



From the Window

by Stuart Carruthers

From the window all that could be seen
was the beauty of his passion.
Endless days toiling in the summer sun,
Never happier.

Nature rested easy
while the old man toiled.
Undulating hills stretched far,
His handiwork to admire.

Thatched roof, white walls,
Singing birds and their endless songs.
Childhood dreams return.
The old man was happy.