

Lucy's Home

By Glenn Currier

When we arrive, sometimes too weary
from long hard days on our roads
carrying our accumulated loads
from jobs, people and tasks too dreary

we approach her door
with our bags and containers
we're likely entertainers
with tales of woe and jokes and more

for nieces, sisters, nephews and brothers
we're thinking of food preparation
and quirks and aggravation
and memories of fathers and mothers.

Juggling boxes and the weight on our arms
we reach for the button to ring
to open the door and unload what we bring.
She enters the code to avoid the alarms

and opens the door with a smile
that twinkle dancing in her eyes
and takes our veggies and pies
that'll be gone in a while.

We see out back the oasis of blue
where we've dipped and glided
slipped and collided
with an arm or thigh or two.

We notice the long brown table
where we've eaten and fought
and cursed we were caught
with kings and queens in our stable.

Christmas and birthday celebrations
bring us to this marvelous place
where we share our sorrows and grace,
and storied scenes of vacations.

On the couches in her living room
we've argued and stretched to hear
laughed and shed a tear
and tried not to condemn or assume.

One of our favorite paths to roam
and leave our dirt on the byways
are the streets and the highways
taking us to our dear loving Lucy's home.

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