

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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❧ Surrender ❧

My Heart, it would be wiser to forget
Since peace waits only in forgetfulness,
Or taking firmer hold on tasks that fret
And drive us headlong from regretfulness.
Bereft are we, yet still we breathe and move,
However listless, the accustomed way,
There are bleak nights and bleaker dawns to prove
That all may go and life itself may stay.

Perhaps the years—like wintry maple trees
That yield up sweetness when the boughs are bare—
(Flinging green laughter to a warmer breeze,)
Perhaps the years may blossom and grow fair,
Do we surrender memories and cease
Futile regretting, Heart, we may find peace.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin*