

Collecting

Why is it that upon these things we seize?

Can it be that collecting is a disease?

We search from nook to cranny

For things that belonged to gramps or granny

The years roll by

As piles of things grow high

Some call it junk

And others treasure

The space it takes is hard to measure

Just as there comes a time

When it's hard to get these lines to rhyme

The time approaches when things must go

To some it matters not, if fast or slow

When that time draws near we say

Let it keep these treasures for yet another day

Skip Barshied, Stone Arabia, August 25, 2013