

Idle Thoughts

Happy Daze

WHEN joy sears the soul, it runs so deep,
What haplessness can happiness impart!
While strong men's voices tremble, others weep,
Proclaiming love that's bursting in the heart.

Love, affection, gratitude, delight,
Are joyful things — yet often, when we try
Expressing them, it all becomes a fight
To say the words before we start to cry!

What quirk of nature has us in its thrall,
That choking words and brimming eyes become
The outward signs, familiar to all,
That happiness would seek to strike us dumb?

It lies in wait. We know it's always there.
It overtakes us, even as we speak.
It matters not how well we may prepare:
Yet will rejoicing rill the swollen cheek.

And rivulets remorselessly soon flow,
As eyes that brimmed now burst their fragile banks.
But those who watch and listen surely know
That happiness is hopeless, giving thanks.
