Reunion Hill

Richard Shindell

Mustve been in late September
When last I climbed Reunion Hill
I fell asleep on Indian Boulder
And dreamed a dream I will not tell
I came home as the sun went down
One eye trained upon the ground
Even now I find their things
Glasses, coins, and golden ringsIts ten years since that ragged army
Limped across these fields of mine
I gave them bread, I gave them brandy
But most of all I gave them time
My well is deep, the water pure
The streams are fed by mountain lakes
I cleaned the brow of many a soldier
Dousing for my husbands faceI wont forget our sad farewell
And how I ran to climb that hill
Just to watch him walk across the valley
And disappear into the treesAlong there in a sea of blue
It circles every afternoon
A single hawk in Gods great sky
Looking down with Gods own eyes
He soars above Reunion Hill
I pray he spiral higher still
As if from such an altitude
He might just keep our love in view

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