

REMINISCENCES

Sometimes we can see them,
as once they were of old,
Long before God took them
to walk the streets of gold,
Long before the decades
put wrinkles on each face,
Back when time was timeless
and death seemed out of place.

We can often hear them,
rehearsing songs they wrote—
Our emotions hanging
on every word and note—
Sending us to places
where former joys remain;
Bringing recollection
of tearful tales of pain.

Are we entertaining
these memories alone,
Hearing just the echoes
without the flesh and bone?
Or do friends departed
reach out across the spheres,
Reminiscing with us
until our final years?

— *David L. Hatton, 7/12/2015*