PROVERB
The love of man and woman all too soon
Will wax and wane just like the moon.
The love of brother burns forever bright
Like stars at night.

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THE WAITER
I worked the finest places in the world
As suave as suave can be,
And I have serviced royalty
Who looked like you and me.

I cooked with flame and knew a thousand ways
To please the people there
And this I did and much much more
And life to me was fair.

Still yet sometimes I wonder very much
Which man I am you meet,
The one who smiles or he who walks
A dark long street.

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THE ANSWER
In days of great personal disaster,
In days when my small world was shaken
I have cried to the heavens,
"Dear God above,
Do you love me?"
If there was an answer
I did not hear it;
Like others before me and you with me
And you after me,
I somehow lived

On the most beautiful day of the year,
On a day as joyful as it was lovely,
I climbed the hill again
And asked my question once more
And all was quiet as before.
As I turned to go a woman and a child were standing there
Knee-deep in flowers.
"God made us and we love you,"
The woman in a blue gown said.