

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