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Orville Stoeber "Snapshot 1949 From"

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A picture flutters out of a book, One moment the photographer took. Listen $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}$, \hat{A} ¦because I can $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}$ [™] t bear to look alone.

 $I\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â, $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ m hanging on my sweet mother $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â, $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ s arm, Rolling up to Grandfather $\tilde{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢â, $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{TM}}$ s farm in winter, Memories warm with growing.

Scarecrow coming over the hill, rising pine, Hear that lonesome whippoorwill, it $\hat{A}f\hat{A}$ ¢ \hat{a} , $\neg\hat{A}^{\text{IM}}$ s 1949.

Fireflies in jam jars, bare-foot on sandbars, Chasing a horn-toad over a dirt road.

Those gentle hearts, the cold earth graces, Working men, long hours and long faces, A bright moon, the freight train chases home.

Harvest coming over the land, rise and shine, For soon the colors fade on 1949.

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