Years

Beth Nielsen Chapman

I went home for Christmas to the house that I grew up in
Going back was something after all these years
I drove down Monterey street and felt a little sadness
When I turned left on Laurel and the house appearedAnd I snuck up to that rocking chair
Where the winter sunlight slanted on the screened-in porch
And I stared out past the shade tree
That my laughing daddy planted on the day that I was bornAnd I let time go by so slow
And I made every moment last
And I thought about years
How they take so long
And they go so fastAcross the street the Randol's oldest daughter must have come home
Her two boys built a snowman by the backyard swings
I thought of old man Randol and his Christmas decorations
And how he used to leave them up 'til early springAnd I thought of all the summers
That I paced that porch and swore I'd die of boredom there
And I thought of what I'd give to feel another summer linger
Where a day feels like a yearAnd I let time go by so slow
And I made every moment last
And I thought about years
How they take so long
And they go so fastThen the door flew open, and my mother's voice was laughing
As she called back to my daddy, "Come and look who's here"
And I thought about years

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