

Celebrating A Life-In Words Of One Syllable

Strange that it should be so,
Be born and live and grow,
Watch weird new worlds go by
In the blink of an eye.

Wake up to days of gold,
And shake when nights grow cold,
Hear frogs plop in still ponds
Fringed by ranks of tall wands,

And quake as mad March mirth
Stirs seeds in new warmed earth
To birth a Spring, and spray
White blooms in a green May.

With day's drum beat is done,
When dark clouds hide the sun,
Turn to cast an awed eye
On gems spilt in the sky.

Strange that it should be so-
This non stop ebb and flow,
Fixed in a flux of ghost
And flint and blood-yet most

Strange of all, though our din
Of brave words is lost in
A deaf wind's rise and fall-
The breath to say it all.

by Tony Sims