

TO RUFUS

Until this time, this day, this hour, he stood
Among those men whose minds can, leaping, bridge
Across the gulfs of unformed thought, and mould
With reason truth that clouded hung before.

His gentle strength outstretched a ledge of rock
Whereon to stand and, gathering hope, reach up.
He took you as his brother, equal, friend,
And challenged by his faith, you struggled on.

And now some strange mischance, some whim of fate
Has torn across this circle in our lives
A jagged rent, whose gaping walls stand raw
And dry shall ache through many moons of tears.

Fling not the gods your cries of rage, nor plead
The cause of justice with the laws of chance.
Your case is lost, its order ground to naught
Beneath the mindless pounding of the waves.

But till your pain retreat, enclose your wound,
Examine well the nature of your loss,
In sorrow learn the qualities you mourn,
And stamp their imprint deep upon your heart.

Although he is no more, a flame might live,
The sparks he kindled leap beyond the grave.
You now remain for him, his labor yours.
Do not put out the candle in the night.

Caroline Series. Berkeley, Monday 31st July 1978

Read at Rufus' funeral. Rolling Hills Memorial Park, Richmond, 4th August 1978