

Short Lines...

Poetica Veritas

Most our quarrels have three sides,
That both us doth demean,
For one side's yours, another's mine,
Whilst truth dies in between.

Faith

Mankind would find itself less striven
With a belief in God that lacks religion.

The Colour of Fall

The golden years prove to be a bust,
They are not gold, they're solid rust.

The Taxpayer

The Lord Mayor,
The ball player,
The bricklayer,
The dragon slayer,
And last but not least:
The taxpayer!
If push comes to shove,
And everyone's toast,
Of all the above
Who'd be missed the most?

The Intellectual...

A *true* intellectual, being so named,
Would blush and leave the title unclaimed...