~~ODE TO H.W.LONGFELLOW~~

by MARILYN LONGFELLOW FRANCIS
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In his chest his heart to bare.
All the pain and sorrow there.

Fire! Fire! Everywhere.
Screaming, crying, in despair.

Valiantly dashing the flames he chased.
The fire melting his love's cotton and lace.

Scars to hide upon his face.
Still Henry's quill went on to trace.

"The Cross of Snow." A sweet sweet lay.
Of the wife he lost on that sad day.

His thoughts of Fanny would harken to him.
And is now at rest with his mighty pen.......