

Hurray for "Another Reason"

Hellmut Juretschke

*The census man must be a sober fellow.
His duty is to count us, first to last,
And so he urges us to answer fast.
Yet there are hints of something rather mellow,*

*In how he frames the questions he must ask.
He starts; list all your heads on April First—
Three weeks into the future! What a task
In times beset by quake or nova burst?*

*His faith in any changes being slow
Is reassuring while the world is burning.
He says "I'll be around, and so will you,"
And all the planets will, no doubt, keep turning.*

*But at the end, some doubts he's to allay
And thus allows, spring being silly season:
That I could check the box, to be away
For serious causes, or "another reason."*

*Hurray for freedom, think or do,
I'll opt for at least one special reason:
May leave and drop in on my love anew.
Not even census man could count that treason.*