



TRAVELERS

AND OTHER POEMS

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TRAVELERS

The little boy said to the Earth one day,
"If you're as old as they say, why aren't your hairs all grey?"

The Earth gently replied, with a spark in her eyes,
"Why I'm not old at all! I've just begun my time!"

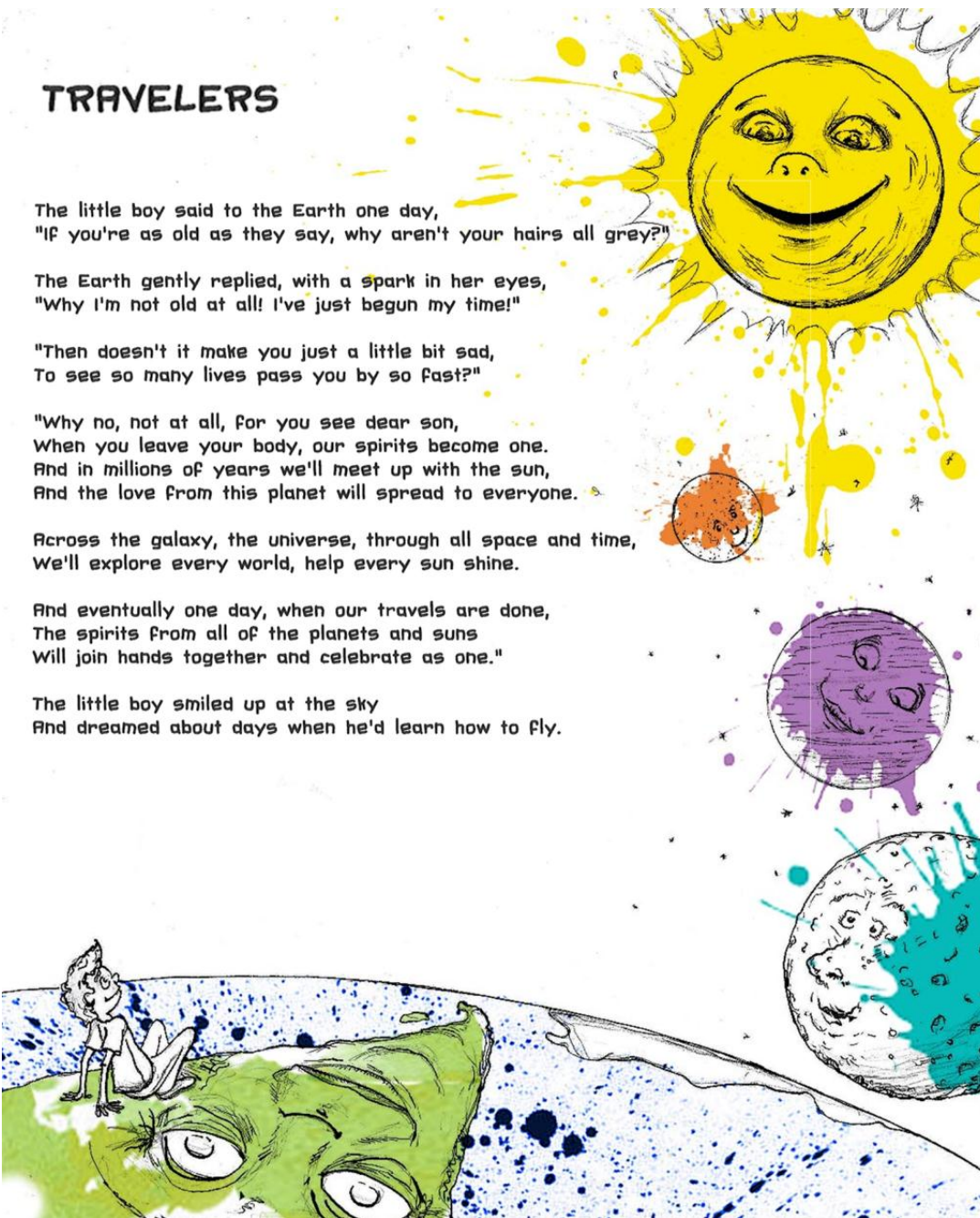
"Then doesn't it make you just a little bit sad,
To see so many lives pass you by so fast?"

