

## REUNION

*Gerald N. White*

Life is memory etched in smoke. Tonight  
the bowl of my briar is cold; the fuse  
to the past remains unkindled. Ash-  
trays no longer alive with the tap  
of familiar pipes serve merely as mute mementoes.

The rooms are layered with dust. The wilted broadloom,  
reduced to threads by the agitation  
of congenial heels, has barely survived  
the traffic of years. But the new Axminster  
I had promised to buy with November's pension  
will not be needed. I journey outside  
where a welcoming-mat of snow is spread. No tracks  
are visible, not even my own. Carpets beyond  
are untrampled and green. Beckoning hands  
resembling the motion of petals when blossoms unfold

hail permanent summer. How burdenless now  
are the feet of old friends as they glide above meadow and field!  
How buoyant are mine as they skim over infinite grass!