

# If we thought that love was gone

*by* Alison Wells

If we thought that love was gone  
that out of sweetness none remained  
why should we catch the balmy air  
its warm and laden music strained  
upon a wise and falling light  
the evening coming home to rest  
the wide relentless sky still bright  
like a heart stretched taut with care  
then shall we find brim-comfort there  
that what is now, not past is best  
the full and glowing day now done.

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Why should we catch the balmy air  
with glee and toss it through our hair  
shout and stomp and shout again  
that all we want to be is here?  
And yet we grip rich beauty tight  
must keep this fleeting joy so rare  
within our touch, our taste, our sight  
but scent and sound they drag us back  
to scenes of sweet and haunting pain  
and put us face to face with fear  
that what is gone will ever lack

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Shout and stomp and shout again  
that what despairs cannot be heard  
Feel the sun — a love's embrace  
the breeze becomes a tender word  
that soothes the soul, the heart and mind

and summer's wealth of promise stored  
makes the falling evening kind  
and musings touched with warmth erase  
the tracks where restless hopes keep pace  
Then loss and aching quiet ignored  
both strength and beauty now remain.

