

We dedicate this issue to the memory of
Mary Perna
whose brilliance and sensitivity are sorely missed.

Dreams Fulfilled

by Mary Perna

Our dreams that die are yet fulfilled.
The fading does not kill their seeds.
With our own hands, the fields are tilled.

Upon the land, our blood is spilled.
As we struggle to unearth the weeds
That make our dreams die unfulfilled.

Yet all is only as we willed
When our desires passed our needs,
As greater fields our hands soon tilled.

Frost not felt until all was chilled
Shook our bones as hollow reeds,
And killed young dreams, all unfulfilled.

Familiar roads are now all hilled.
Where smoother ways had paved our deeds,
As fertile fields we ably tilled.

Over ages, the anger stilled,
Until no fuel the fire feeds.
Then dreams expired are yet fulfilled,
As on our knees the fields are tilled.