

Jim Stevens**"The Things We Can And Cannot Keep"**

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Up the drive, 'round a corner
Stand atop of the front porch staring
At the swing that used to hold
Your end of the day thoughts
There's the old cherry trees and the neighbor who
knows
Every grandchild's name
Even sewed them some clothes for Christmas
You remember that Christmas
What can we carry, what will stay with us
What will shine like gold when the story's told
Some things will tarry, some will return to dust
There are things we can and things we cannot keep
I was young and he was in high school
In the band he played all the marches
Circle girls, boys and their solos
Dancing our hearts like an auction
We're for sale and we're cheap and we'll sing you a
jingle
Oh "heart" seems to be the wrong word for a soul
It's crazy how we try to find solace
Innocence like a bottle spun
Sacred stones in careless hands
Building up our cityscape
We write our names on a plot of land
Where will we go, who will we be
And what, if anything, can we carry?

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