

**LOVE SONNETS OF
AN OFFICE BOY**

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Love Sonnets of an Office Boy by Samuel Ellsworth Kiser

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Love Sonnets of an Office Boy

By
Samuel Ellsworth Kiser

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OFFICE BOY

I.

OH, if you only knowed how much I like
To stand here, when the "old man"
ain't around,
And watch your soft, white fingers while
you pound
Away at them there keys! Each time you
strike
It almost seems to me as though you'd
found
Some way, while writin' letters, how to play
Sweet music on that thing, because the
sound
Is something I could listen to all day.
You're twenty-five or six and I'm fourteen,
And you don't hardly ever notice me —
But when you do, you call me Willie! Gee,
I wisht I'd bundles of the old long green
And could be twenty-eight or nine or so,
And something happened to your other
beau.

II.

I HEARD the old man scoldin' yesterday
Because your spellin' did n't suit him
quite ;

He said you 'd better go to school at night,
And you was rattled when he turned away ;

You had to tear the letter up and write
It all again, and when nobody seen

I went and dented in his hat for spite :
That's what he got for treatin' you so mean.

I wish that you typewrote for me and we

Was far off on an island, all alone ;

I 'd fix a place up under some nice tree,

And every time your fingers struck a key

I 'd grab your hands and hold them in
my own,

And any way you spelt would do for me.

