

An Elegy for John F. Kennedy

Looking back now, back over the dazed days
Since Kennedy's death, I see again the night
When shadows fell on countless minds,
Spreading a new despair where hope had burned,
As the fires dimmed in the shuttered eyes
Giving voice to his last agony of sight.

Time, that blazed a murderous peace into his cries,
Stirs a memory of the shaking grief that grew
In the next dawn's gray light—
Tears springing with the guilt a nation knew
In the nailed hours
Following his brief reign of troubled days.

Such a pain knelled in the world
At this premature guttering of his flame—
All seeing again the brave majesty of his endless fight
To right the wrongs an age had made—
That a million questions hung on the untold tongues
And all men cried with the mention and echo of his name.

He died under the legion shades of a bright
Southern sun—where *some* bells of hope had rung—
Leaving a cathedral calm
In the stunned and questioning world . . .
And still the question stays . . .
But the answer burns nightly, dumbly,
In the wind that cries around his quiet grave.

BRYN GRIFFITHS