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Ire Man

James B. Nicola

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Ire Man

By James B. Nicola

When the life is mostly moor,
 make it poetry.
When the land is lonesome, you're
 bound to plant a tree.

Listen to its whispering leaves:
 give them word and hope.
Hear the widow as she grieves;
 note survivors cope.

Taste the troubles; gulp the brew
 that makes you a man.
Poems, made, will never do
 but be all you can.