TO A HOUSE THAT IS LOVED

Verse Forms Class

It stands alone, deserted now and stark,
The house where hearthfires blazed with living light
To warm the little children’s hands, make bright
A wrinkled face for four decades. The spark
Of fireside talk has burned a lasting mark
Upon the minds of visitors who might
Absorb the love and peace of friendly night
And warmth of sunlit day. That house is dark.

Whatever alien feet may climb that stair,
Or strange new laughter echo through the halls,
That house for those to whom it was so dear
Remains engraved upon their minds, as clear
As when they lived so richly in its walls;
Not empty and not dark to those who care.