

POEMS FROM MY SWEETHEART MEMORY BOOK I.

By Pearl Levins.

In my Sweetheart Memory book
Each page is filled with you,
Your smile, your ways, the things you said,
The kindly things you did!
And now and then in looking back
At joys that we have known;
I'm glad the worlds best sweetheart
Is the one I called-my own.

OUR WEDDING DAY .

This day stands out from all the rest
And brings to mind those moments blest,
When breathless stood we side by side;
With hands clasped tight in mutual pride
We placed our trust in joint endeavor
You in me and I in you-forever.

NOW .

It matters not where I may go,
Or who I chance to see;
You are the only one on earth
Who is my all in all to me.
I look at all the others,
And I weigh them one by one;
You are still my dream of dreams,
When all is said and done.
You are my inspiration, my courage and my pride.
And my life is good and wonderful
When you are by my side.
I cannot think of others
When I know that you are here;
Because you are my husband,
And because I love you dear.
I would not take the world and all
The other planets too
In place of what it means to me
To share my life with you.

AND IN 1963 .

How endless the night without you,
How cheerless the sun. And the trill
Of birds is suddenly silenced,
As though they had sung their fill.
And my smile-when it comes- is empty,
And my hand to a friend is chill,
In a world where one lover listens,
But the voice of the other is still.

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AND IN 1963 Cont.

How pointless life is without you,
How banal the dreary day;
Uncloaked of your lilting laughter,
The dress of my hours is grey.
Oh ! I try-with my heart what
The poets and sages say;
Time heals- life is not hopeless-
But without you, it seems that way.

His Bible, that he loved so well,
Lies open on the table,
Reminding me of the many days
He read it as long as he was able.

PARTED.

I miss his footsteps in the hall,
I miss his loud and cheery call,
I miss the work I've always done
'Tis lessened now by the absent one.

Written New
Years 63-64.

I've tidied up the bedroom;
And put away the broom:
To put away his ties I've tried
The while a few sad tears I've cried
Because at times I a bit was cross
When things about he'd toss.
His goodness now I daily mind,
Forgetting everything unkind.
And when the mealtime comes around
I'm listening for the sound
Of shuffling of his feet
With "Mother is it time to eat?"

I'm always cutting too much bread,
I cannot get it in my head
I do not need so much today
And the extra slices are put away.

A long time we have been together,
Now eternity stretches between.
Though a wife from her husband is apart
Forever they dwell together in heart.