

# Russian Memories

by Louise Bryant

## I.

Across my dream  
Snow falls  
And old bells chime.

One with a high white hat  
Rides by.  
My heart sways  
To the motion of his horse. . . .

## II.

We have seen life together,  
We have seen death,  
And the thread of our love  
Is unbroken.

Now the seas lie between us  
And more than the seas.

## III.

Is it Spring where you are, darling;  
Spring, with the music of melting snow?  
Spring on the Russian steppes  
And Spring in your heart?

Last night I heard you  
In my dream  
Whistling a melody  
From Prince Igor.

## IV.

When I think of seeing you again  
It is as if I saw the snow in Moscow  
For the first time. . . .  
Or heard a skylark  
Singing to the sun.

## V.

Three ikons  
And your photograph  
Hang on the wall.

You've been there so long, dear,  
With the same expression on your face  
That you've become an ikon  
With the rest.

Ikon, ikon,  
I can think of only one prayer.  
One more time before I die  
I want to see you.

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