

GATHERING OF THE GEAGAS

By Don Pacis

Here they are, the smiles and welcoming arms
People who share one beloved name
Kindred souls all, family and kin, gathered around
Memories of those long dead and gone.

How else to face the task at hand? The heart does not hesitate,
Does not waste time throwing kisses,
Doing its best to celebrate, exuberant as it is
With love and embraces.

What brought us here, after all, is not a time of crisis
But of roots, a time of discovery for the young, including outsiders
Looking in, the innocent members of the clan
Who can't help regale in this congregation.

Not from the gloom of dusks, they come, but childhoods set in gold
As they laugh and listen, raising a hand in greeting.
They know that without family, there can be no beauty
And that without beauty, there can be no memory.

So much to say within the hour! To learn so many names, towns
And cities, chronicles of chastened fates, the long-departed kin
In whose memories we see our own lives
In whose laughter ring those happier times...

How you would like to keep all this forever,
As the heart remembers and the eyes glisten, before tomorrow
Beckons and the moment's gone. The photographs, flashes of blinding
lights,
How you would like to see them all in your mind again!

Long after this sojourn is over, long may you live and shine
As the star that guides you, each one an inspiration to the other
As I, too, am inspired, by your beloved kind – devout and beautiful
Who make the best of you!