

Had She not Known Me?

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Passing by an old street,
A road that leads to my past.
I met an old face, familiar feat
Seeing the gazes she used to bask.

I then approach her with eyes that speak
Seeing how she would react, a perceptive meek
Shall I then bid my hello and last to say,
But neither frown nor smile did I receive.

How time flies, as it takes away the memories
My student who once carried my bag,
And through the corridors of this empty life and flees,
A respect given in return of a nag.

That was then, a property of the yesterday, a treasure
Shall I keep as a token of gratitude this young lass gave.
And be thrown in a deceitful grandeur,
The truthful end before my grave.