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The Old Home Place

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The Old Home Place

— by Idena McFadin Clark

An old-time house stands here alone
Upon its last remaining bit
Of homestead farm. The barns
That once stood here are gone.
The henhouse, too. And where
The garden grew, long cattle trucks
Speed with their loads of fatted calves
Along a four-lane super highway.

This house was built--like others of its time--
To give protection from southwestern wind
And rain and storm. No fancy embellishments
Were added then. No magic coat of paint,
Today, could give it "charm."
No ancient blooming vine
Can now be seen around this front door.
No circling path of fieldstones
Is laid across the weed-filled yard.

Yet trees have grown tall around this house.
There are porches, too, to rest on.
These closed windows, if opened wide, again
Could let in the fragrant nighttime air.
And when December days grow dark and cold
A flickering fire in the old stone fireplace
Could warm a stranger's frozen heart.

Oh, if only we could open
This closed door today,
So that love and laughter
Might enter in once more,
This lonesome, long-neglected farm house here
Could soon again become a home.