

REMEMBERING MARIE

One morning in an azure-blue September,
Beneath the silence of a cherry tree,
I held her there, so pale and so beloved,
Like fragile dreams of Love that come to be.
Above us in the heaven of the summer,
I saw a cloud that made me stop and stare:
It was very white, and very far above me;
And when I looked again, it wasn't there.

Since that day the moons of many seasons
Have drifted down the rivers of the sky;
I don't know if the cherry trees are standing,
Or if the farmer felled them by and by.
Don't ask me what the romance finally came to:
I hear your question; still I do not know.
I can't remember how she looked or sounded;
I only know I kissed her long ago.

Even the kiss I would have long forgotten
Without the cloud that floated overhead.
I know that cloud; I'm sure I'll know it always:
It was very white, and far above my head.
The girl may have a home and seven children;
The cherry trees may blossom on and on.
But that white cloud, it blossomed just a moment,
And when I looked to see it, it was gone.