"Why no, not at all, for you see dear son,
When you leave your body, our spirits become one.
And in millions of years we'll meet up with the sun,
And the love from this planet will spread to everyone."

Across the galaxy, the universe, through all space and time,
We'll explore every world, help every sun shine.

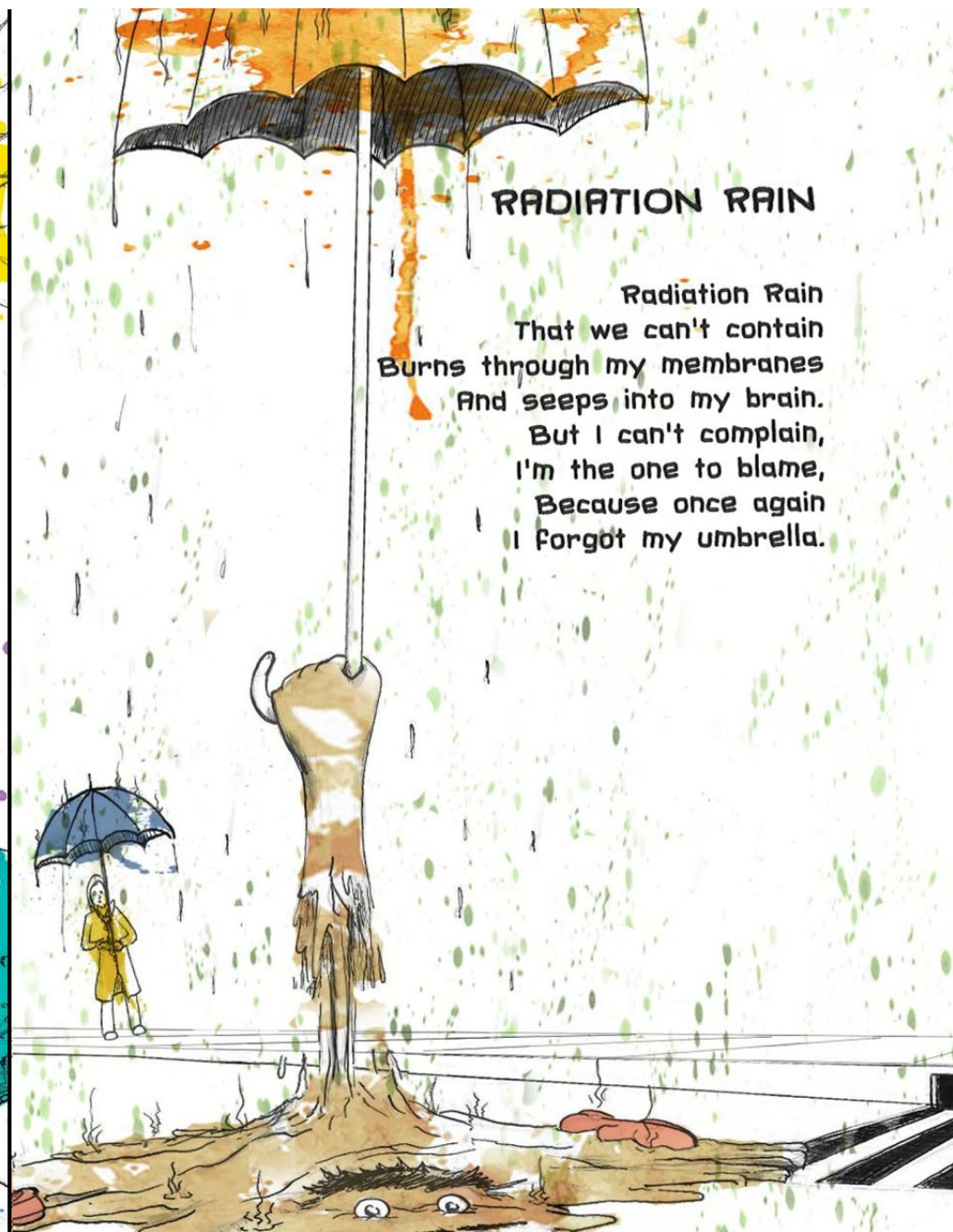
And eventually one day, when our travels are done,
The spirits from all of the planets and suns
Will join hands together and celebrate as one."

