

# Red Rock Legacy

The red rock turns to dust  
and gets greasy when its wet

Farmers sweat in it for a livin'  
or, for whatever they get

The corn rots, withers, or is reaped  
a hundred fold

And if not often enough  
the farm is often sold

As the buildings fall and the  
cellars cave in

Trees grow back  
and mature again

Blueberries and Aspen  
take over the place

And before long the farm's  
nary a trace

While grouse feed on the hawthorne  
and turkeys brood their clutch

God is busy healing  
all that man has touched

His attempt at order fading  
that marked his presence on Earth

Man's sculpture is all that's left

The Red Rock Walls, that once  
outlined his worth

Jan. 10, 1991  
John Richard  
Forks Township

# December Pine

A thousand harps and violins play up in that tree

All night long without missing a beat

As I lie here listening in her lee

I can feel her heave and hear her moan

As the wind plays her strings

Yes!

I'm witness to this bond tween wind and Earth

That brings men to their knees

Stars shiver on the ends of her boughs

As the wind blows snow through their light

I watch them dance in place

Through my breath, frozen in the night

Her limbs conduct a flawless score

'Til the house lights start to rise

Yes!

When I leave this concert

I'll walk among the wise

Feb. 25, 1991  
John Richard  
Forks Township

## Summertime

Nothin like it

The last day of school

The sweet smell of tasseled corn,  
a new mown hay, are just a  
couple things that make a summer's day

Watchin the butterflies dance an  
swallows croon in flight

Listenin to the tree frogs and the  
crickets of the night

Sweatin all day dreamin of cold  
beer, that's when you  
know summer's here

Thunder storms bringin cool  
sweet rain, or folks just  
watchin kids play a  
baseball game

Cold watermelon, a tomato  
sandwich, peaches an  
cream, yes, this is all  
real my friend, it's not a  
dream

Sit on your porch tonite. Watch  
Jupiter an Mars chase  
Venus across the sky,  
and enjoy a piece of  
warm blueberry pie.

I can dream, can't I?

March 14, 2020  
John Richard  
Forks Twp.