

SIX TODAY

CAMILLUS LILLIE, O.P.

Come Dear ! There now stand close
And tell me, what's the day ?

Your Birthday, and the sixth ?
Can it be true, six years have fled ?
It seems but yester-year, the letter came ;
Well I recall the day, and how,
Its message gleaned,
Another quickly writ retraced its path—
Its path invert 'tis true,
But selfsame course—
With proffered name, that one
Till then unnamed, unknown,
Might live a memory in flesh and blood—
But what is that to you, so young ?

You old ? And getting big ? In school ?
No Dear, you can't be old.
You must not grow.
'Twould be a shame for years to tread
Across your liliated face
And stencil there a path,
Be it of smiles or tears.
You must not climb in stature, Dear.
The tall look down upon the earth
With god-like glance
But often, unlike God,
Despise the worms they see.
Your little eyes must turn forever up,
Up to the stars, and on,
Even unto Heaven and to God.

Mamma told you Angels are in Heaven ?
And little Jesus ? And His mamma too ?
No Dear, I haven't been there yet,
But some day—
I can go with you !

Yes—Run along and play.
This is your day of joy.
I will have a story when you tire,
Of Jesus and His playmate's broken toy.