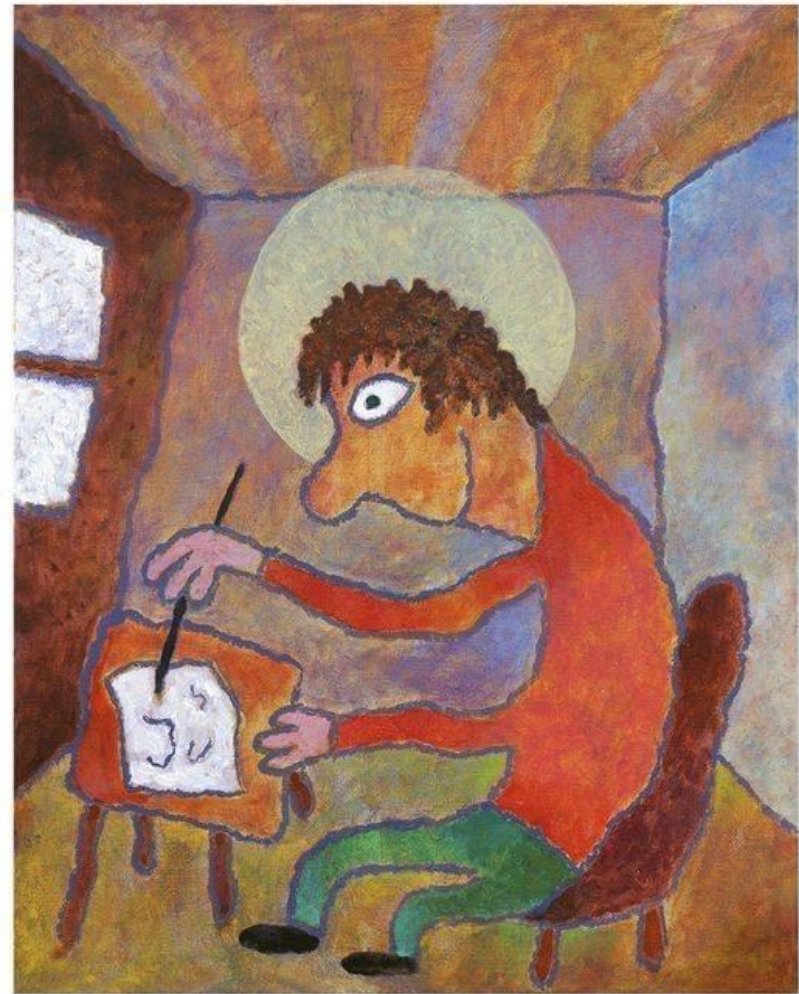


SOLITUDE

Solitude, a simple den,
A piece of paper and a pen,
A cup of tea, a piece of toast.
A window and the holy ghost.
Some calm, a table and a chair;
The mind is free, the soul is bare,
There's love to make and life to hold.
The ancient tiny thread of gold
That runs through all the joy and gloom
Is found inside this little room.



Leung