

Looking Back

by Joan Morris – July 2010

I recall my girlhood days
When life was grim
And I could only gaze
Never touch, hold or buy
Things I would love
Which caught my eye

But what was more to me
Yes, more to me than gold
Was love and friendship
That never could be sold

I am now grey, considered old
Past my best as the years unfold
But I am rich, for friends are many
Showing me love, sincere and true
It gets me through days black and blue