

He writes rhymes for his friends' children  
Dotes on mystery stories  
And at the slightest provocation he sings folk songs  
Of key and in key  
Here and there people sat on benches  
Reading newspapers or straining their faces to the sun  
Their eyes closed  
Trying to catch a bit of sunburn to carry home proudly  
He pulled his feet under his bench as he was ashamed of his shoes  
His dog loves to walk and travel in cars, in planes, on rafts,  
in elevators and on escalators.  
Then we'll let some daylight into it for once if it kills us right on the spot  
No sort of middle state, no easy jog trot with him  
If he never wrote when he wasn't in the mood  
He would make no headway  
Ololo