

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.

IMMIGRANT, 1950

They told me that New York was great,
They spoke of gleaming spires;
They never mentioned all the dreams
That she inspires.

They told me of New England,
Of white houses and blue seas;
But they forgot the wild, red fall
With flaming trees.

They told me of the city, Washington,
Of parks all green and buildings white;
They never told me of the avenues
All paved with light.

They told me of the mountains

Whose peaks were out of view;
They hadn't seen the valleys in the
Evening's misty blue.

Ah, yes, they told me of America,
Her glories, great and grand;
But they weren't immigrants; they never viewed
The Promised Land.