

## THE OLD PLACE BACK HOME

The flowers, once trimmed so lovely,  
Now overrun by the brush.  
The logs once fit so snugly,  
Gray with age, turn to dust.

The tin-roof is all brown and rusty,  
One piece torn loose by the wind,  
The floors are all gone now,  
Rotted away by the rain blowing in.

What's left of the family possessions?  
A washer that will no longer run,  
The bikes of a lad and lassie,  
Who played 'mongst the trees and the sun.

Gone are Mama and Papa,  
Who raised their children, strong and brave;  
Gone too are brother and sister,  
To start a new family far away.

In a city somewhere in the distance,  
A man in an office alone,  
Dreams of the flowers in springtime  
That grew at the "Old Place" back home.

*By Charles R. Rose*

Written while looking at a photo of Grandpa Blackwood's old log barn which was originally built for the family home.