

My Village

My younger years were spent with joy
In meadow grass or hill on high.
The river, it was clean and clear
Swimming here three months a year.
Fishing then was at its best
Catching fish was not a test.

The roads were safe, and all folks known,
You were never on your own.
The summers seemed to be so hot
Was this so? I think not.
Winter snow was sure to come
On Christmas Day! at least for some.

As time went on the whole scene changed
The jigsaw fields are rearranged.
Tractors mess the roads and spew
On them the soil where crops once grew.

How I wish it all were fine
And everyone would tow the line
To make my village clean for me
A pleasure sure, for all to see.

Joe Gleed