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Late Summer 1912

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Late Summer 1912

by Stephen Gillette

Up with my rooster and out the old door.
Hugged all of my animals, my last day of chores.
I cried in the meadow, so no one would see.
Momma did too, tried to hide it from me.

Daddy is quiet, he won’t say,
But I feel him thinking of my little days.
My brothers and sisters, they don’t know,
But I’ll do it so they all can go.

I read the papers and dream the dream,
A picture full of gold and green
I’ve never been there, too far away.
But that’s where I’ll be in a day.

Good people working, making things fair.
A school, a chance, a life is up there.
I read all the stories, they’re working hard.
Cleared out a meadow, made them a yard.