

Gifts to a Quiet Man

In loving memory of
Robert Vaughn

I watched you from afar,
The Impressionist painter
Of beautiful ladies
And distant travels
Canvas so alive
With color and emotion
That for a moment
I was there,
And then I met you.

We danced
In the museum courtyard
To your humming of a waltz
Down the cascading stairway
Past the light of the moon,
Stone pillars,
Sculptures,
And inquisitive glances.

You played ballads for me
On your grand piano
Melodies soft and sweet.
I thought I felt you tremble
Somewhere deep within
Though your hands
Kept stroking the ivory,
And then you touched me.

I shared but a glimpse
Of the spirit that moved you
Through your passion for art,
Energy for dance,
And love of music,
All gifts,
Gifts to a quiet man.