

What eye is big enough to see
the passing of the age
of agonized reflection
in the golden beam
of youth's erratic aspiration.

And fully launched in the illusion
of an idolized projection
what eye is open even half
to the sweet landscape
of its perished wishing.

At the final closing is there a moment
when eyes perceive
on minds' horizons
the phantom of the little one
who wanted little more than dreaming.

In all eternity will there be an instant
for apologies to tombstones —
victims of the catapulsion
of a mistaken vanity.

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