

Sue's Poem

This is a strange little poem written in ten minutes thirty years ago while crossing an ocean. As I reach my 60th birthday, I find it more than a little poignant. Sue was an assistant cook on board our ship. She was a nice person with a very simple outlook and it was her 21st birthday. There was no chance for any of us to go shopping for presents and I asked her what she would like for her birthday. She smiled and asked me to write a poem about an old man sitting beside a stream thinking about his life. I have no idea from whence in Sue's soul came this request, and I have no idea where it popped out from in mine ! Anyway, she liked it.

I dreamt I was a lonely man
beside a rushing stream
below a hill beneath the sky
to sit and think and dream,
to dream of youth as it ran away
on a path as long as endless day
a part of life's long scheme

I was young with health and love
the world to share my life in,
to find the one to share it with
was all of my ambition.

I looked, I found in every way
the love that I was seeking
in people, places, flowers and faces
in every heart that's broken,

A wing of hope comes forward then
to carry the world along
to fill the hearts and dry the tears
caused by love that's gone,
and now I'm old and memories fade
and all that stays is that I long
for youth to turn to me again
and sing its own sweet song.

Robbie Middleton

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