

A SENSIBLE DECISION

If I but lived in old Japan,
Perhaps I'd own a painted fan,
And with gay costumed Japanese
Would play beneath the cherry trees;
I'd sleep upon a bamboo floor,
And leave my shoes outside the door.

And when the New Year came about,
With other youngsters I'd step out,
And on the breeze a kite I'd sail –
A kite with graceful, flowing tail –
And sure I'd win a handsome prize,
If mine sailed closest to the skies.

But since I own no painted fan,
Nor live in far away Japan,
I guess I'll sleep within a bed,
With feathers underneath my head,
And prouder grow each passing day
For my own native land – Hoo-ray!

By Alice W. Norton

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