

Tom Richards, Jr.'s Column--

BUREAU X
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Richards

TWO SONGS

(This column releases a poem which started nudging me while I was in Alaska and finally won its freedom in the Philippines)

Were I a writer of verse
Wanting to write our history
I would write two songs.

First, a sad song,
An expression of horror
And grief and unconsolable
Sorrow over a loss
Gone without retribution.

Second, a song of hope
For life born of despair and
Uncertainty,
Shaped with love from
What is good of
What is left.

The first would sing
Of a village on a spit
Between a lagoon and a sea,
Of a woman giving
Smiles of happiness
Made of wrinkles
Made of hardships,
Of a boy on a bench of bone
Sending his spirit over the sea
Along a bright amber band
To the sun that sits
On a mountain,
Of snow that groans
And ice the whispers
And dogs that sing
Better than I,
Of solitary motors
That politely offer conversation
And make small ripples
Over huge smooth wet surfaces,
Of tents that talk to wind and rain
And a loon that says goodnight
And a bird that sings in the warm goodmorning.

The second would sing
Of little of this
And sings louder.