

Tuesday, January 11. 2005

### **Marks Upon The Wall**

Marks Upon The Wall  
There is an older lady  
On the other side of town.  
The outside of her house is pretty.  
The inside is run down.  
I wanted to hire a painter.  
Momma would not hear of it at all  
Nobody is painting over,  
Momma's marks upon the wall.  
It is the little imperfections,  
that make a house a home.  
Momma kept the house up,  
when the children left to roam.  
Some thought Momma crazy  
She would not paint at all.  
Nobody is painting over,  
Mommas marks upon the wall.  
There is the spot where little brother,  
Marked his hight upon the wall.  
He grew into a man,  
Proud, strong and tall.  
The spot where little sister,  
played with lipstick most of all.  
Momma's catalogue of memories  
Are the marks upon the wall.  
Now Momma is another spirit  
That the Good Lords arms have found.  
The Angels came and got her,  
The family gathered around.  
Among my kin and cousins.  
Was the strangest thing of all.  
It was written "Momma Loves Her Babies"  
In the marks upon the wall  
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Posted by Huntington West Virginia in Poetry of Stephanie Heck at 19:39