

# From the Patient's Point of View

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## *"The End of a Perfect Day"*

*Just a rickety rickety house,  
At the end of a welcoming path,  
That is strewn with those old fashioned roses,  
And cheered by a child's laugh.*

*Ah, what could like hold dearer?  
What more could man hold for in life?  
This place that makes heaven nearer,  
Is finally worth all his strife.*

*As he sits in his favorite old arm chair,  
On the little porch all screened in vine,  
He hears the voice of his children there—  
As they romp, and play, and shout rhymes.*

*It all takes him back to his childhood  
And a smile creeps over his face,  
And his eyes are fixed on a vision,  
That is lost out there in space.*

*He takes a puff on his cigarette  
And sends a ring on it's way,  
To the sky, where the light is fading,  
At then end of a perfect day!*

## *"The Life of a Beggar"*

*Begging! Begging! Begging!  
For food that he might live,  
Praying to God for those few,  
Who have heart enough to give*

*Wanting! Longing! Seeking!  
For clothes that will cover the bones,  
Of his poor undernourished body,  
That is turned away hungry from homes.*

*Was there ever a soul that was braver?  
Than the beggar who begs for the bread  
That will strengthen him for another day,  
When others would pray they were dead?*

*I pray tee, my friends, be human!  
Don't turn him away from your door,  
Because he has met life's misfortune,  
Which has placed him among the poor.*

*Give him the chance that he should have,  
And you will see that he can,  
Take his place in this world,  
No longer as beggar—but Man!*