

In My Mother's House

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Poem about the warmth of memories.



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In My Mother's House

In my mother's house
There's a little girl
Stretching out her blouse
Brushing out her curls

There's a little bird
On my garden tree
When I say no word
He would sing to me

There's a warming grace
Of a fireplace
And an old pined door
With a wooden floor

There's a little girl
When I look to see
Standing in the door
Waving out to me

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