even the smallest thing -

the faintest smell,

brings to the mind the thought of days

and what befell

So even on place a thing -

an open fire,

The tree-top swathed in gentle mist,

a church's spire

will compare up with vividness

the past's delights

& sorrow & the memories

of stolen nights.