

High in that Chair

written by Kathy Amoroso, South Portland, Maine

Oh Henry, oh Henry, I just never knew, The impact you had, On so many, not few.

As a kid I would stare, At your statue so grand, But never knew why, You sit and not stand.

Schools, streets, and commons, All bear your name, I had no comprehension, You had so much fame.

A small boy from Portland, With a talent for prose, Though starting out small, Above all you rose.

So now when I pass, Through Longfellow Square, I feel proud that you're honored, Sitting high in that chair.

