

Farrago, July 1, 1986.

Poetry

COMES THE DAWN

After a while

You learn the subtle difference
between holding a hand and chaining a soul,
And you learn that love doesn't mean leaning
And company doesn't mean security
And you begin to learn that kisses aren't contracts
And presents aren't promises.
And you begin to accept your defeats
With your head up and your eyes open.
With the strength of a man
Not the grief of a child,
And learn to build all your roads on today
Because tomorrow's ground is too uncertain for plans.
And futures have a way of falling down in midflight.

After a while

You learn that even sunshine burns
if you get too much.
So you plant your own garden and decorate your own soul
instead of waiting for someone to bring you flowers
And you learn that you can endure ---
That you are strong
And you really do have worth
And you learn and learn ---
With every goodbye
You learn.

Tania De Jong

