

After spending a lovely holiday week with friends in the Republic of Ireland, and with fond memories of an emotional farewell, I was impelled to write the following prose verses.

“ Good Byes “

*In all the languages e'er known to man,
Are any words so inexpressibly sad
As those two words Good Bye.*

*Could we but halt the march of time
Till joy in others company is sated ;
Or look upon the human form
As upon tree, or flower, or landscape bright,
Appreciating each in its own right,
As God given bounty : Sweet.*

*Not to be grieved for in its absence,
But no ; within the heart of woman and of man
Exist emotions, maybe seldom shown,
“But suddenly”, as river bursts its bank,
Revealed in all their naked beauty;
Not to be hidden; as of a thing ashamed,
But rather to be wondered at; and Glorified;
A teardrop shed; a pearl beyond all price
Placed, with Reerence, upon Friendships alter,
Springing from longing never to be parted.*

*Oh who is there that can in simple terms
Say from what source "that Friendship" sweet
is sparked? Is it a thing that suddenly
appears; as from a flint struck hard by steel?
Or does it grow like some exotic plant,
Fertilized by kindly deed and word?*

*What is friendship? Is it the child whos'e Sire
is Thoughtfulness, whose mother love?
Who can explain or readily define the light
That shines in a lovers eye?
The current that so surely passes
From heart to heart; when hands are taken
in Friendship; or when lips are touched together,
By heart and mind impelled; to give expression
To the inward feeling.*

*'Tis surely God has given his children
Such passions; to wonder at, and muse upon.*

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*Perhaps not ever to be fully understood,
But with amazement to be brooded on;
And to be cherished.*

(Wm S McCoubrey)