

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.

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