

THE GRASS

The grass sings the same old song
The whole day long.
And when the night is drawing near,
When lights go on, full of cheer,
All through the night the grass sighs
And sings a lullaby.
And in the morning the grass is wet with dew,
For lovers to walk through.

(Tommy's poem, composed as far as I can learn one night in February, 1945,
when he lay awake in bed. Probably suggested by something read in school;
but he dictated it to me in the morning, mulling over words for rhyme and
metre as a true poet should..Not bad for ten years old.)