

# How It Used to Be

Somewhere near the prairies ledge,  
and down by every cacti edge.

There is a faint whisper of how it used to be.

Beyond the horseshoe bent stream,  
and past the lake's sparkling gleam.

There is a hushed reminder of how it used to be.

Through the stable's open back door,  
and on the barn's cracked wooden floor.

There is a quiet tale of how it used to be.

Out there in the "boonies" distance,  
and way back near the dead man's chance.

There is a secret murmur of how it used to be.

By: Natalie A. Thornhill

Dedicated to Uncle Chet Bond, though the past is gone the future is here for your  
taking.