The little boy smiled up at the sky
And dreamed about days when he'd learn how to fly.



RADIATION RAIN

Radiation Rain
That we can't contain
Burns through my membranes
And seeps into my brain.
But I can't complain,
I'm the one to blame,
Because once again
I forgot my umbrella.

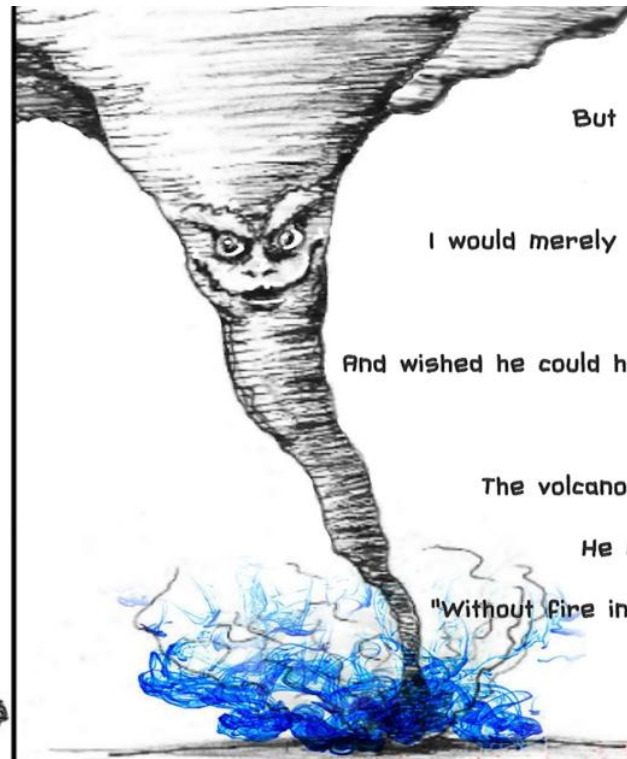


VICTOR THE VOLCANO

A vapid volcano
From just north of Plano
Pondered the reason his fire went out.

Only months before,
With a rumble & roar,
His lava erupted in one mighty shout.

So he asked for aid,
And all his friends said
They'd try & they'd toil 'till lava boiled out.



