



POEM OF THE WEEK

Could life be that which the drumbeats
Or the dancing dust of the night
Still be the heart the beats in to the dark
Lost in the ocean of reflection
Yet the moon comes open in the sky
In the maze of it I am still not thinking
It may be cod meat tables keep the cold at bay
Am I found in the midst of unknowing?
To the tunes of kind people there is hope
Others may turn to find that road
But there are many who walk the talk
See the peoples of worrying ways
Eat there dinner never missing a laugh
Who has no trousers in the gale
Less we see the less we worry
Its my song sing now
Lost in it all

By Sam Green