

ODE TO SOMETHING_OR_OTHER
Ron Lynch Chalice (May 1968)

Street corner, bending
Walk never ending
My eyes are filled with tears

No honey have I tasted
For I have wasted
My life for a period of years

Green grass high growing
Cool, wet streams flowing
Wond'ring about wasted time

July through December
I can only remember
The times I played games
in my mind

The new year started
No memories departed
on to the month of June

No more am I flying
No more am I hiding
My secrets are flown to the moon
I'm dry

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