

BACK THEN

I'm sitting outside on this cool Sunday morn
Thinking of the times we loved;
I watched the sun rise from the horizon
And was filled with sadness for what we had--
back then--

The joy we felt when we ran away
To take our lives and love to God's mountains;
The pressures of living were easy to forget
And life was fun to live and love--
back then--

The tender moments we shared
Huddled close in our sleeping bag for two;
We built our fires in the crisp early morn
And drank in the beauty of nature all around--
back then--

The silence broken by the sounds of nature
In the coolness of the early mountain morn;
Smiling at the sight and fishy smell of us
And when we were free to laugh and love--
back then--

I'm sitting outside on this cool Sunday morn
Thinking of the times we loved--
back then--

Marie Lowe
6/26/88