

The Farm

Mel McDaniel

January back in fifty-
five we rode a greyhound bus through the Georgia midnight
Grandpa was sleeping and the winter sky was clear
We hit a bump and his head jerked back a little and he mumbled
something
He woke up smiling but his eyes were bright with tears

He said I dreamed I was back on the farm
Twenty years have passed boy but the memory still reminds me
Wild flowers in the mason jar

He told me those old stories bout that one room cabin in Kentucky
The smell of rain and the feel of the warm earth in his hands
He slowly turned and stared outside his face was mirrored in the window
And his reflections flew across the moonlight land

And he dreamed he was back on the farm
He tilts his head and listens to the early sounds of morning
Wild flowers in a mason jar

An old man and an eight year old boy rolling down that midnight
highway
Warm Kentucky mem'ries from a winter Georgia night
I started drifting off and grandpa tucked his coat around me
I think I tried to smile as I slowly closed my eyes

And I dreamed I was with him on the farm
Grandpa I can hear the evening wind out in the tall corn
Wild flowers in a mason jar
Wild flowers in a mason jar and the bus rolled through the night