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A Bench Beside The Road 2 poem

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To My Everlasting Friends,
From any old convalescent.

A Bench beside the Road.

No stepping stones lured this way. Center

The big auditoriums opened wide

for talent proved & growing. But these

only benches by the side of the road.

Unknown, unused, unvalued chance till

one hot day a singer rested there. ^{only} to mop his

brow & roll a smoke, his cycle leaned against a tree for far

he came, just as a bird stays but a moment in passage &

from a jutting twig pours forth his soul in song for any

or all or none as chance decides; so the singer straight

from the heart of the ~~the~~ seeing clear into God's eternal truth

sang the peace, the love, the harmony of life & it seemed to

those, so privileged to listen in, that the grand swell of the ^{universe}

permeated the melody of that song & that Heavens ^{inmost} meanings

touched its secret springs from that plain bench beside

the road. "Who - who can it be? Do give your name we cried!

He dropped a scribbled leaflet & was gone. Breathless we read a friend

of those who ^{of those who} ~~listen~~ that was all.

A suggestion in lieu of a "contributions"

for white & yellow "mums" to be sent

a bench beside the road at five o'clock

any afternoon to bring the greatest contribution

in kind to hungering hearts.