

Renaissance Man

Heather Dale

I may never be a painter
With pigment, shell, and brush
My angels seem to swagger
And my devils seem to blush
And I think I'll never fancy
Being scared of poison dust
But I've tried it, and may try it yet again

I don't think I could embroider
On a swatch of linen fine
My patience seems to wander
As I paint each tiny line
Though I rather like the colors
I just never have the time
But I've tried it, and may try it yet again

Well I thought of learning fighting
But I haven't got a truck
And I always get a bruising
Even if my shield arm's up
And I'm still a little nervous
That they make you wear a cup
But I've tried it, and may try it yet again

I've puttered in the kitchen
With a dish or two I'll cope
But after ten or twenty-five
I reach my end of rope
I am only good with dishes
When I'm rubbing them with soap
But I've tried it, and may try it yet again

Well I must be good at something
Something rare and undefined
Like raising bats for hunting
Maybe adding spice to wine
And perhaps I'll be a laurel
Or I'll put it all behind
But I'll try it, and may try it yet again
Oh, I will try it, and may try it yet again