

## THE LADY WITH THE LILACS IN HER LAP

The lady with the lilacs in her lap  
and the roses in her cheeks,  
smiles sweetly at her groom,  
who just moments before,  
kissed her with the first kiss of a husband.

The lady with the baby in her lap,  
and another in her womb,  
smiles lovingly at her son,  
who just moments before,  
kissed her with the candy-sweet kiss of a child.

The lady with the blanket in her lap,  
and eighty candles on her cake,  
smiles fondly at her family,  
who just moments before,  
kissed her cheek and wished her a happy day.

The lady with the lilies in her hand  
and lilacs in her hair  
smiles radiantly in her slumber,  
where just moments before,  
she was kissed with the kiss of a Father,  
whose child has just come home.

## THE FACE OF WAR

His eyes haunt me  
In my restless sleep.  
In their depths  
Are the many layers of hatred  
And pain almost too desperate to bear.  
Sorrow, too, lingers there,  
Upon the face of war.

He is young, he is old beyond years.  
Tears have left their permanent mark  
On a face that has seen  
Too many battles, too much blood,  
Enough for a lifetime.  
The evidence has been set in stone  
Upon the face of war.

I can no longer recognize  
The child or the man  
Whose face once wore a smile.  
The mud and the mire have conspired  
Against me, to bury the one I used to be,  
To hide the face I used to see,  
Behind the face of war.

## HOMELESS

Shunned and scorned  
And stripped to the bone,  
Clinging to a skin  
That's impossible to be;  
Exposed and naked,  
Love can find no home-  
No resting place,  
No place of peace.

Wandering aimlessly,  
All alone,  
You shout so loud  
But no one's listening.  
Looking for a place  
To call your own,  
Always finding there's  
Something missing.

The lamplight shines  
On a heart of stone,  
But nothing  
Penetrates the pain.  
The cry of love  
Goes on and on,  
And walks the  
Streets again.

## YOU BROUGHT ME DAISIES

They brought me carnations  
Of pink and white,  
Hoping to win themselves  
A bit of delight.

They brought me roses  
Of the loveliest red,  
Thinking this might be the way  
To get into my head.

The hadn't any clue  
I would have let them stay  
For a single wildflower  
Plucked along the way.

So they brought me bouquets  
In every shade and hue,  
But you, you brought me daisies  
Because you knew.