

POETRY

An Easter Sunday

An Easter Lily stood so fair
Beside the crumbling wall.
It was planted there with care
And stood up straight and tall.

The homestead that was there
Has decayed and fallen down.
The rooms that rang with cheer
Now slumber on the ground.

This Easter Sunday I came
With fear and trpidation,
Lest I should feel the shame
I felt upon departation.

I left the home I loved,
Sought my fortune elsewhere.
Far, far behind me I shoved
My misgivings, and I left there.

If I had known what I now know
I would n'er have
For I have naught to show;
I might as well have stayed.

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Ressurrection

When Christ rose from His grave
And soared up on high
To this ungodly earth he gave
A gift no one can buy.

His ressurrection on this day
Meant eternal life for those
Who travel the righteous way.
The narrow path he chose.

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What??

If you should ever meet
A proantitransubstanttistionalist
Remember that a beet
Is also mangle varuzelist
If antidisestabelishmentariamisn
Has got you quiet, quiet beat,
Look at it throug. a prism.
It isn't a beet you can eat.

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Music

The lift of music greets my ear
I lift my eyes and see,
Beauty in each sound I hear.
Never, never can there be

Greater pleasure for me
That this; to alleviate care
And send me gloriously
Above this earth to share
A space in eternity.
No other mortal can there be
Who loves good music more than me.

April

When April comes it brings a frown:
Cause rain falls upon the ground,
Just wait till May and you will see
Birds sing in a gay caliope.

Flowers will provide a kaleidoscope
Of color and enchantment.
Plants and vines of every scope
Reigning 'fore spring's advance-
ment.

I become a peripatetic soul
At this season every year,
Scenes of beauty are my goal.
I wander without a care.

So in case you are promé
To grumble and complain,
Remember spring gains its throne
With the aid of rain.

