

The Doubter.

You may consider that I spend my time
 On useless things - dreaming all day
 and walking in the rain.
 You may consider that I waste my time
 on idle songs, insignificant
 through your sharpest pain.

But you -

You could not know the beauty of a dream,
 the rapture of the drinking earth
 and being near when buds have birth,
 so it would seem.

You could not know the rhythm of a song
 if not so suspended else in air.

Oh! surely there is beauty there -

On even I wrong?

Poem 2

I cannot write a simple thing!

I start with birds upon the wing

and find I end with soap.

Boop boop a doop.

The words are stuck inside the pen.

If you know how I hate the men-

tal strain of it when life