

# Lawyers in heaven?



A couple in love had the desire to be  
Married in heaven fabulously.  
Thus they went into the presence of God  
And told of their longing "please grant it Oh! Lord"

"Listen my children, it's so difficult to find  
A pastor or priest in this heaven divine,  
Five years you must tarry for one of them's due  
None at the moment to find in lieu."

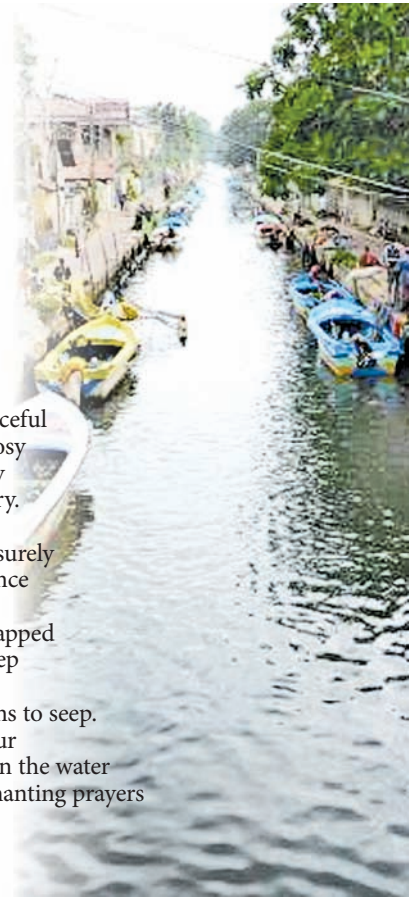
Five years they waited and then they were called  
To be married in heaven by a priest named Paul.  
Back on earth as happy as can be,  
They lived for just two years and then a catastrophe.  
They'd scream at one another and call for divorce  
And into the presence of God they went by force.  
They said it was a mistake, now they hate each other,  
And the Lord mumbled to himself "What a bother."  
Aloud he said.

"But this cannot be done - you will agree,  
For here in heaven lawyers you will not see,  
They are the rarest of professional commodity,  
But abound below in the damned city"  
And this is the gist of what the Lord did tell  
"For all I care you can gota hell!"

- George Eddie

# Poem

## The Dutch Canal of long ago



The canal waters running by  
In ponderous waves of green  
Bordered with tangled reeds I see  
A forever impression casts on me.  
Overgrown bushes and palms so graceful  
Sway above homesteads small and cosy  
Distant voices, of people, a baby's cry  
And clothes sway on coir-ropes to dry.  
In a canoe I saw a fisherman once  
and family paddling those waters leisurely  
That keep on flowing a rhapsody dance  
Could it be only for me?  
The lagoon in ghostly vapours enwrapped  
And rolling waters - a promise to keep  
Dribble in curly currents sometimes  
Into banana groves and sandy gardens to seep.  
Moonlight throws its sil'vry splendour  
On swathes of lotus pads dreaming in the water  
Perfume of incense, tinkling bells, chanting prayers  
Drift passively on the cool night air  
Along the Dutch Canal of long ago.

- Caryl Nugara