

The House of My Heart

*High on a hill,
in a bright, quiet place
is the house of my heart
—it's my own private place.*

*Surrounded by fields
full of old gnarled trees
full of soft-singing birds
and loud-buzzing bees.*

*The swing on the porch
sways slow in the sun,
overlooking the yard
where a child has run.*

*Door standing open,
hall full of light
from the skylight above,
full of stars in the night.*

*Walls lined with faces
of friends here and gone.
Rooms full of memories
and pictures they've drawn.*

*A staircase that's battered
from many a fall
leads to the upstairs
and another long hall.*

*Here are the pictures
of those I call dear
some faded and blurry
others razor-sharp clear.*

*Bedrooms o'erflowing
with passions and dreams
have echoed to promises
tears, shouts, and screams.*

*Higher up in the attic
too cluttered to tell
are the things that I hide,
—it's my own private hell.*

*And lastly the roof
nestled high in a cloud
it's where I go
when the world gets too loud.*

*So remember this address
wherever you roam
the place where my soul lives
you can always call home.*