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Title: **Feser-V1-032**  
Provenance: **Digitized and made public via FamilySearch**

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.