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Title: **Feser-V1-032**

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Category: **Volume**

Person:

Date:

Courtesy of Bonnie Jean Bacon Feser (see cover sheet)

25

THOSE BIG BOILED PUDDINGS SHE USE TO
MAKE

AND THE HEAD CHEESE FROM THE OLD HOGS
HEAD.

OUR OLD TEA KETTLE, IT WAS IRON AND BLACK,

AND IT'S WATER BOILED JUST ALL DAY LONG

OR STEAMED AWAY, JUST SETTING THERE

TOWARD THE BACK AS TIME WENT ON.

IT MADE THE ROOM ALL SOFT AND MOIST

AND STEAMED UP ALL THE WINDOW PANES.

THAT'S WHERE I DREW SO MANY THINGS

AND SOMETIMES WRITE MY NAME.

THIS STOVE OF MA'S STOOD ON FOUR LEGS.

SHE KEPT THEM SHINING BLACK.

EACH ONE HAD A FACE THAT LOOKED RIGHT AT
ME

OF A FIERCE OLD TIGER CAT.

BUT OUR TABBY CAT, SHE WAS NOT AFRAID

FOR SHE LOVED TO COME EACH DAY

AND LAY BENEATH THAT STOVE AND SNOOZE
AND SLEEP

JUST AS LONG AS MA WOULD LET HER STAY.

THE WARMING OVEN STOOD UP HIGH

ABOVE THOSE SHINING LIDS,

WITH TWO LITTLE DOORS ONE COULD LET DOWN,

THERE'S WHERE THE FRYING PANS WERE HID.

OF ALL THE THINGS ABOUT THIS STOVE

THEY ARE SO VERY DEAR TO ME.

THEY ARE MEMORIES NOW THAT I BRING BACK,

OF THINGS THAT USE TO BE.

I WOULD LIKE TO DANGLE DOWN MY FEET,

JUST LIKE I DID BEFORE,

I WOULD LIKE TO WARM MY TOES AGAIN

UPON THAT SAME OLD OVEN DOOR.

I WOULD LIKE TO HEAR THAT WOOD FIRE BURN

JUST LIKE I DID WHEN I WAS YOUNG

AND CATCH AGAIN THAT THRILL OF YOUTH

BEFORE MY LIFE IS REALLY DONE,

O DREAMS THAT COME AND PASS AWAY.
THEY LEAVE A SPARK OF LONGING THERE
OF YEARS THAT'S GONE TO NEVER MORE RETURN
WHEN ONLY MEMORY BRINGS THEM NEAR.
THEY WILL NOT REALLY COME AGAIN I KNOW
FOR IT'S JUST A LONGING DREAM OF OLD
OF THINGS FOREVER PAST AND GONE,
JUST LIKE MY MOTHER'S DEAR OLD STOVE.