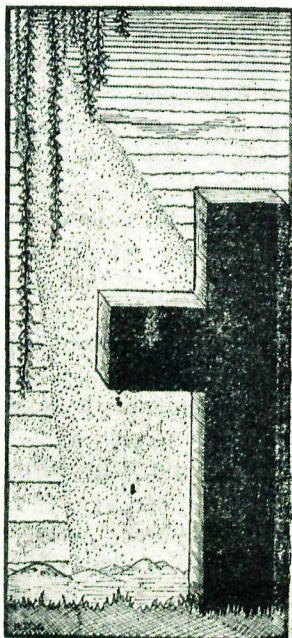


EULOGY

RICHARD J. O. GREENE



In cadence matched to mark each falling tear,
Tolls off each step of us, his mourning legions
Oh! that muffled hooves of beasts alone
Should spend my tears, is slighting to my grief;
For there ahead, between broad aisles of men,
Lies my chieftain on his bier robed
In death. A muted voice cries out in crowd,
Whose faces, stained, reflect a grief that lies
Pressed against the broken sky.
Death wins us all, drinks dry our living sea,
We ride time's wave to woo posterity;
Yet, he, untouched by this year's halting hand,
Moves on in time while we yet helpless stand
And shout our anthem in disharmony.

When raindrops drip soliloquies from off the cross's arm
When earthlife marks the autumn and the spring,
I come alone. His shadow came and touched upon an age;
And where it fell new fields grew up to yield;
And birds returned to sing, and little things
Grew big from sharing his fertility.
And now he lies alone and will not say,
"Sing on you fools, and while the rafters ring
Time will pass, until, at length, the coda hour will come;
The song will end, and not a note remain
For others yet to sing."

