

Twin Cypress

Rob Clouser

Where is the homeward road
That paralleled fields sown
Where waterfowl once roamed
And the whitetail once groaned

Where is the old brown barn
That laid claim to the farm
Whose labor formed my arms
It's image in my heart

And what of the creek we roamed
In time 'twas earthly owned
Alongside the cattle moaned
And one white oak stood alone

The home called Twin Cypress
Where my family progressed
Creating memories without molest
Of past times surely blessed

I've found what weighs my soul
Where hills of Trenton roll
The homeward road had strolled
And life lived row by row

Twin Cypress fell to arson's fire
The creek's waters sold for hire
The old barn finally tired
Fowl replaced by truck's tire