

.....
A poem is
Never fully finished
Until its rhymes are happily
Wedded to worthy
Music.

.....
A glib smile; and a clever word—
Like oil on water—often
Mirrors the surface,
And obscures the depths,
Of an unfathomable problem.

GOD IS NOT DEAD

Robert Fitt

God must have
Chuckled
Sadly
When first
He ran across
The eternally premature
Publication of
His
Obituary.