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## Poet's Pantry

by D.R. Smith

...O wondrous sight with fullness bright,  
Arise majestic moon.  
Infuse the night with silvern light  
And flood thy chamber soon.

...Tired and hungry the pavements pound  
But doors slammed shut, no jobs around  
No dimes for soup much less a bed,  
Trudged to the park, a week unfed.

...Lo, the knave cloud concealed 'hind gray horizon veil,  
Her chill wind may smile, but betrayal snows approach.  
A savored trust once sweet, now sours in love gone stale  
As mute ears and blind eyes let wanton storms encroach.