

# POEMS...

L. MARCUS

Morning Is A Wonderful Day

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When I was a young man, I had a lyre  
And while I held it in my hand  
I could sing so beautifully.

The melody is gone,  
Like a Springplanted seed in Autumn's harvest,  
But the fruit is wisdom.

What does the seed know of wisdom,  
Or Autumn fruit if song?

Yet, from the fruit may come  
New seeds,  
And then we shall never want  
For Melody.

Let me say  
What I can not sing,  
And let the music be your own.

2.

The mist clears.  
It is a simple greened field,  
The moist grass so richly hued  
And sparkling  
In the early morning light.

There is a tree here,  
A tree there,  
But the man quietly standing there  
Does not seem to know  
How vast the expanse.

He smiles and says nothing.  
Meeting his eyes,  
Terrible knowledge leaps up within me.

3.

Why do I watch the sailing hawk?

Soon, I think,  
There will be ducks,  
Silly squawking ducks.  
Then, the duck will dive.

I will tell you how.

He will quiver in his soaring.  
His strong wings will press against the wind.  
In that first bold thrust,  
He will move up.

You can see that if you watch closely.

Then, his plummet begins.  
See the ducks, then.  
With sure artistry his movement.

Cry for the duck?  
You silly chickens!  
This is a hawk.  
See now how he moves.

4.

Do you know the pleasure of your agony  
Making mountain camp  
After a twelve-hour climb  
In a sleeting rain?

When the morning comes,  
The sky will clear.  
If you remain another night,  
The night, too, will be clear.

From the mountain-top  
You will look down,  
And you will see the lights.

You will think it strange  
That the people  
Who live so close to those places  
Can not see  
Where they live  
Nor know  
The desire to be warm.

5.

On a cold winter's day  
I had a warm remembrance.

It moved outward  
From somewhere deep within me,  
Until it brought  
Comfort to my limbs  
And a glow like warm brandy  
To my cheeks.

Somewhere there is a warm house,  
But it lacks the beauty  
Of the cold winter's day.

Spring will come.  
I shall not be there,  
But I shall still delight  
In the warm remembrance  
Of an old dream.

6.

One day  
Where the children played  
There came a smiling man  
From a dead planet.

He stood  
As if to show he knew  
The way of children  
And a stranger.

Soon,  
More curious than startled,  
The children shuffled,  
Eyeing the figure that  
Seemed not to menace  
After all.

"He is this," one said,  
"Or perhaps that," another suggested.

One child looked directly  
At the man.  
The stranger's eyes smiled,  
His mouth unchanged.

In time,  
The boldest spoke.  
The stranger nodded.  
Another tried.

"He does not speak  
Our language," one proposed  
After the failure  
Of several efforts to prompt  
Conversation from the visitor.

"He knows,"  
Another corrected:  
"See his eyes."  
"He understands?"  
Another asked.  
"You understand?" he said  
To the stranger.

The man's expression  
Didn't change,  
They swore later,  
But all the same  
They knew he understood.

They were pleased,  
So pleased,  
They turned from their visitor  
For a moment,  
To share their opinion.

When they glanced back,  
He was gone.

They never saw him again,  
But they know  
That something  
Important  
And good  
Had happened for him  
And for themselves.

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