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May It Be

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Cats may hum, and dogs may sigh,
Crows may cackle, and men may lie,
Some may say doomsday is nigh,
But forever I'll stay under our sky
Whistling just the same.

Day may shatter, and dawn may break,
Cold may pierce and earth may shake,
All my days may joy forsake,
But forever I'll stay under our sky
Whistling just the same.

Wars may come and red be rain,
Fickle the friend, and many the vain,
Great the greed, and vast the pain
But forever I'll stay under our sky
Whistling just the same.

Angels may cry and devils may reap,
By and by, the terror runs deep,
The wise fall and the fools keep,
But forever I'll stay under our sky
Whistling just the same.

Then thunder may roar, and waves may crash,
Arrows may fall and knives may slash,
Resisting the horror in a mighty clash,
I'll take up my way, and fight for my sky,
That life may not be a game.

When love may conquer, and hearts be full,
When hope drives out hate, and washes the soul,
When my quest is done and the world be whole,
Then forever I'll stay under our sky,
Whistling just the same.

SOMETIMES I'M A SLOW LEARNER

Wilda Morris

As a college freshman more than fifty years ago,
I admired his dark hair and eyes, his smooth
complexion, and the clarity with which he taught
American Government. With him I studied
the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights,
There were no neatly pressed folds in the legs of his slacks
and his tie was often smudged, so I joked he must be single.
I returned from summer break and found he was gone.

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