

Happy Things

Tell me tales of happy things
Your book of poems and the songs
That you sing as you travel home
To places that know you so well
Where quiet hills drink in your thoughts
Of worn-out jumpers, walking shoes
The distant barks of playful dogs
And rolling chilly seaside fogs
As joyous childrens laughter brings
A gift - bright shells and tiny bones
A treasure trove of seaside stones

Tell me tales of happy things
Of home and hugs and family ties
Of wide wide fields and endless skies
Of carefree days and loving looks
That linger in a lovers eyes
And give me just one summer more
While shadows move the hours by
One summer more before I pass
A summers endless frozen time

epicurious

