
A Monumental Toast

The faces behind the dusty windows
of my past will never disappear,
warm and friendly echoes
fill those winding hallways
of retrospection;
Yesterday's heroes stand fast
in the places they were left,
still their voices reach out to me
from behind every rugged crossroad
when suddenly I feel lost,
and unsure of which way to go;
To these this is truly dedicated,
may they ever be remembered
for the subtle ways each contributed
to the growth of just a simple man;
These humble gifts
I've learned to treasure,
for such a fine collection it is,
delicately selected
from personalized issues
of custom magazines;
-- The disparate clippings
fall like Autumn leaves,
through all the years of my life
they fall . . .
they fall . . .
evolving the once empty page
into the living collage that is me.