

Memories from 1937

Ivan A. Backer

I feel the warmth of the sun
as I play on the balcony
of our rented summer house.
I watch the flitting of flies and bees,
hearing their droning buzz,
background to grown-up voices.

The peaceful garden,
trees laden with fruit,
interrupted occasionally as car
or horse-drawn carriage
rumbles along.

Suddenly, it's tea time,
the delectable desserts spread out,
I concentrate on my palate.

Bright shone that day
before the gathering gloom
of occupation and war.
I basked in being loved.

May 2, 2008