

In Restrospect

*Out in the country, our old home stands
Facing the west, with despondent air.
The ones who loved it have long since gone,
But the house holds fast to its vigil there.*

*My father built it and painted it white,
And I, as a small child, often stood
On the front porch railing and reached up high
Brushing the paint on the new-planed wood.*

*All through the years, our country home
Had a well-loved, clean, and a cared-for air.
Now it is ugly, unpainted, and torn . . .
Like a house in the slums with its sidings bare.*

*It is plain that the people who live there now
Regard it as only a place to stay;
While the house looks on, forsaken and sad,
And dreams of a happier yesterday.*

*Once, all the buildings stood tall and proud.
Now, they are sunken and sick and grey,
As though death touched them and left them there
Unburied, to watch their own decay!*

From "After This Harvest", Copyright 1964 Elvina Granlie McNamara,
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