JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY

Mr. MANSFIELD:

JOHN FITZGERALD Kennedy
A Remembrance

What is ten years remembered:
Is it shots of infamy in a Dallas street?
A clinical report of a murder.
Is it a dress dark-splotched with blood?
The swollen faces of grief.
Is it a rain-filled sky over Washington?
A silent throng under the Capitol’s dome.
Is it two children and a child’s single cry?
A riderless horse.
An intonation in a cathedral.
The flickering of a flame.

What is ten years remembered:
How much rain beating on a grave-site?
How much snow falling and filtered sunlight?
How many mind-flashes of a man?
Of his humor and humanity.
Of his sense and sensitivity.

Ten years after, it is all remembered and more:
An assertion of human decency.
A trust of freedom.
A confidence in reason.
A love of country.
A kindled hope for the Nation.

This was John Fitzgerald Kennedy.
This is John Fitzgerald Kennedy.
Ten years after.
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