

And yet your ways  
 Are just part  
 Of this life of mine.

Then one aside,

Pick me up.

Use your spurs,

Ello reside

Always ready for quarrels

Always reaching us to you

Long as stars & sun will shine

Long as skies are blue.

Good-byes.

Strange how, on the eve of departure

We long for a few days more

And think of the past, not the future,

And all that is held in store.

And we hate all good-byes that are cheer-

For we feel they don't mean anything

Yet of sad ones we also are leary

For grief's a treacherous thing.