

Autumn Child

A silent walk in Autumn
Under a golden sky,
Where birds no longer come —
Only you and I.

The crunching leaves as we trod
Down the path to the meadows,
And frozen sod
Black with lengthening shadows.

The rich golden fields — how they shone
In the warm sun
And as the day had nearly gone
We stood together as one.

How close we were and how in love,
Touching all of life —
The coloured foliage that hung above
And melted all our strife.

Back again; — one Autumn day
When love will find my heart;
Oh, who can ever say
He knows not where to start.

poems

by

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BATES**

Agnostic

God!
Who?
No, what.
What is God?
Good God, man. Don't you know?
Know what?
What God is.
Oh God, why didn't you say?
Not why; what!!
What, did you say?
God damn. This is confusing.
What?
God!

Hail the Conqueror

He kissed her cheek and laid her on the bed,
After he had rolled back the huge bedspread.
Her skin shone as she lay there on the sheet,
Bare, from her golden hair to her tiny feet.
She kicked and squirmed, bounced and rolled,
A draft arose and suddenly she was cold.
She whimpered and screamed at each caress,
He held her still and made her rest.
While he reached for the table to flick the light,
She broke his hold and cried in fright.
He grabbed her legs and threw them back,
Pulled away the cover and began the attack.
Now she was happy because she was warm,
And he was happy because he had used good form.
The diaper was on and looked quite neat,
Pinned at the corners; he had done the feat.

