

Dear Axel

(IN MEMORY OF BELOVED AXEL, DIED DECEMBER 1948)

*I'll never see December days
Dawn cold and grey beyond the hills,
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' pace.*

*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 with rosy glow.*

*The stairway where your weary feet
Trod upward at the close of day,
Is waiting still for your return,
As though you have 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,
Is that new grave among the dead,
Is all that we have left of you
In memory through the years ahead.*

*Brother dear, we have the skies,
We have the hills, the fields you sowed,
Your birthplace and your boyhood home
Beyond the long and winding road.*

*The night wind carries on its wings
Your music played here long ago,
Undying echoes still ring out
Your songs in cadence soft and low.*

*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 childhood's paths
And ever more shall be a part
Of every breath and thought within
The shrine you built here in my heart.*



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