



DO YOU REMEMBER

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Do you remember
my sister
those dark November nights
when we listened to the world
and sought to right its sorrows
with out clenched fists?

Do you remember
those languid summer days
when we raised our placards high
and sang sweet songs of freedom
convinced that history
was on our side?

The world's cruel burdens
weigh heavy still
time may have tempered
our youthful dreams
but we have come at last
to know
a deeper truth

For it is people
not ideals
that are transient
and freedom's spirit lives on
imprisoned in the shy smile
of a hungry child
and in a rare
enduring love
that conquers fear

December 1992