

# MY FARM

My farm, to me, is not just land,  
Where bare, unpainted buildings stand,  
To me, my farm is nothing less,  
Than all created loveliness.  
My farm is not where I must soil  
My hands in endless, dreary toil,  
But where, through seed and swelling pod,  
I've learned to walk and talk with God.  
My farm, to me, is not a place  
Outmoded by a modern race.  
For here, I think I just see less  
Of evil, greed, and selfishness.  
My farm's not lonely ... for all day  
I hear my children shout at play.  
And here, when age comes, free from fears,  
I'll live again, long joyous years.  
My farm's a haven ... here dwells rest,  
Security and happiness ...  
What e're befalls the world outside  
Here faith, and hope, and love abide.  
And so my farm is not just land  
Where bare, unpainted buildings stand.  
To me, my farm is nothing less  
Than all God's hoarded loveliness.

—ANON