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The Memory of Man Still Roams

The memory of man still roams
In childhood's ditches rocks and roads
In wonder fear awe and astonishment
Where each man learned his how
Of being in the world; and now
These doors fling open every dream
In-marching replicas they seem
Of those with whom he first learned how

Ah I could never forget

Nor would I want to

These bones and teeth and smiles

That roam my memory

(1955)

the Verge, but went still who as

And mediate and see all sense of the seed of the sense of

Local Prince appropriate acom- was the cacas to will design the cacas to

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