In Memory

Serene and beautiful and very wise,
Most erudite in curious Grecian lore,
You lay and read your learned books, and bore
A weight of unshed tears and silent sighs.
The song within your heart could never rise
Until love bade it spread its wings and soar.
Nor could you look on Beauty's face before
A poet's burning mouth had touched your eyes.
Love is made out of ecstasy and wonder;
Love is a poignant and accustomed pain.
It is a burst of Heaven-shaking thunder;
It is a linnet's fluting after rain.
Love's voice is through your song;
Above and under
And in each note to echo and remain
A red rose is His Sacred Heart,
A white rose is His face,
And His breath has turned the barren
World to a rich and flowery place.
He is the Rose of Sharon,
His gardener am I,
And I shall drink His fragrance
In Heaven when I die.

by (Alfred) Joyce Kilmer

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