

when we were
perfect



by Dayle Herstik

illustrations by Lauren Herstik

When We Were Perfect
A Book of Poetry
By Dayle Herstik

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A decorative flourish consisting of a series of curved lines and dots, resembling a stylized musical note or scroll, positioned to the left of the title.

Magic Days

*Let us go, my three young sons
To find another land
You'll shed your shoes and grow your hair
Come and take my hand.*

*You'll run as wind and swim as fish
You'll climb a hearty tree
You'll gather stones and build a bridge
Come on, come with me.*

*Let's laugh out loud and sing our songs
Just cast away your fears
I'll give to you some magic days
To keep for all your years.*

Yesterday

*Yesterday (it seems) your smile
Showed a single pearl.
Your laughing eyes kept watch on me
Your hair-a silky curl.*

*I knelt to brush away a tear
One day with small surprise
From babe to chubby little boy
You'd changed before my eyes.*

*Short winter days passed into spring
The budding life unfurled
Like a bird with newfound wings
You sought the outside world.*

*How grand to see a seedling grow
Into a supple tree
How sad to be the first to know
Time's playing tricks on me.*

I, And The Rose

*Roses, still on the vine
Crane toward remnants
of summer sun.*

*The cool morning sky,
A prelude to a glowing afternoon.
Sunsets ablaze with hot orange.*

*I, and the rose
Cannot bare
To relinquish
Summer.*