

Requiem for My Brother

(IN MEMORY OF AXEL GRANLIE)

*I'll never see December days
Dawn cold and grey beyond the hill,
Or see the setting April sun
Leave shadows here, serene and still --
Without remembering those days
When hopefully you met each dawn,
With shoulders squared and manly stride,
Confident and sure and strong!*

*I'll never hear September winds
Speak softly to the dying grass --
Without the echo of your voice,
The rustle as your footsteps pass.
You walk beside me, gentle hands
Would wipe away each falling tear;
I hear you though my eyes are blind
And cannot see your presence here.*

*Eternal hills bear witness still
To summer's harvest, winter's snow,
And sunlight paints the walls of home
And window panes a rosy glow.
The stairway where your weary feet
Trode upward at the close of day,
Is waiting still for your return
As though you had not gone away.*

*The gentle creatures miss your touch
And hear their master's voice no more,
Not understanding death embraced
The loved one they are waiting for!*

*Too much for human heart to bear,
If that new grave among the dead
Is all that we have left of you
To cherish in the years ahead.
In memory we have the skies,
We have the hills, the fields you sowed,
Your birthplace and your boyhood home
Beyond the long and winding road.*

*And though the years ahead are long
And eyes too blind with tears to see,
The heart recalls your loving care
And all your Christ-like charity.
Your spirit walks through the childhood paths
And evermore shall be a part
Of every breath and thought within
The shrine you built here in my heart!*



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