

SEEING GOD WITH TOMMY

At the age of half-past-three
Tommy climbed the garden tree;
"I want to look at God " said he --
Said Tommy.

Mama twinkled, shook her head,
Watched the branches shake and spread;
"What made you think of that ? " she said --
Said Mama.

"You told me God lives in the sky:
The tree goes up there, so can I."
(Sapling poplar, ten feet high)
Said Tommy.

Eager face amongst the green,
Peering through the leafy screen,
Who knows what your eyes have seen,
Wee Tommy ?

Grown-up people, doubters these,
Look for God on bended knees;
But God lives in little trees
For Tommy.

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JAK.