

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.