

Red Blooms Upon a Field

*Though winters cold and evenings deepened dark
With creeping years may steal the summer's light,
Yet dare to walk with me on meadows bright,
Where verdant grows the valley of the lark?*

*How red the blush of dancing mirthful friends,
Remembrance fond of children's cherished toys,
That ease the journey's care with warmth and noise,
Quaffed cups upon the road through which life wends.*

*Yet also red the petals strewn upon these fields--
The hue of martyrs ancient and the new,
Or legislators steadfast, straight but few,
The plumes of erstwhile valor, cloven shields.*

*My fervent hope: to share this walk with you
Where blooms the red of passion ever true.*