The Falling Of Time..

***At the top of a hill  
close to the county line  
I found her falling…  
A house  
that once held  
laughter and tears…  
so silently she seemed  
to be dying..  
surround by fencelines  
and weeds…  
the old barn  
stronger than her  
faithfully stood  
at her side…  
His memories too  
have been many…..  
the rust on the silos  
spoke of time  
standing still  
against blue skies………..  
and the reaping of  
seeds once sowed  
on fertile land.***