

Smallwood's Tomb

By: Gloria A. Shapan

*Set a ways back near a bobbling brook,
A place to sit and think, a meditating nook.
It excites the imagination of young and old alike
Edged with forest green, lively waters dark and light.
Large ancient boulders, artistically strewn about,
Some sharp and dropping, others round and stout.*



*Where natures beauty so abounds thus,
You cannot help but feel a trust
With all that God and nature have bestowed.
Every-day cares and worries we can easily unload.
When completely surrounded by beauty and light
And impressed with natures powerful might.*



*What a precious spot to have found right here,
For searching souls to mend and clear.
To ignite long dormant dreams
And then a soul to greatness leans.
Drawing dreams out to look them over,
Then soaking in, past and future clover.*



*A deep inner thanks for a moments respite,
From everyday cares and necessary strife.
To cleanse one's mind and look afresh
At some thoughts tangled and enmeshed.
And straighten out in my mind's eye
What's really important for tomorrow to try.*



