

And that death, alone, can soothe.

But then the strength of the hills was mine  
 For I walked on the hills undaunted,  
 And seen the blood-red banners of life  
 I laughed at, mocked & flouted.

### An Ode To Rain.

It's were not for the rain,  
 That steel-grey something,  
 With its soothing power,  
 That ever refreshing songs of  
 Sambaena,  
 The world would be a hectic place  
 in which to live.  
 The orange, symphony  
 would produce a mental fever,  
 where nations would go mad  
 with the distress  
 and orange glass.  
 Things would dry up  
 with discouragement  
 and the heat, crowds  
 and giddiness of life  
 could be unbearable.  
 Thank God for rain!