

Poem--

grey

In the cold, iced, fog of the dawning
morn,

Raven turns his cry to mournful
scorn,

I made this world says he,

But Oh, it's colder than inequity,

Now, a grey warrior in the mist
asks his grace,

Would you undo what you had
done and save your face?

Raven answers well, shield that
bears my name,

To change these things would mean
my demise,

Think me a fool or think me wise,

But such rearranging would let it
show.

You see, I've had to remake it all
before,

And I'm not sure, exactly it's put
together right,

These recurring problems are really
quite a bore,

So things aren't perfect and there's
not enough light,

Don't you realize, sometimes less
is more,

More may be less and where's the
bargain?

Complain about the workmanship.

Destroy it if you will, I'll not make
another,

I know it's not the best it's possible
to do.

So, I've left the details up to you.

And furthermore, don't blame me,

If you aren't everything you would
like to be,

I just want you to understand,

I've made worse mistakes than when
I made this land.

Don't accuse so harshly, it's all in
the plans,

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**If I had been perfect, perhaps you
would be, too.**

**Would you blaspheme your creator,
Knowing that there is one who made
me and he can also make you.**

— Patrick Joel Isaacson