

The Miracle

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It was with some misgivings that I included this poem in the Childhood Poems category. I don't recall that Poppa ever quoted this one to us when we were kids. Indeed, it isn't typical of the poems that he did quote to us. However, Nancy, the younger of my two sisters, assured me that he quoted it to her when she was a youngster. So, here it is.

There once was a hermit who lived in a dell,
And this is no legend or myth that I tell,
The sire of my sire did know him quite well,
The Hermit.

Now once every year, so the old story goes,
He went to the lake to wash body and clothes.
How the lake ever stood it God only knows,
And He won't tell.

One day as he stood there all dripping and wet
Two lovely young maidens, his shy vision met.
For it's true, at this love game he wasn't a vet,
So he blushed.

He grabbed up his hat from its place on the beach,
And covered whatever its broad brim would reach.
And called to the maids with a horrified screech,
Go Away!

But the maids only laughed at his horrible plight,
And begged him to show them the wonderful site.
But he only held onto his hat oh so tight,
To hide it.

Then came an inquisitive impudent gnat,
And sat where the hermit habitually sat.
To brush off the insect, he let go the hat.
Oh, horrors!

That's most of my story, but not quite yet all.
For the truth could be seen by the great and the small.
Though he let go the hat, the hat did not fall.
The miracle.