When a tornado struck, he was neighborly, And there have been other times. But it would take a dropped bomb To bring out the man completely -- Too late to tell Whether we could love him as well As we love ourselves.

-- Elaine V. Emans

Minneapolis, MN

Con Man

The gifts I buy and offer you, my dear, may seem installments on a payment plan devised to ease you, an impoverished heart finds purse more open than the inner man.

When you unwrap them I hope you can find forgiveness for the way I try to meet the promissory notes you hold, my name proved to your eyes I walk on honest feet.

Bankrupt, burglar, forger, I confess the signature I swore to writ in sand you witnessed when I opened love's account, I bring you gifts to hide my empty hand.

A Field You Can Not Own

You thought there was a For Sale sign on her heart and decided to buy the property but sometimes a clover meadow turns to sand and meadowlarks vanish before the hawk — what makes love or good earth barren? She gave herself in trust and you thought it was fee simple, the promised land you hoped to settle. She tried to tell you that love can only be deserved but you wanted to make a down payment on a field you could never own.