

First Song

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Walking in autumn
a field of wild grasses bending
our first kiss returns

Our first kiss finds us
touched by age, many joys, old sorrows
and the blessing of new family

Our bodies are less supple
yielding more like water
taking the shape it finds

How far have we traveled?
Not far, only nearer to the last page
in the book of questions
in this miracle passing moment

The stones we gather at the water
like memories
accompany us a short while

Sometimes the only song
is the song I knew before we were born
still echoing in our breathing

Can our voices lift this fragile world
holding close and singing to the last
that first song of love

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