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That Old House / Last Rights

Dick Chapman

Lu Spurlock

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That Old House

By Dick Chapman

WHAT COULD IT TELL, WHAT COULD IT SAY
ABOUT THE FOLKS THAT HAVE LONG GONE AWAY?
TIMES THERE WAS MUSIC, ONE TIME THERE WAS SONG,
BUT ALL OF THAT NOW IS MISSING AND GONE.

*DICK CHAPMAN, now deceased,
formerly of Arapaho, shared this poem
with his niece Wenona L. Dunn, who has
passed it on to WESTVIEW.*

TWO TWIN GIRLS ONCE DANCED ON ITS FLOOR.
THEIR FATHER (A BLACKSMITH) WORKED NOT FAR FROM THE DOOR.
THE MOTHER, ALAS, WAS WITH THEM NO MORE.

THE HOUSE THAT ONCE STOOD WITH A RIVER CLOSE BY
NO DOUBT COULD TELL STORIES OF TIMES LONG GONE BY.
TIMES THAT WERE HAPPY. TOGETHER WERE THEY.
TIMES WHEN FIERCE STORMS NEAR WASHED THEM AWAY.

WHAT COULD IT TELL, WHAT COULD IT SAY?
MANY THINGS THAT WOULD SOUND STRANGE TO PEOPLE TODAY.
TIMES THAT WERE HAPPY, SOME TIMES THAT WERE SAD,
TIMES THERE WAS LAUGHTER AND THE FAMILY WAS GLAD.

BUT AS ALL THINGS MUST PASS, COME THIS WAY NO MORE,
WE ONLY CAN PONDER, WE ONLY CAN GUESS,
AND HOPE THAT WHEREVER THEY ARE
THEY HAVE FOUND PERFECT REST.

memories of the good and bad

Last Rights

By Lu Spurlock

"BROTHER MICHA WAS A GOOD MAN"
THE PREACHER SAID.

"MINDED HIS OWN BUSINESS
NEVER CAUSED NO TROUBLE
PAID HIS BILLS ON TIME
AND CAME TO CHURCH EVER SUNDAY.
HE NEVER HURT NOBODY."

GRIEF CONTORTED THE PREACHER'S FACE.
"MERCY! LORD, HAVE MERCY.
BROTHER MICHA SHOT HISSELF."

I TOLD THAT PREACHER
WORDS MIGHT HELP US,
BUT GETTIN' RILED UP
WOULDN'T HELP MICHA.

MICHA STOOD IN THE PATH OF WINTER
BECAUSE NOT HURTIN' NOBODY
WASN'T ENOUGH.

LU SPURLOCK is a prize winning writer and writers' workshop director from Bedford, Texas.