

# 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 rings  
Its 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 face  
I 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 trees  
Along 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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