**Dismal Crick**

*June 16, 2014*

Born On Dismal Crick.

Crank Phone. Oil Lamps.

Wood Stove.

Some Townies Call Us Hicks.

They Didn’t Know Our Souls.

Hunted. Fished. Truck Gardened. Hoed.

Hit It From Sun To Sun.

Dad Told Us Every Night.

I Reckon. I Suppose.

Somehow We Hit It Hard Tommorrow.

Somehow We’ll Get It Done.

Always Kept Our Word.

Always Lent A Hand.

Ne’er Said Can’t Be Done.

Just Can. Could. Would,

Cause We Had the Land.

Look Back On Days Gone By.

From penthouse Way Ore The Park.

Enough To Make A Body Cry.

Why Did The Music Have To Die.

Can Someone Tell Me Why.

Why Life Passed By.

Has Life Become A Lie.

Or Do I Still Live The I Of I.

Like My Kin. Ne’er Quit. Keep On. Try.

The Light Of Truth. Love. Courage.

Not Yet Faded. Cold. Over. Dark.