

Linda Pastan

(1932-)

Remembering Frost at Kennedy's Inauguration (2004)

Even the flags seemed frozen
to their poles, and the men
stamping their well shod feet
resembled an army of overcoats.

But we were young and fueled
by hope, our ardor burned away
the cold. We were the president's,
and briefly the president would be ours.

The old poet stumbled
over his own indelible words,
his breath a wreath around his face:
a kind of prophecy.