

keeping house

by Daniel Passamaneck

This is the house
that I was born in
the sun comes up here
every morning
this little hut
and so much sand
the desert sea
a lonely land
I have a task
I work all day
it rides my dreams
can't get away
I sweep the desert
from my door
It's never done
I sweep some more
My mother did this
so did hers
here in this hut
so many years
I love my children
live my life
It's all I know
it will suffice
we have some water
goats and sheep
at night I go
inside to sleep
my sandy little
desert hut
I sweep you while
my eyes are shut

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