

RICHARD WILBUR

Psalm

Give thanks for all things
On the plucked lute, and likewise
The harp of ten strings.

Have the lifted horn
Greatly blare, and pronounce it
Good to have been born.

Lend the breath of life
To the stops of the sweet flute
Or capering fife,

And tell the deep drum
To make, at the right juncture,
Pandemonium.

Then, in grave relief,
Praise too our sorrows on the
Cello of shared grief.

—May 2009

GREG WILLIAMSON

Annual Returns

If money grew on trees,
How happy we'd be then,
The children rolling in dough,
The fathers raking it in.