

On Memories: 1/11/ 24

These still ring in my mind –in my heart-

Some loud and clear, others fading.

As from the song "Misty Water coloured memories"

Two songs on "Memories" pluck on my heart strings

One is from Cats,

The other speaks directly to me – of me –of us. "The Way We Were".

At 85 I have memories of more than eighty years

But only some can I share

Some of my children – with my children

Many others I must carry on my own

Most with whom I could share have gone

Jack and Sadie, Our Dad and Mom

Herman and David, my brothers, and perhaps others

So much did we talk of times now done

Since then you too, Sabih, have gone

You shared with me and I with you

Now you leave with me, our memories behind

Which for over 60 years our lives did bind

As they shift into "the corners of my mind"

And then, a song I hear

That tells a love story of "The Way We Were"

A Bird Chorus

In early morning, on Sunday to Thursday

If I should tune in

I hear their chatter and their song

Even as they battle to be heard

In fierce fight

With the forceful noise

Of passing vehicles and construction sites

And all human made sound – both harsh and light.

But on Saturday morning they rule the skies

When all else is at rest and quiet

Then do they herald in the Sabbath with their joyful choir.

And what of evening time,

When the last rays of sunshine

Still give some light

Now a myriad of bird-calls will fill the air

As they find their nesting places

Before turning silent in the darkening night

Until the dawn of a new day

At the very first sign of light

They will call out and sing from above

Long before man-made sound will arise once more

And once more will muffle their song

Though still there, to an ear that will hear

Still there, that Choir of Delight



Poems written by Richelle Shem-Tov in 2024