

A Paupers Heart Feb 92

When I cast my thoughts upon you today,
I was flooded with warm sentiments,
The kind of which the spoken word,
Can only get in the way.

I thought:

If you asked me for a flower
Be sure, I'd give you a whole garden,
Filled with the sweetest aromas,
That'd compel ~~your~~ heart to sing,
And cause the senses of your mind to ring.

And if you asked me for the world,
Be sure, I'd give you the moon, at its brightest,
And sprinkle billions of stars upon your brow,
Enough to carry you to sleep,
And fill your every dream with happiness
Worth a mountain high and cavern deep

But alas I am but a pauper who dreams,
Whose sole worth is simply me,
Within these seams;

And if you peer into this paper's heart,
With those eyes so bright,
Be sure that you will touch a flower in that
garden bed,
And be dazzled by the dance of twinkling stars,
Carried wildly above your head,
on a brilliant moonlit night.

Feb 1972 to Terry

When you come to the edge
of all the light you know,
and are about to step off
into the darkness of the unknown
faith is knowing one
of two things will happen;
There will be something solid to stand on
or you will be taught how to fly.
Barbara J. Winter