# The Hearing of a Home



A Small Cottage near the Greens
With Neighbourly kind voices that were once Seen
Oh has Life Ever Been?
That Standing Stillness of Home?
Not to Move out, Not to Move On
The Standing Sense of Home
It’s the Scent of Home, the Sense of Home
The Sense of Hearing, the Sense of Greens…
That Beckons my Mind to Stay in this Hearth
As within the Steady Hands of a Clock Time Unseen
For I Wish not to Forget…not to move on
Not to move out
For that Sense I Belong to that no one Unseen
Are the Living Beats of time enough for me?
Yes, the Beating Steady time Beats are enough for me
Loud, Strong, Clicking, Sounds
Loud Enough to be Heard Forever by Me…