

## ROBERT BESCH

### *Soul Song*

In our deepest selves we bind  
Black and white so tightly  
That the hues between—  
The shades of earth and people,  
And all the pigments of  
Our common lives are lost.  
Oh that we might see  
This fullness that is ours,  
That has been ours  
Since primal times;  
That we might find delight  
In greater spectrums  
Hidden by our minds too long;  
That we might seek a truth  
In every color made  
To keep our souls together.

### *When You Have Grown*

Child, when you have grown  
Beyond the magic  
Of your seedling years,  
Remember . . .  
Mornings when you ached  
To drink the total beauty of a day  
In small, exquisite sips;  
The sun in your exploring eyes,  
Bright things cut from paper,  
And the smell of new crayons;  
Fields that save their mysteries  
For brave, bare feet;  
And wishing trees  
Where fleeting dreams are cupped.  
Remember these and all the other  
Corners of your shaping world,  
Against the time  
When others might forget.

### *To The Sundown Bird*

Sing your lyrics softly, I must not  
Be lured into the woods again tonight.  
I was there this morning and forgot  
How easily I lose myself in flight.  
Finding homeward trails took much too long;  
Have a heart and give me just your song.