Winter 1955

Hidden Things

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Hidden Things . . .

I

Here lies what we shall never tell.
The ground has sagged with a winter's time
And the forest has grown and hides all well,
Too well, I fear, too well.
It is forgotten.
The scars upon the trees are healed
By nature's growth and breath,
Breathing to heal all, but dying and death.
The dying that remember
Too well, I fear, too well.
But all is spring and not death
Glassy eyes, they are for the dead, dying
And limbless trees
That are hidden in a forest of spring.

II

Let them bloom, the flowers of this year.
Let them dance without my fear.
Let spring, as it must and shall,
Approach with thoughtless licentiousness
To dance upon the holes we dug,
The holes we filled and left unmarked.
It is forgotten.
Time has a method of poisoning
The brain into lethargic
Stillness. The sounds of marching
Nonentities have stopped, but we only
Wait to be called again.
The forest hides its graves
Too well, I fear, too well.

... James Keats