The Farm

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the narrow dirt road disappears slowly
giving way to overgrown bushes and weeds
rocks, holes, debris, nearly deters you,
yet, there stands the farmhouse

a place once filled with love and laughter
you can almost sense aromas in the air
of chicken and noodles, homemade cakes and pies

outbuildings now fallen into decay
lean awkwardly, barely stand
inhabited by wild animals and insects

no longer able to distinguish
where neat rows of crops once stood
berry vines, vegetable and flower gardens
all gone back to nature

the well and pump house
with water clear and cold
has been destroyed by passing time

under the tree sits the idle, rusty swing,
where we learned to play the harmonica and mumbly-peg
what good times and fun we had on the farm

still I see it as once it stood,
sturdy, straight, always welcoming
lovingly etched forever in my mind