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.***