

Listen, Softly

Who must I say is calling?

Tell her honor and faith

In the little people

And care

Of a woe begotten time

In a land of ever.

Tell her happiness

In others

Joy in knowing truth

And peace

Of mind

Tell her all these things

And one more only

Tell her

(Love) I am calling.

God's Songs

The mockingbird sings
His melodious tunes
No orchestra can ever conquer.

He did not spend
A day in school
Or study
Under any master

God touched his wings one day
Sing, he said,
My songs for me.
Sing he does

Without a note
To see or give direction
All the world can enjoy the treat
If we only sit and listen.

Yesterday Barefoot

Yesterday barefoot

I ran this same cow-trail

Dusty the red earth

Pigmenting my skin

A darker hue.

And today

Swifter still

Distances longer

Summers hotter

Winters colder

The world— a darker hue.

Yesterday I laughed

At barked shins

And stomped toes.

Today I laugh

The laughter cuts away

The crust of years.

Masters

Come and sit by my side,

Sweet hour.

Let us converse over many things.

I am

The Master— Heady

With green wine;

Too full

To know—

Those who are Masters

Are slaves.