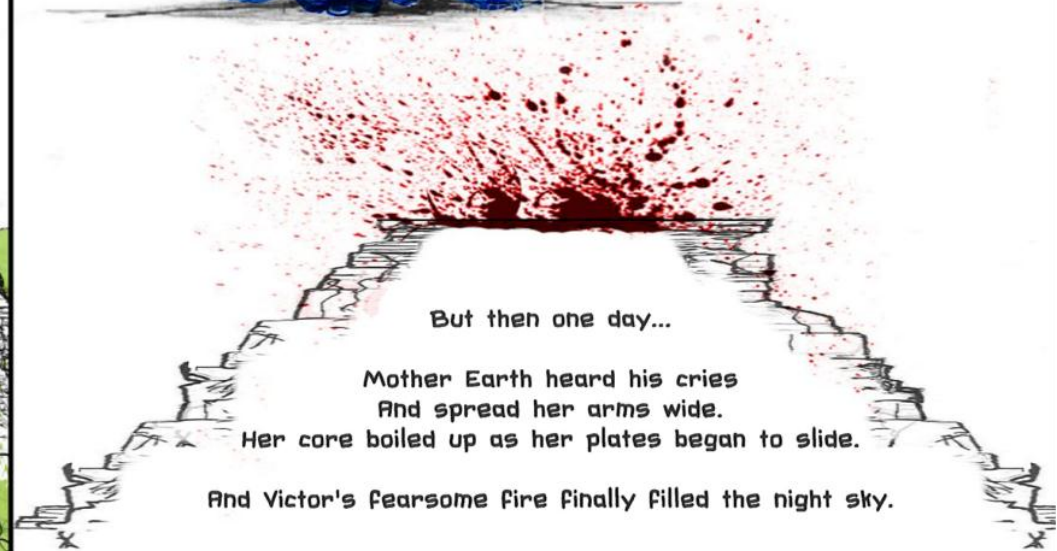
His tornado buddy
Swirled his soil into putty,
But nary a drop of fire was found.

The hurricane said,
"My dear, troubled friend,
I would merely make moot any magma around."

The quake quoke and quivered,
But the 'cano just shivered
And wished he could hide his blue face in the ground.

Now sad and alone
With all his friends gone,
The volcano sat vexed & wondered at why.

He must wait through these years,
Just a mountain of fears,
"Without fire inside me, what purpose have I?"



But then one day...

Mother Earth heard his cries
And spread her arms wide.
Her core boiled up as her plates began to slide.

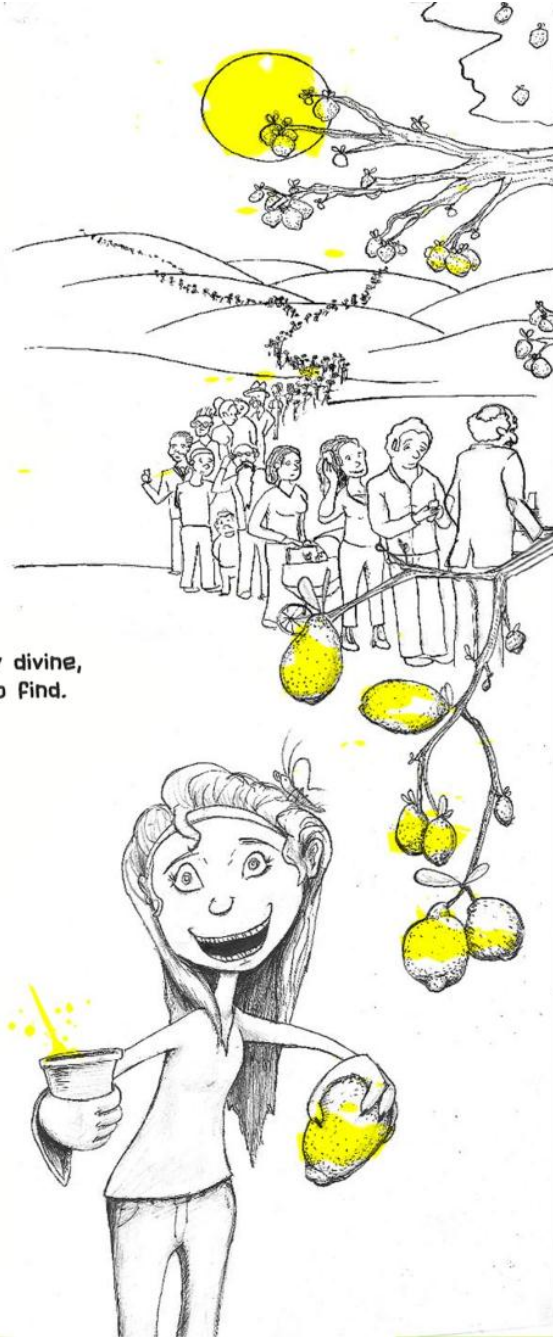
And Victor's fearsome fire finally filled the night sky.

