

THOSE DAYS

The years grow shorter and they grow more dear;
The past throws shadows on the memory,
Moving pictures only the mind can see:
Teresa sipping bourbon in her steel chair
And making light of one infirmity
After another under the sweet gum tree
Where dappled sunlight played on her gold-red hair
With something like the sound of laughter made
Visible, tinged with that wry or rueful tone
That all who heard knew as Teresa's own,
Teasing lightly whatever words were said.

Ah, we were younger then beneath that tree
And wiser then than we again shall be.