Our Old Barn
By
David M. Lucas. 2005

They say that wisdom comes with age
And if that’s true then our barn’s a sage.
There it stands with boards worn gray;
“It’s out of date,” some would say.
But as I stand and think like this
I tend to stop and reminisce.
I relive the day the roster crowed
And my brother Dan new talents showed!
We’d just been to the barber shop
Where the old men seemed to cuss a lot.
My brother learned new words to use.
He cussed that rooster—Dad was not amuzed.
On that day, like so many more,
Dad used that barn to whip us sore!
There used to be a snake or two
That fell off beams right in front of you!
Cats galore would always prowl,
Hunting milk straight from the cow.
Launching from the loft window
We’d splat manure! We’d stink so!
Hide and seek in bales of hay,
Handy-over—Oh, the games we’d play.
This old barn—a great backstop—
For long ball games on the old feed lot.
I smile to think that this old barn
Could bring such joy to boys on a farm.
Here I stand to declare, “I love this barn, all gray and bare.”
So guard, old barn, all those memories.
While I fend off all your enemies.
Keep your poise and secrets too and I pledge forever to honor you.
For there inside your worn planks
Hides my childhood, and with all my thanks,
I give you credit for the role you’ve played
In giving me strength for the life I’ve made.