

Robert Service (1874 – 1958)

Unforgotten

I know a garden where the lilies gleam,
And one who lingers in the sunshine there;
She is than white-stoled lily far more fair,
And oh, her eyes are heaven-lit with dream!

I know a garret, cold and dark and drear,
And one who toils and toils with tireless pen,
Until his brave, sad eyes grow weary – then
He seeks the stars, pale, silent as a seer.

And ah, it's strange; for, desolate and dim,
Between these two there rolls an ocean wide;
Yet he is in the garden by her side
And she is in the garret there with him.

John Mingay

Palm Palisade (1947)

lips
that say
welcome

an oasis
of compassion

protection
from a hostile
world

barbed
against the sun
the same

where everything
becomes possible

and never a dream
is left
to decay