To My Sister Whom I Love

Harold Paul Seeber

St. John Fisher College
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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1970/iss1/24
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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

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