

HEIRLOOMS

My father bought a jacket,
All on a summer's day;
And swore he would not wear it
Till he could go away
Into some musical morning
Full of the metrical sea;
Put it away with his singing,
For many a song had he.

He never wore the jacket
On any kind of day.
Though summer kept its promise,
The man had gone away
Into some songless morning,
Over some silent sea,
Gone away with his loving,
For many a love had he.

And now I wear his jacket,
All on my summer's day,
And wear and share the wonder
Of the man who has gone away,
For the ringing, singing summer
And the rhymes of the rhythmical sea;
And hear in the midst of my morning
The echoes he left to me

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