

Intersections

In all a life, no more than two or three —
Three or four darling souls, like open windows,
Windows unshuttered by reserve, unbarred by pride,
Windows of welcome in the darling house
Of myriad mankind.

And, in life's obverse, shall we few forget
In meeting under the tall dark trees?
Shall the sweet showers break over our silence
Deep laid below the whispering of the leaves?

In all a life, enough that four or five,
Each with unreserved others, find
Link by link & ring by widening ring,
The myriad mansions of mankind.

Frederick Parker-Rhodes