
Daryl Bach

Verdun

In Verdun, the stiff white arms of crosses
outstretch the span of vision,
thrusting over the distant hilltops,
clawing into the leaden sky,
ending in some unseen valley,
where men laughed one time.

In Verdun, the winey scent of
windfall apples rides the wind.
A wind that still remembers
what those who planted crosses pledged,
so that men who lived in unseen valleys
could laugh again.

In Verdun, it is best not to remember
the words whispered by the rustling poplars,
who heard what was said and cradled the words
against the silver underbellies of their leaves
to murmur them again only when the wind was high
and men wished to hear.

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