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## Whispers From My Past

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*College of DuPage*

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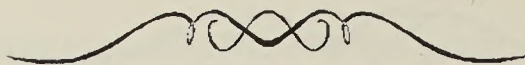
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## Whispers From My Past



I walk by woods so full and tall,  
observing empty parks in fall,  
I sit and listen to the breeze  
who whispers to me through the trees.

“Remember when you were so young  
and played beneath the golden sun?  
You soared on swings and dreamt to fly,  
with all my might, I helped you try.

I ran my fingers through your hair,  
and listened to your every prayer,  
I hugged you when you sang to me,  
a bright young soul, you played with me.

We climbed these trees from day to night,  
when I was strong, we flew your kite,  
you spun until you hit the ground,  
and danced until the sun went down.

Remember us and how we were?”  
Inside, I felt my young self stir,  
“Thank you Wind, your warmth will last,  
your loving whispers of my past.”

By: Trinity Hamilton

*“Keep your face toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind you.”*  
- Walt Whitman

