

for perhaps 5¢
the balloonman
will tell your story
the nowtime of nowhere
to take your dreans
and tie them on unending-strings
and while you sit
in old cafes
for honeydew and tea
remember when of nevernow
and order blue for me.
Kev.

I · HAVE · WRITTEN
PARCHMENT · POEMS
THAT · LIVE · ONLY · AT · SUNSET
AND · MAKE · EXQUISIT
PAPER · LEAVES
ON · A · PUDDLE
IN · THE · DAWN.
KEV.

LIFTERS and LEANERS

"There are two kinds of people on earth today,
Just two kinds of people no more I say.

"Not the good and the bad, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.

"Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience & health.

"Not the humble and the proud, for in life's busy span
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

"No, the two kinds of people on earth I mean
Are the people who Lift and the people who Lean!

"Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are ever divided in just two of these classes.

"And strangely enough you will find too, I ween,
There is only one Lifter to twenty who Lean.

"In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of over taxed Lifters who toil down the road?

"Or are you a Leaner who lets other bear
Your portion of worry and labor and care?"

-Ella Wheeler Wilcot