

An old barn sits upon a hill,  
The stalls are empty, silent and still.  
Horses that roamed the pastures so green.  
Will soon be replaced by the sound of machines.

The morning sun, it shines so bright.  
Casts aside shadows of shedrow night.  
One hopes to hear, sounds of stable life.  
A horse neigh or a girth pulled tight.

An old barn sits upon a hill.  
The windows are vacant eyes.  
But if one waits the mists will clear.  
Showing glories of days gone by.

*"The Barn," by Lynn Liljeblad, about Mockingbird Farm off of Highway 200.*

