

Remembrance of Things Passed by Kathy Briand

Is this how you end?

This permanent pale perfection, undulating like a pulse, a heartbeat frozen in time.

You flourished quietly for years, outside our notice, drinking in the rain, inhaling the sunlight, working your way out of the earth.

Up and upcoming to maturity without a thought or a glance from us.

You presided Pomona-like over our picnics and wanderings while we blind onlookers took you as mere background.

We passed you time and again as if you were not there, even as your green coolness sheltered us.

There and not there, like so many others in our lives.

We could have paid attention or cared.

But even your death went unnoticed and unmarked, until a stranger saw you, saw you and loved you.

His hands smoothed all your rough parts until even the undiscerning masses could see the real you.

Here is your age, proudly displayed, here the marks of good years and bad.

Even your small dark scars are here, defiant emblems of a life we never noticed.

He who never heard your beating heart, left a remnant of it intact.

Is it a testament or a rebuke?

We did not mark you, but a stranger has sealed his name into your soul.

He saw you up and coming even when you were down and gone.

We are both richer and poorer for it.