

Trlr #38

Trailer 38

Was gray on the outside
With dark blue shutters
Its once beautiful yard
Was now deteriorating
Like the other lawns
In the trailer park

Inside this house
Lived a family
Sometimes of two
Sometimes of twenty
On Christmas and Easter
Halloween and the Fourth of July

During holidays
This house doubled in size
Both by people and by love
Decorations were sprawled
Around every room,
And every corner
Each one handpicked and placed
By Grandma

The living room was warm
With a green couch
That spoke in creaks,
Next to it, a matching green recliner
Worn and torn in spots

The kitchen was large
But always cramped with love
The air always scented with recipes
Passed down through the years

So much food, laughter, and words
Were spread around the table

I will never forget
Being in that house
Where every time I entered
I was greeted
By the familiar “hello” of my grandmother
The warmth of her words
Will stay with me for life

Now it is gone
A result of Grandma’s passing
It sits quietly on a farm
Away from us
But I hope
The new owners love it
Just the same
As we did.