

1959

# 1865

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1865

BY DENNIS TRUDELL

The sound of footfalls late at night—  
Passing late in the summer night,  
Was strange no longer to the hills—  
Not even the backroads of the hills,  
Not that particular summer.

And one there was who heard them all—  
She lay and waited, hearing all,  
At first the hoof-sounds passing—  
Now the hollow foot-sounds passing,  
Now were the tired ones.

Sometimes the footfalls slower came—  
Shuffling as they slowly came,  
Then she recalled the other sounds—  
They had been the young, the eager sounds,  
And going the other way.