

The Empty Farmhouse

they're gone now

we liked the enameled rockers
on their weathering porch
the hundreds of books
in their "book room"
a room that long ago
was the summer kitchen

she'd rock and sing to him
summertime and the living is easy

he died there
drew his last labored breath
disappeared in a hearse
down the long driveway
wisteria hedges blooming madly
bluebirds in their fence post houses

strains of *your daddy's rich*
drifting over the pastures