



ONLY A BARN

I am a barn.

I have stood for years. For generations.
Time and the elements have weathered me. Have aged me.
Have brought me to the point where I am to be destroyed.

Like everything else, I was young once. Raw and new.
Untouched, unused, but now, I have fulfilled my role in life.
I have withstood the tests of time and use.

How many horses have stood quietly in my stalls, eaten deep from their mangers,
whinnied gently to their owners, settled warmly for the night?

How many cows have filed passively through my doors, waited placidly for the
giving of their milk, mooed low to their calves who would one day replace them?

How many kittens have curled against their mothers in my warm nests of hay and
scampered joyfully amongst my many hiding places?

How many tiny, furry mice have nestled in my shelter? How many pigeons have
“cooed” under my eaves throughout the years?

How many children have swung from my ropes in the haymow and shrieked with
delight as they “followed the leader” in acts of daring?

How many winters has steam risen within my walls from the breath of cows,
horses, dogs and cats protected by me from the raging elements outside?

How many times have farmers in the sweltering heat of summer, sought the
welcome relief of my shade? How often have they leaned on my half-doors to
watch the approaching storms and to discuss with neighbors the possibility of
disaster to their crops?

I've had countless sunbeams dance their way along my motes of dust. I've had rain
drip soothingly from my eaves. I've had heat beat upon me. I've had cold penetrate
my rafters. I've had heat beat upon me. I've had wind try to strip me, and I've
stood.

All that is past now. The cattle are gone, the horses have long been replaced by
machinery. An occasional kitten still frisks through my shadows and spiders spin
their webs in my dark corners; otherwise, I am alone.

My time is limited. I have outlived my usefulness.
I am not really needed any longer.

I am only a barn.