

TO THE WRITING CARUSO

I look at the blank page before me
and wonder — what do I hope to see?
Will the thoughts be on pages of desolate gray
will I never find anything positive to say?

Then in the mail there arrives a book
from nowhere it came, guess I'll have a look.
Five lines from the past come from somewhere
how did someone know that I needed it now?

This gift from a man I have called friend
to my education, to my life and beyond did lend.
Pearls of wisdom, the meanings I didn't know
his patience, caring, understanding did show.

My life was enriched a few thousand times
because this man I could hardly know.
Thank you so very much.

Katherine
12/15/92