

A Calendar

A calendar says something
We fail to hear —

Has aging grace
Speeds the mind's pace
Removes love's place
Enshrouds death's lace
And loosens the heated tear...

I Had Halted

I had halted on the road
Hald awake — time to take
My rest beside a quiet
Shaded tree — green and free
Oh opposite the gray
Gloomy place — where my face
Had habitually moaned
A share — of earth's wear
And I knew while serenely
I stood — silence would
Permit a triumph of calm
And joy — to employ
The best I could ever
Hole to hold —

Peace is Gold!

Thee

Close to thee,
 Sweetest liberty —
Loved by thee,
 Oh, yes, perfectly —
Near to thee
 Splendid harmony —
Saved by thee
 Precious company!

The Lark





