

Dirge Without Music

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground. So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of mind: Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you. Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust. A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew, A formula, a phrase remains,--but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love, --They are gone. They are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve. More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses in the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

--Edna St. Vincent Millay

Sometimes, I think about you, during times I hadn't planned on, and in places that I hadn't designated for a memory, but rather for some transitory thing that doesn't linger.

Like at an airport, when the arriving passengers are standing wearily by the revolving ramp that brings their baggage and their packages, and suddenly, with cries of joy, they find their own, like at a resurrection of the dead, and then they exit to their lives.

And there is one bag that keeps coming back and disappearing once again, returning once again, so slowly in the empty hall, before, again and again, it passes on. Thus does your quiet image pass before me; thus do I remember you, until the ramp stops moving and is silent. So it goes.

By Israeli Poet Yehuda Amichai

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