A QUARTER A CUP

When life gave her lemons
The girl made lemonade.
She built a stand under an oak
To sell drinks in the shade.
At a quarter a cup
Her deal couldn't be beat,
And the crowds lined up
To sip something sweet.
Soon business was booming
And by the end of the week
Customers covered the sidewalk
And spilled onto the streets.

But then one day
A regular stepped up
And asked for a pinch
Of something new in his cup.
"Your ade, my dear, while certainly divine,
Lacks a certain luster, I've come to find.
For you see, there's a store,
Called 'Ade of your Dreams'
And for one dollar more,
They add syrups and creams
That make your cup a bore,
And make me want to scream!"

So the little girl
Vanished into her house,
Searching for savory flavors,
She rattled about.
Until she emerged,
A gold bottle in hand,
"I will add these additions
To make the best drink I can!"
And the crowds soon agreed
'Twas the finest in the land.



For another week her cash box
Was filled to the brim.
Her new secret recipe
Kept competition slim.
But then that same regular
stepped up to her store
Twitching a bit
And asking for more.

"My child," he stammered
With drool on his tongue,
"Why surely you've heard,
The revo-ade-lutions begun!
Ade of your Dreams
Has a brand new concoction
If you can't compete
Take your shop to the auction!
Their scientific secret
Is a flavor so complex
It's chemically created to
Conquer your cortex.
It binds to your brain
In the happiest of places,
ou'll see rainbows and butterflies
And smiles on all faces!"

Without waiting for reply
He stumbled off into the street,
Laughing up to the clouds and
Shaking down to his feet.



The little girl cursed,
"Dang, darn-it, and drat!
How could I ever
Compete with that?!"
But suddenly she paused,
A thought lodged in her brain,
A memory so clear
It made her exclaim,

"That's it folks, I'm sorry,
My business here is done.
You've squeezed out the joy,
You've drained all the fun!"
She leapt up on her table
All the profits in hand
The time had come
For her to make a stand

"Just take it all back!"
And with a yell she flung
All the store's earnings
Straight up towards the sun.
"I only wanted to share
A sweet drink to beat the heat,
But you've taken my dream
And knocked it right of its feet!"



So she tore down the shop
And instead built a chair
Next to the lemon tree,
Who watched her with care.
She pulled down the most scrumptious
Plumpest, ripest fruit,
And made herself a glass
Of the purest, juiciest juice.

"Perfection!" She said as she
Sipped her swell snack.
"There's necessarily nothing
Mother Nature could lack,
All that tinkling of change
Just fueled my thirst
I had forgotten what gave me
My idea at first!"

She smiled and thought
Back to two weeks ago,
Sitting 'neath the lemon tree
Sipping her first cup so slow.
Basking in the shade and
In the warm summer glow,
It was the most beautiful moment,
The girl had ever known.

THE CLASSROOM

The little boy sat, and stared so forlorn
At the dusty old book with its pages all torn,
Full of facts and figures and figments and such,
Which in the end, he felt, didn't amount to much.

All the experiments of the world's greatest thinkers,
And all he wanted was his own chance to tinker.
The teacher droned on about Darwin and Mendel
While the boy's gaze drifted out the second floor window.

Where a mighty oak shivered in the breeze,
And a tiny critter crawled through the leaves.
He wondered what it lived, where it lived, what it ate,
And as it leapt limb to limb, what if it made a mistake?
Did it just like the shade or was it searching for snacks?
And why was its fur full of browns and blacks?

He raised his hand, his head spinning with thoughts,
But the teacher kept reading (he did that a lot).
And so the boy left, he just got up and went
Right out of the class, his patience was spent.
He'd had enough of pictures and pages
And the ancient ramblings of century old sages.

He wanted to experience it all for himself,
To discover the world, not a book on the shelf.

