

BITTERSWEET

YOU are a Gypsy Magdalene,
A woman of the street;
Dressed in flaming colors—
Bittersweet!

You flaunt yourself so openly
With utmost confidence;
Yet seem to cling so helplessly—
A mere pretense!

I find the lily boresome;
And roses, much too sweet.
So, open-eyed, I choose you—
Wanton! Cheat!

Original poetry for Christmas. We can't think up anything new—so here is something old.

Bertha Shure
Augusta Gazette