

HA' PENNY IN THE PURSE

Francine L. Trevens

Human artist may imitate but not surpass
The color palette of new grass.
The lyric poet can only praise
Fuzzy sheep and cows that graze.
Composers can barely tap
Sound of waves that roar or lap.
All this is ha' penny in the purse
Of glories in the universe
Yet man believes himself supreme
While tottering on the brink
Of earth's eternally flowing stream—
Forgetting species go extinct.

"Ha' Penny in the Purse" © 2006 by Francine L. Trevens