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## In Memory of Donald Justice

Marvin Bell

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*In Memory of Donald Justice*

Now the trees, having borne a hard wind,  
slowly straighten, good morning. Who said all night  
*shhh* and slowly exhaled, perhaps a bit weary  
from the heavy water riding down their leaves.  
An outdoor music overlords your own now,  
you who were, of all poets, the chief internalist,  
the one who proved that strict beauty is one  
with the sublime. If time is the soil, nostalgia  
is its darkening flower, and our ideas too smart  
for the heart. Still, you rendered, acute,  
a time past that will not die, tempered  
by form. If time were tangible, audible, visual,  
we could reset the clock—if, that is,  
we dared to, knowing. I would have you back  
possessed again by words, music and games,  
reading the scores, calculating the odds,  
with no melancholy, just exacting forethought,  
divining the end result of a good deal.

—Marvin Bell