







dedication



To those that do not take life too seriously

on the lighter ide having noussias

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a lion's music

evidently with lack of astonishment to any Serengeti creature the lion tears at its victim's throat in a very dramatic overture it devours and departs to lay and sleep the day and as it comes to no great surprise the other creature's songs begin to play



the tenantry

the tenantry of this rodent infested structure laughed and made merry as they watched and danced and sang as they heard the crackle of the flames that engulfed their nest only one lone among the crowd stood up to shout where do we go now



cricket's magic

I like it a lot it makes me feel good as the sun warms the day as the rain bathes the daffodils and as the cricket's magic in the night brings your lips to mine



free spirit

it rang and when I answered it and said – hello the party at the other end said – sorry wrong number



inamorata

from firmament above inamorata descends within maiden flakes of snow onto the ground she lays upon a virgin blanket of soft white beauty so see my somnolent eyes and my ears a sonata drink her fragrance does frolic but all is within reality inamorata stays



last week

Tuesday came and Thursday left and the day between as the day before it left like the day after it



old lady

the old lady has nothing but old shoes to offer as sacrifice to the idea of youth



sleepwalker

I have often by quivering candle light's dance emerged from within shadows to play beneath bathing moon beams on dew dampened grass and there given a chance to enhance the romance of a sleepwalker and how often my efforts were encumbered as the candle light flickers and dies as I awaken



chain reaction

before I learned to drink my wine I used to love the sun but as for now well you see the sun shines upon the grapes



to rest my weary spirit

to rest my weary spirit I took my aching bones and tired feet for a long walk



ventriloquist

we all watched him very closely to see if he would move his lips he was pretty damn good so we watched the dummy instead and listened to the words pouring out of its wooded mouth it mocked us it told us how apathetic we are and how our "me attitude" would catch up to us someday we all laughed when the dummy crossed its eyes and then it attacked us with more criticism good thing it was the wooden dummy saying this stuff if it was the man we would have booed him

on the lighter side harry noussias

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