

GO SUMMON UP THE WHISPERS

By Richard Paul

Beside the streets you left behind,

--*_-- ---*--- *_- --*_--

The paths of youth in summertime,

--*--- ---*--- --*_-- --*_--

Whose tales grew within your mind

_ ----- *_- --*---

From sights that still await your eyes.

--*--- *_- --*_-- --*_--

Along the golden fields of wheat,

--*--- *_- *_- ---*---

As no one looks, you slow your feet,

_ ----- --*--- --*_--

And once again the sprites you seek,

--*---*-- ---*--- --*_--

Whose like your young self longed to meet.

_ ----- ---*--- --*---

At field's end there stand the trees,

*_ *_- --*--- --*---

And flowers rising to your knees,

--*_-- *_- *_- ---*---

There too a court of elves maybe?

--*--- --*--- --*_-- *_-

It once had seemed a certainty.

--*_-- ---*--- *_- *_-

A rotted stump along the track

_ ------ --*_-- --*---

Whose sight sent chills up children's backs,

--*--- --*--- *_- ---*---

Get too close and the beast attacks,

_ ----- --*--- --*---

For children were his favourite snacks.

_ ----- *_- ---*---

A bridge above a pleasant stream

---*--- --*_-- --*--- ---*---

That 'neath the sunshine gladly gleams,

---*--- *_- --*_-- ---*---

It must hide jewels or so you deemed,

--*_-- ---*--- *_- ---*---

To shine so bright by sunny beams.

--*--- ---*--- *_- ---*---

And looping back the way you came,

--*_-- --*_-- --*_-- --*_--

Once fickle weather threatens rain,

*_ *_- ---*--- *_-

You marvel at how much remains,

*_ *_- --*--- ---*---

So far from your childhood days.

*_ *_- --*_-- --*_--

Then stopping at what was your home,

--*--- *_- *_- --*---

Once more you leave the past alone,

--*--- --*--- --*_-- --*_--

Old whimsies no one's but your own,

---*--- *_- *_- --*---

Will wait once more atop the stones.

--*_-- --*_-- *_- ---*---

OPTIONAL :

Unless you were right... you never know.

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*_ = Suggested Stressed Syllables

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