

# AT THE GRAVE OF ROBERT FROST

*Steffen Horstmann*

Trees are rumored your audience.  
Their branches bow to wind, loaded with ice.  
With certain words (it is said) one can entice  
The dead to appear along the fence.

On a hill tormented by winds that lash,  
Your bed of earth where a chapel burned.  
Pages of snow are rapidly turned  
Where the air once swirled with ash.

I imagine you wandering alone,  
Knowing the strife that can harden the heart,  
A place from where pain is slow to depart.  
I pause to kneel & touch your stone.

This is weather I saw when a child,  
A glass sphere where a snowstorm whirled.  
I recollect how I held that world,  
A wind whose rage was wild.

Is this how I'm seen by you now—  
A figure in glass, in a tempest of snow?  
What words bring the comfort I long to know?  
Yours I've recited like a vow.

In my mind I still hear your voice,  
Repeating words you spoke to a nation—  
Before trees, the snow's desolation.  
Now the audience of your choice?

I have grown blind in a vortex of snow,  
Stopping to question why I live apart  
& a storm is slow to die in the heart.  
It must pass to where dead seasons go.

I want for days when trees fall still,  
The time when winds stop to listen.  
When water on the pavement glistens  
& clouds float in a puddle.

If this is pain from which one advances,  
I will return when hills are in flower  
& the day is calm at an early hour,  
Listen for your voice rumored in branches.

“At the Grave of Robert Frost” © 2006 by Steffen Horstmann

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