

Robert Schechter

Reaching Six

When I was four
I thought that five
was oh so long
to be alive

but now, at six,
I can report
the span of five
is oh so short.

I know the span
of six is long,
yet seven whispers
I am wrong,

and when I'm eight
I guess I'll think
that seven years
are just a blink.

Everything changes.
Nothing sticks.
Today, however,
I'm old at six.

My First Snow

Before it snows the world is gray,
the leaves are off the trees;
the sun won't drive the cold away
or warm the wintry breeze;

and all the world seems pale and flat,
a stage without a show;
a gloomy, drab unwelcome mat.
But wait! What's that? It's snow!

The snowflakes fill the frosty air
and sparkle as they're swirled,
and soon the world's not dark or bare.
It's like a whole new world,

a world that's neither old nor gray
but lively, bright and new.
They told me snow was beautiful.
And now I know it's true.

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The Empty Boat

At times I think my mind will burst
with all the thoughts it's thinking,
and if it were a ship at sea
the poor ship would be sinking.

But sometimes I don't think at all.
My brain's an empty boat
that drifts along upon the waves,
at peace, relaxed, afloat,

and then I sigh, or laugh, or sing,
my world an endless ocean,
free from the bustling thoughts that bring
such turmoil and commotion.

Lights Out

I am abed.
The door's ajar.
In dreams ahead
I'll sail afar,

adrift aboard
a ship ashake —
but safe ashore
when I awake.