

The Past

By Fred Dings

The “nameless unremembered acts of kindness”
Are never lost. They whisper to our dreams

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Like a mother’s hum on the distant edge of sleep.
They are the ghosts of benevolence whose many

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unseen hands lift us in seasons of pain
and lead us to chapels of faith in the stained glass

of our perceptions. Their influence is always there,
the way the stars are always there, even

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in day, the distant suns of times past
mixing their light with the bright noon of the present.