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Late Lament

*"Breathe deep the gathering gloom
Watch lights fade from every room
Bedsitter people look back and lament
Another day's useless energy spent
Impassioned lovers wrestle as one
Lonely man cries for love and has none
New mother picks up and suckles her son
Senior citizens wish they were young
Cold hearted orb that rules the night
Removes the colours from our sight
Red is grey and yellow white*

*But we decide which is right
And which is an illusion?" Graeme Edge*

The Poem that has haunted me more than any other. It describes these hours I know so well. For most of 45 years I have found myself living life mostly beneath the moon. Early morning paper routes, late night study sessions... Midnight movies in summer, autumn walks down railroad tracks, leaves crackling with every step. Oh how I loved this quiet time.

Time to reflect, relax, and reorganize my thoughts. My dreams they became tangible, My ideas, visions.

These are the hours of magic, creativity and true understanding. Yes I grew up in Nebraska, a world you thought you could see forever in. Then I realized, buildings 20 miles away were invisible, yet in cities with dirty air, you could see mountains 100 miles away... Hmm.

Never ever did you want a wind from the east, those feedlots could really clear your mind... What they replaced it with however could in this age be called Very Sketchy.

I remember sitting behind tall grass, unseen to all, watching heavy earth moving machinery ripping the prairie apart for a square mile around me. Yet they left the trees at the main roads side, so no one on the street could see what was happening right before their eyes.

Only in the moonlight do the whispers of lifes so many memories softly waft back into my minds eye, rich enough to see them.

People loved parks with marry-go-rounds and swings. Sand boxes and riding toys... I always like the Grass lands, wood peckers, and trees. I miss my quiet hours. They are what I strive here to find. My quiet hours, so soft. So long.

O wind, rend open the heat,
cut apart the heat,
rend it to tatters.

Fruit cannot drop
through this thick air--
fruit cannot fall into heat
that presses up and blunts
the points of pears
and rounds the grapes.

Cut the heat--
plough through it,
turning it on either side
of your path.

"HD"

