

HERMITAGE - OF RHYME AND REASON.

More sedentary now, as old I grow,
Though wishing yet new wisdom and new wit,
I learn, by living long enough, to know
The time and place of when and where to sit;
As, in deck-chair, when soft breezes stir
The fluttering garden in its flowering time,
Half-blind in sun-gilt summer's golden blur,
I hold my reasoning pen in hope of rhyme;
But, when the gusts of autumn gales begin,
Sunk deep in armchair through wet panes I peer
At bitter storms without from warmth within,
Still seeking reason in the rhymes I hear,
That sound, make sense when rhyme with reason shares
The changing seasons' choice between two chairs.

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