

Recollection

Bobbie Gentry

She licks her finger and dampens her eye
To make people think she is crying
For all around her are tear-sorrowed faces
But she is too young to know dying
Outside the window tree branches sway down
Long glassy fingers sweep snow-covered ground
While inside a woman is moaning softly
For loss of a son
She sees black-ribboned white roses and hears
A man with bowed head heavily sighing
Then bravely she turns her gaze back to the box
Where a broken young body is lying
Outside the crystal icicles shine bright
Casting a prism, reflecting the light
That sends rainbows dancing across the brow
Of a pastor in prayer
She touches her face to see if the mouth tears
She put on with her finger are drying
Then her young attention is drawn back outside
Where she watches a small brown bird flying
Coming to land on the icy fence rail
With such a momentum it skids on its tail
And she laughs so loud and then quickly
Claps her small hand to her mouth