



Pen Prodigals

Dear little children of my pen,
The editors too often spank you,
And send you flying home again
With little notes that say, "No, thank you."

They never seem to comprehend
How much of love it took to rear you;
They seldom to your mood unbend,
But get the slipper when they hear you.

I always wash your faces well
Before I send you to a party;
Yet seldom have you rung the bell
To meet a welcome truly hearty.

Is it your tripping little feet
That oft, alas, are prone to stumble?
Is it your language of the street
That's not considered duly humble?

However that may be, my dears,
Though in a darkened desk he shoves you,
Just go to sleep and dry your tears—
Remember that your daddy loves you.