

At The Parish House

The Living Poets Society 2024

April 14, 2024

The Poets and Their Poems

Romey Curtis has all her life toggled between writing and theatre. Writing as a journalist put bread on the table when times were hard, while the theatre brought friendships wherever she lived. Right now, that's Middleburg. Theatre gave her the most happy memories, while writing is something she plans to enjoy until she can no longer hold a pen. She wouldn't be without them both, but today, the pen is mightier than the play.

KENSINGTON GARDENS

A nightingale sang in the eve of the day
As the shadows came whispering by;
And his song was the promise of beauty to come,
Of full-blown roses in mid-July,
Of soft-sighing petals that drift and die--
But nobody waited, nobody heard,
For you have to listen to hear a bird
When the tides of life wash past and are gone
And will not wait for a nightingale's song.
A nightingale pressed its breast to a leaf
And sang of peace, of love, and joy;
And only one couple stayed to hear--
Two lovers, whom time, that willful thief,
Had left to wander in sweet belief
That he was their willing slave.
And they, apart from the world of men,
Thought that he sang alone for them.
And so he did, for those that stay
Hear only what they dreamed that day
Immortalized in song.