

IN ABSENCE

GERALDINE P. DILLA

Each flower I smell brings memories of you;
 I cannot pluck a violet from the grass,
 Nor a last frosty rose-bud can I pass,
But the scent recalls your garden in the dew.
Each time I lift my eyes up to the sky
 Where clouds seem painted white against the blue,
 Made deeper by the leaves they glow far through,
I listen for your footfall gliding nigh.
Each poem that I find of purer fire,
 Or finer melody of piercing tone,
 Has beauty marred or lost when read alone,
Till echoes of your voice chant it entire.
 But when I hear church music soaring true,
 Then I draw near the essential soul of you.