

Richard Shindell

"Hazel's House"

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There's a two-lane county road in northern Jersey
Winding up a hill beside a lake
Just before the road winds to an end
Is Hazel's house

Long white picket fence around the front yard
A wagon wheel someone made into a gate
Flagstone steps will lead you to the front door
Of Hazel's house

And Hazel will will have seen you from the window
She's waiting for you as you climb the steps
She says, "Thank God, we were starting to get worried.
Come on in."

It's New Year's and the place is overflowing
Cousins, aunts and uncles gather round
"How long has it been? It's good to see you.
How you've grown."

And the uncles all have one eye on the Rose Bowl
One by one they slink back to the den
Everybody else heads for the kitchen
You go with them

She always has the crumcake at the ready
Today is no exception - there it is
The order of the universe intact
At Hazel's house

And no one seems to know that this is heaven
They say we only know it by and by
That someday all will be revealed
Well, here it is:

There's a two-lane county road in northern Jersey
Winding up a hill beside a lake
Just before the road winds to an end
Hazel's house
Go on in

