

## Imagination

How beautiful is the product of pure imagination,

The barren, sodate land can be painted  
with green grass,

The gaunt, homely communication poles trans-  
muted into swaying, whispering trees,

The polluted irrigation trenches into murmur-  
ing, complaining brooks,

The shabby, tar-papered dwellings into quaint  
little structures,

And attack your swinging shutters, if you  
will,

For nothing is impossible in the scope of  
imagination.

We have endowed us, one and all, with power  
of imagination,

So let us not perpetually embattle our  
reality,

Let me guide you through the lanes of fancy,  
to the world of imagination.

Harry H. Cajigas