

SIXTY SECONDS

Just the thought of sixty seconds,
 What one second can bring —
 The years of happiness that I have known
 You from my heart can wring.
 Seconds come and seconds go
 How fast my heart beats
 Fate only knows.
 For with the loss of sixty seconds
 Into eternity my happiness goes.
 It's almost time, my dearest,
 When you and I must part.
 No one knows the inward feeling.
 Of my troubled heart.

—*Blonnie Slade*

MY OWN

When I compare you along with friends
 And your love for me each day,
 I never even stop to sigh
 Or let my heart become dismayed,
 Because I know you are my friend—
 And ever will be true,
 Since by fate we met
 I've always needed you)
 Around me shall ever hover,
 In sadness or in glee,
 Till life's dream be over,
 Sweet memories I'll keep of thee.

—*Blonnie Slade*

—*HAPPINESS*—

What makes for happiness in this our world?
 This world so full of sadness, sorrow, and pains—
 So wrap't in trouble which if e'er unfurled
 Would span the earth, o'er which it long had lain.
 'Tis true that life cannot be always free
 Of some dark cloud; but must it follow then,
 That happiness can never come to me
 Purged of the sorrow that must it attend?
 'Tis but a dream, a vague, elusive dream;
 This thing called happiness; its near, and then
 Almost within our reach, a vagrant beam,
 Eludes our grasp, and leaves us sad again;
 And thus, our happiness can never last,
 It comes, but ere we know it, it is past!

—*Rosa E. Hall*