

It Was Long Ago

by Eleanor Farjeon

I'll tell you, shall I, something I remember?
Something that still means a great deal to me.
It was long ago.

A dusty road in summer I remember,
A mountain, and an old house, and a tree
That stood, you know,

Behind the house. An old woman I remember
In a red shawl with a grey cat on her knee
Humming under a tree.

She seemed the oldest thing I can remember,
But then perhaps I was not more than three.
It was long ago.

Cleaning House In My Brain

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Published: May 28, 2020

I'm cleaning house
In my brain,
It's BACK TO SCHOOL
Time again.

Shine windows,
Paint doors,
Vacuum rugs,
Polish floors.

Brush away
TV shows,
Picnics, beaches,
Free time goes.

Bring my memory
Back in gear,
Sweep the channels,
Crystal clear.

My brain is
An amazing tool,
And it's all ready for
BACK TO SCHOOL!