

THE PAST

by Fred Ding / from Poetry Magazine May 1995

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

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

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

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