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Footsteps of Life

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1970/iss1/25
To My Sister Whom I Love

Your portraits are open to love, kindness and the joy which vibrates from your heart and mind.

To all who need a loving smile.

The joy you have shed to so many is immeasurable.

I thank you the creator thanks you we love you.

Harold Seeber

Footsteps of Life

When comes the early morn, Birds spread their wings in flight. The day is bright; the sun shines through. So with life as it wakes.

Smiles in hearts and sweet is the air; The flowers open and the breeze spreads pollen; The ants wake and the ground answers--

To the footsteps of life. The trees reply to the breeze's request; While the squirrels answers the trees' summons.

The bees have sweet honey. This is an honest day.

Then comes the shade of night. The birds tire with flight. The day is dark; the moon thus shines; The stars answer the night in the sky.

The air cools with the smiles of life. The worms answer the ground's dampness; While the ants indulge in the earth.

The trees lie quiet; While bees' singing declines. Life sleeps slow; While death doth show.

Guy A. Montanaro