



Thatched Cottages
Maurice de Vlaminck

The world over
Hangs in the storm
Ready - a prey
Turn it back through the strength
Thatched in roofs;
Man
Dream on the path
Drifting clouds.

The strength of a man
Is the union
Foretold - never said -
Not as fake
But of truth
In the test precious held
As the tenderness
Kissed by the comfort that rains
As the road in the midst -
Have mind
It's aglow in the call
Forward grown.

Drift not oh World
Fast the cloud
But cling
As the smile
In the boldness of power
Prevailed.

Everlast

Can it claim?
Note the calm.