



Madrigal
by William Smith, FSPE

I sense their hidden faces in the verdant summer leaves,
those who have gone before my own time has come to travel a destined path,
to return to Nature's embracing dust.

I hear their contrapuntal voices in the gentle breeze that rustles the here and now,
a chorus sharing the breadth and complication of our fundamental unity,
so seldom contemplated, awaking the awareness of a hopeful peacefulness.

Their song intriguing, a muted clarion hymn that we are of one rootstock,
of each other, not of ourselves, belonging neither to now nor to then,
without the division of history.

In the fusion of time, we are absorbed, blended, profoundly mingled,
traveling only to shed our mortal coil, casting aside the veil,
to rejoin and whisper a soft chorale from the leaves to those who will listen,
to contemplate the refrain of what can be. Ω