



Youth

You will hurt me as others have done
when the cool summer nights
and hot wet days have transpired
into fall and nothingness.

I'll wait,
but not for the song of crickets
or the throaty, harp music of
the sand toads as they call
among the grassy carpet where they die.
I'll wait but not for the night.

I'll wait for the music of a dream--
a music that was like a
Christmas ornament hanging on a fir tree--
hanging--
crystalized for a moment
but ready to shatter in
a thousand, splintered pieces
upon the ground,
at the first wind or perhaps
the change of seasons.

I'll wait for this music
to flow into me
in its ecstasy of remembrance.

Summer will go
and with it will go
the magic of youth
--the gentleness--the tenderness.
Summer will go
with it's ruffled petticoats
floating--floating in a mood
of endlessness into a chilled evening.
You go with the summer--
West--
Youth--
Class of Sixty-three.

--Joe Story