

BUD BLOSSOM BOLD BEAUTY BARE

In younger days I waded brooks
And gathered blossoms fair;
I used to press them in my books
And keep their sweetness there.

Those boyhood days to man's 'state led;
I traded sight and sound
Of nature's wonders as they sped
For those in text-books found.

Be merciful to me, sweet muse,
And lead me not astray;
You can so easily confuse
The words I'm 'bout to say.

In text-books I saw graphically
The wonders I had known;
And many more though half-sickly
In pictures they were shown.

Why could I not, asked me I there,
Do this as any other;
Capture beauty's blossom rare
And show it to another?

I armed myself with film and plate
And strode off for adventure,
And I knew not t'would be my fate
To meet YOU on that venture.

A beautiful flower before my lens,
I shot from many angles.
Why cloud the issue's how's and when's
And speak of grim triangles?

And so I've captured you, my dear,
In tints both full and true.
The likeness makes me start for fear
It might start speaking too.

Another blossom for my book
One rarer than the rest;
It's there when'ere I want to look,
Your sweetness sealed and pressed.