Lonely Image

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May our friendship
always know a tender bondage,
that is forever kind in thought.

WILLIAM HENRY, Jr.

Lonely Image

I saw you through my own eyes
Where you stood watching the early morning garden
Where the flowers were so amiable and youthful
The precious creatures of yours.

You stood there long
Wind was chasing around
Your creatures orderly kneeled and then rose
You folded your hands
Your hair was neatly up

You were still.

I see you through my own mind
Where you stand watching the early morning garden
Where the ground is covered with flower petals
The lifeless creatures of yours.

You stand there
Wind was pushing around
Your creatures tumultuously blow and then fall
You open your hands to catch
Your hair is tangling in the wind
You are busy.

N.H.