Remembrance

Helen Pundt*

*Iowa State College

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Remembrance

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Abstract

As scent of freezia in the winter gloom Recalls the look of flowers long since dead, Bruised hearts of poppies hid in fiery bloom...
You
Carolyn Carlson

Tonight as I walked home through the thick darkness,
Guided only by spots of light from the streetlamps,
I saw your face in the soft mists along the creek—
The warmth of your smile in the dew of the night.
I ran toward the bridge
I found only the leering white of the lamp,
And you were lost again in the night—
In the fuzzy white of the blackness.
And each time when I thought myself there with you—
You were again far off—
Far away in the dreaming mists.

Remembrance
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As scent of freezia in the winter gloom
Recalls the look of flowers long since dead,
Bruised hearts of poppies hid in fiery bloom,
Spiked larkspur, and the nun-white hooded head
Of lilies by a wall. As one refrain
Remembered in the whisper of the night
Brings back the whole of symphony again:
Its surge and boom and airy silver flight,
—So you, one small imperfect part of grace
Can with a silken move swing wide the gate
And in that moment to my startled face
Reveal the whole of beauty's vast estate.
Now you, unnoticed though you were before,
Will haunt me with remembrance evermore.