

A POEM AWAITS...

AS NATURE'S poet delineate upon falling LEAVES,
A poem awaits its time to be WRITTEN

THE BEES HAVE plentifully honied the hives.
Another year captive but happy to be living.

And FAMILY clusters in cards of optimistic,
And expressions ARE birds in FREE flight.

Another year captive but happy to be living.
The humidity is now shaded upon the day.

THE ALONENESS OF THE COMPANIONLESS SPEAKS.
A wanton needing like warmth against the chill.

Another year captive - tops haven't aged.
A miscarriage of justice is living — 10/3/12 3:45pm

WM. IRVING #182906

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