

~ Poems by Beth Straus ~

Elegy for my Brother
1997

*I cannot hear him quite so
clearly now—*

*His morning whistle
underneath my window.*

*And, too, his laugh no
longer answers mine.*

*Still, somewhere in the
mind, clear moments form*

*And float at random,
unsolicited.*

*I see him sailing wild on a
bright day—*

*Or playing on a flute I
cannot hear.*

*These are the sap of my
heart, these memories.*

*Silent yet clear, can they
remain—*

*Escape from the hearts
stream and stay*

*Turning slowly, like sap, to
amber—*

*When the tree and the forest
are gone?*

The Apple Tree

*Yesterday, in a northwest wind,
Our apple tree fell and lay on the lawn,
In full boom, like Ophelia
On a river of grass.
I would like to die like that—
My ankles giving way gently,
Then nuzzling the soft green for a final nap,
In my best white nightgown.
Scattering petals everywhere to remind you of me.*

In Praise of White

*I sing of whitenesses that I love best
The white birds soaring where the eagles nest
The white foam forming on a great wave crest
The white clouds parting at the moon's behest.
All of these are beautiful, but I love best
Your white sail coming home to rest.*