

"SIMPLE HOMEY THINGS"

I love life's simple homey things,
like when my tea kettle when it sings.

Some fresh cut flowers in a vase,
A wind-blown curtain's billowed grace,

A loaf of good Italian bread,
A warm inviting feather bed.

The smell of cookies as they bake,
or garden work with my old rake.

A house where my shadow never falls,
with backyard tree's and song-bird calls.

Summer walks down Clearview lane,
my little dog upon a chain.

A love that I can have and hold,
who's sweet caresses outweigh gold.

If my heart had it's fondest way,
sweet homey things would fill my day.