

"Fathers Den"

There he sits surrounded
On all sides by the litter of the years
Papers, books, magazines, expended
In profuse confusion.

Somewhere at his feet, the children
Have cast their unused toys,

A game board, pack of cards
Perhaps a doll.

A cheque book at his elbow
Which no bank on earth
Will care to recognize or honor
A cash box without cash

Stuffed full of papers and bills
A dictionary large and heavy
Scarcely used, and withall
A desk seemingly empty.

Its pigeon holes for rent
And lonely as any unfilled
Lodgment of an apartment block
Newspapers and unstamped letters

A telescope which opens never then.
This and more in our house
Is Fathers den.

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