

The Wayward Days.

There is no answer then to these,
The questions that I ask so often
Too often unanswered until at last
They are no longer asked.

So, ~~there~~ in mute defiance each
Stands in his own light; *alone, in lonely flight*
There is no shadow cast
Because no substance ~~there of~~ *light* ~~sight~~.

So we part; one not looking back
The other with sorrowing eyes,
Can but look and long remember
The time, farewell, and evening skies,

All lit by setting sun; the crimson crest
Of sunlit flying cloud, is share'd memory
Till shadow dims the path,
And one walks on in lonely reverie.

It is thus we walk the paths of life,
So little understood, and understanding less;
When all it needs is courage to endure
And love that lies deep in our heart confess.

Are we ashamed to show affection for a friend
Or afraid that any gesture we may make
Will be construed awrong by those who watch
With avid eye, and mind, for error and mistake.

Time and living has made cowards of us all
We fear the shadow 'ere the sun comes out
Too late in age we understand,
The friendships lost that we can nothing do about.

Air, sea, earth and all things living
Each has his own sphere to work *therin*,
All part of one great abiding spirit
Alive in each and each a living being.

Income Tax 1970.

Car Exes.

L K Lel Snitters

The Parting

There is no answer then to these
The questions that I ask too often
Too often unanswered until at last
They are no longer asked

So then in mute defiance each
Stands in his own light
So there is no shadow cast
Because no substance there of part.

And so we part, one not looking back
He sits with sorrowing eyes
Can but look and long remember
The time, farewell, and evening skies

All lit by setting sun the crimson west
Of sunset flying eland in shar'd memory
Lil shadow dims the part
And one walks slowly on in reserve

So it is that we walk the paths of life
So little understood and understood by less
When all it needs is courage to endure
And the love that is ^{deep in the} on our heart confess.

Are we ashamed to show affection for a friend
Or are we afraid that any gesture we may make
Will be construed as wrong by those who watch
With cold eye and mind for error and mistake. (over)

Time and living has made cowards of us all
 We fear the shadows ere the sun comes out
 Then too late in age we understand
 The friendships lost that we can nothing do about.

For we are part of one great spirit
 And each has his own sphere to work within
 And when in love we reach a hand to others
 Clasp their hand firm in ours we play to win

Binscarth, Manitoba,
 Dec. 15th/70.

Parker Bros. Games Ltd.,
 Downsview, Ontario.

Sirs:

Yesterday we purchased one of your QUBIC games
 at Hudsons Bay Rerail store in Winnipeg.

The air, the sea the earth & all things living
 Each has his own sphere to work therein
 All part of one great abiding spirit
 Alive in each and each a living being

That of fast & slow of brain
 Quiescence or comes again
 The starvation hounds his steps

From sunlight plain we journey into shadow
 The shadows lead to light again
 And on the road we surely stumble over
 Clear understanding, further knowledge this we gain