

AS IN A VASE

As in a vase the smell of roses clings
After the rose has crumpled into dust,
As twilight lingers after day takes wing,
The aftermath beneath the stubble's rust,
Like rain that cometh when the storm is spent,
The night's deep silences on land and sea,
As the peace around the board of sacrament—
All these, dear heart, thy memory is to me.
And with a patience born of scourging pain
I climb the endless stairs of barren years,
Asking no alms of Fate, striving to gain
But mastery o'er hurtling doubts and fears.
Surely, your soul hath left its offering:
As in a vase, the breath of rose leaves clings.

By: Beth Slater Whitson

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