The Link of the Chain Moves Yet Again

Against all odds she stood there
A beautiful dress, ribbons in her hair
A purple robe lined with yellow stitching
A lace honor sash, oh how it was itching
A bright yellow hat with a purple tassel
All this preparation without even a hassle.

All of her hard work finally finished
Nothing in her life to be diminished
One more important event to be done
Before she can relax and have some fun
Out at her beach, lying in the sun.

She has done so much for so many
A mother, a daughter, a cook
A teacher, a student, a wife
She has succeeded even in strife
What will she do with the rest of her life?

Over her long and enduring life span she has gained much knowledge
Her husband taught her kindness in an era she thought there none
Her children gave her the gift of laughter, her joyous days a-plenty
Her classmates showed her hard work was to be celebrated
It was, not as she thought, her enemy, but a pleasure elated.

In her octogenarian status today she will reap what is due
She is no longer in the prime of her youth
Yet her memory is ever faithful and true
Her life began only yesterday in the morning dew.

Mrs. Rita Mae Place, Dr. of World Philosophy
The hand that was shaking is now being shook
Congratulations are in order on this you can make book
The tassel was moved from left to right
Heaven's Angels relit her light
What will she do for the rest of her life?

By Darcey Anne Farrow

The Sleeping Lion

He sleeps as a child
softly cuddled in his bed
ever now and then a turn
an adjustment to his slumber
He lays in exhaustion
after an intense day of play.

So cute when he sleeps
I dare not touch him
Yet, I could hardly remove my gaze
Sweetly, soundly his snores
sing out, his rest is needed
finally my eyes close
as I am awash with new feelings
Tomorrow will be another day.

By Darcey Anne Farrow