

Where the pale blue wind rolls forever

Roger J. Inman

Where the pale blue wind rolls forever  
Over seas of brown grass  
I shall stand, alone – wondering.

Where the sun, glaring hostile, hard, white,  
Deletes from view all shading  
I shrink back, alone – remembering.

(Now in this sea of indifference)  
I was going to care  
(And now, bruised by this vast callousness)  
I was going to be tender.

My loving, my caring, my tenderness  
Seep through the ground like yesterday's rain  
And the dirt through which they fled  
Is already hard and dusty brown again.

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