



The Hayloft

We had a barn with a hayloft
where we used to play on a rainy day.
It was such a perfect place
when it was filled with golden,
sun-dried, loose hay.
From the rafters hung a rope
where we would swiftly swing
like circus folks.
Or we would tunnel deep inside the mow
and from others hide.
Or sit around, sing a favorite song
and tell a scary story or two.
Oh, what a joy to sleep there.
Many years have gone by
since we have laughed, giggled,
and romped around
in the hayloft all day.

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