

POET'S

CORNER

I ASK OF THEE

When I was at an early
age I asked my father,
"When I asked for rain,
it did not pour,
When I asked for the wind,
it did not blow,
When I asked for sun,
it did not shine.
Father, what is it up in the
sky that holds these back?
It is only God, my Son.
it is only God."

Then I asked my father when
I was young,
"Father, what holds this
world together?
We hear of wars, murders,

rapings and revolutions.
Father, I ask of you, tell me
what holds us together?"
"It is only love, my Son.
It is only love."

When I was growing older
I asked my Father,
"Father, the animals for me
to hunt, where are they?
The land you used to hunt over,
it appears different,
Father, we are poorer than
the others.
You used to be proud; What is
wrong? Father, What is wrong?"
"It is only progress, my son.
It is only progress!"

Roy Hugo