

## **Beauty and Truth**

Beauty  
Even when shabby  
Draws attention  
Because it is still deliciously attractive.

So does truth  
Even when told poorly  
Because beauty is another name  
For it.

3/9/2004

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## **FRIDAY**

A beaming face  
Like an evening sky  
Lit up by a rich sunset;

If it were a writing surface  
One could inscribe on it:  
Friendly and full of cheerful spirit.

As I was wondering to understand  
The cause of such delight,  
The bearer of the face  
Acquiesced to my inner demand:

“I always feel good on Friday.”

8/2/1996

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## **Precious Memories**

Suddenly emerging from a special place  
Where they long have been buried deeply,  
As if in a timeless golden case,  
Precious memories of my old friends  
Engulf me.  
Too hard to contain, these flurries

Of warm feelings inside my heart  
Burst out to the fore like a volcanic lava,  
Only later to serve me,  
As always,  
As a fertilizer of my spirit.

2/13-15/2002

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### **“Rent”**

A reflexive nudge  
Like an alarm clock  
Wakes me  
On the first day  
Of every month  
To salute my landlord  
With a hard-earned check.  
I am glad I am capable  
To extend such a gesture  
Without fail;  
I assume my landlord must be pleased  
Because so far I haven't heard any complaints.  
But I really don't care  
To have more than such an encounter  
With him or her.

But then who is exempt from paying rent?  
Every one is a life-long renter.  
If I had my way  
I would like to write my rent check  
Till “heaven” emerges on earth  
In the neat amount of  
“One year & 00/100” at a time.  
I am not seeking  
To live in a permanent ideal place  
Somewhere in the clouds;  
I only need to strive hard  
To make the most of the ground  
Under my feet.  
When my alarm clock goes off for the last time  
I know I will be part of it.

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## **Youthful Awakening**

The years have gone by swiftly;  
Yet a few memories remain vividly.  
I still remember embarking  
On my first tentative steps  
Of youthful awakening  
To make sense of things  
In this recondite world.  
What was then a giant stride  
Is now merely a twinkle  
Into a dense fog of ignorance;  
Or was it more akin  
To a sunlight peeking boldly  
From behind a mass of dark clouds?  
But, oh, how exciting and memorable  
It still is!

11/6/1997

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