

Lemonade

Lukewarm lemonade in a dixie cup.
The little girl who made the batch,
must have fouled it up.
Much too sweet and watered down,
It wasn't worth a dime.
But as I sipped, she looked so sweet,
I said it tasted fine.
Her cardboard sign was cluttered up,
I drank and read the jingles.
"Ten sense ech" and "whil it lazts"
(I paid her with a single)
She stood there half bewildered,
Her smile became a frown.
She said she couldn't change the bill,
Her folks were not around.
I watched her struggle counting change,
And then she gave a sigh.
She asked me softly, in distress,
if I could multiply.
But when I told her "keep the change"
A smile came to her face.
And then I knew, at least the day, Hadn't gone to waste.

By John Frederick Zurn ©January 1995

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