

Bruce Heccks

As the south wind warms the soft spring soil
Turns the poplars green and mellow all the soul
Of the vast earth which shaking free from winter sleep
Moves herself beneath the last covering of snow less deep.

So touched the heart, the mind, those penning words
Of him who wrote alone, free lance, those words
From that keen mind flew glancing forth
The rapid points touched dormant thoughts allured all their world.

Each readers mind refreshed, rejoiced to read again
Words not hard to understand that touched the hearts of men
Spirits leaped that one should thus so boldly write
Of men, their circumstance, their blind faith, or plight.

Thus from day to day tired eyes sought each page
Of magazine & paper, read swift bright words of rage
And reading, the mind refreshed dwelt kindly on
The sense behind the pen of one called Heccks

Four years of war, how can one reader say
What change has come what chance to change mans way
Impact of fire among the world of men
May alter much that more will return again.

Liberal of thought how fine a man was his
What proved it as free lance mind now ever missed
Those things most precious, to all freedom loving folk
It spoke of change and chance, the formans awful yolk

Condemned, and scorned to bow its knee
To servile press whose ~~staid~~ claim to live could be
That of servile pleasuring privilege, so useless now,
Not public served but rather "sacred cow".

From out the dismal ^{slough} swamp of mans law grasping mind
The press detenerating reached out as vile unkind
From out its swampy stench the grasping arm
Of vile greed reached out spurred on by wild alarm

That it is swift sword the lightning thrust of words
Would turn in wrist so subtle, cut through the guard
Of entrenched power and spilling all the shame
Would public mind enlighten and forthright place its blame.

Secure him, the ^{weapon} welder. this must they surely do
To leave him free would educate the many not the few.
This then the public read by daily morning press
One more keen blade has donned the printed dress.

Farewell the writer, wielder of a burning brand
We still shall see and read words penned by thy hand
But of thy power we will most guarded be
The Press is now the master of thy pen, not thee!