

# Fresh Paint

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Published on Stories Space on 22 Sep 2019

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/poetry/-fresh-paint-.aspx>

Thirty years ago when grandma left

the house had fresh paint

and the shutters were hung

but the birds were quiet

Grandpa was playing his fiddle

with broken strings

and grandma was dressed in calico

as rain fell from heaven

But the birds were quiet

as grandma was laid to rest

in the field of stones as I cried

as grandpa knelt and prayed

And now my wife of many years  
has left the stage of life  
but not before she kissed my lips  
and repeated our wedding vows

But if the weather permits  
and the creeks don't rise  
I will join her in Jericho  
when the paint dries