

## **Barn at the Creek Bend**

by George Vukelich

This farm, I guess, is not worth much  
if you're talking tillable acreage and such  
the land is wavy as a rolling sea.  
The glacier gave it a pretty good touch.

But if I'm talking just for me  
this is the place I'd want to be.  
Below the bridge, right at the bend  
where the water barely reaches your knee.

In summer, it's like the world came to an end.  
No chores to do, no fences to mend.  
Just sit and listen to the little old creek  
and watch the current for whatever God sends.

It's not the same when the weather gets bleak.  
You better wear boots and they better not leak.  
But if you just listen, you find what you seek.  
Summer or snow, you find what you seek.