

## Just Four Lines

At seventeen  
I read the whole detailed edition of John Keats.  
Keats had a passionate purity about him.  
Our mistress said  
“I want you to write about “La Belle Dame Sans Merci”.  
Write a verse to compare with that.  
Just four lines!”  
I wrote lots of little four line poems  
for our church magazine.  
That was the first person to ask me  
for some writing.  
In my thirties  
I had my special room in the attic.  
“Mother’s room.”  
I could see the countryside from the long window.  
I set aside two hours every day.  
No one would come and say, “It’s time for tea.”  
I felt...thank you God!  
Later, there was Green Hollow...“The hand of God.”  
I had a little house built  
down the hill.  
I did my writing down there.  
Little verses...they flooded out of me...  
couldn’t stop.  
I haven’t been writing since I came here...  
except in the sunroom, of course.  
I can’t write any more.  
I have to tell you what I think.  
Still, I’m getting used to this place.  
It’s teaching me a lot.  
First of all, that God is everywhere; helps me every day,  
guides me in all I do.  
I’m very grateful for what I’ve had.  
No one can take it away from me.