

My Make-Believe Home In The Hills
By Marilyn Reeves

If you are weary of all the noise and confusion
Of the traffic and the crowds in the city,
All the hustle and bustle
Getting you nowhere, it seems,
Come with me to my make-believe
Home in the hills.
It's the place where I go in my dreams.

We'll bypass the maddening crowd of the
highways
And take the back roads up to the mountains.
We'll just take our time,
Meandering through the forested byways
Till we come to our destination.

It's just a simple little cabin
With a fireplace and an old-time, pot-bellied stove,
Well-worn sofas with overstuffed cushions.
There's a small table out in the kitchen
Where we can sit and look out the window
At the little stream that flows down below.

I'll fix a big pot of homemade soup,
And serve you some nice crusty bread.
Perhaps with a chunk of sharp cheddar
And plenty of butter to spread.

Then we'll go outside and sit on the stoop,
Watch the sun kissing the mountaintop
As it slowly retreats to the west.
A bright, radiant sunset
Is one of the things I love best.

You can tell me your troubles if you'd care to,
Or simply allow them to drift away ...
Into the air till they're no longer with you
As they fade into the darkening sky.

Then for a change of pace, we'll go back inside
and relax in front of the fireplace.
We'll watch the bright flames dance as we sit
Sipping mugs of hot chocolate,
And toasting fat marshmallows on sticks.

But once the fire has burned down low
We will know that it's time to go
Up the steps to get ready for bed.
The day will be done when the hour has come
To rest our weary heads.

We'll slip between my grandmother's quilts,

And then, with arms around each other,
We'll snuggle up nice as can be
Cozy and warm together.
And we'll soon fall asleep
To the soft, lulling music of Nature.

In the morning, I'll fry up some eggs and some
bacon.
And, as we slowly awaken
to the promise of a brand new day,
We'll smile as we drink down
The last of our coffee,
Then we'll get ready to be on our way.

Out of doors once again,
We'll watch as the morning sun
Paints the mountaintops pink and gold.
And once the light of day takes hold,
We'll hike up to the beaver pond.

Bring along your fishing pole!
We'll follow the stream up the hill
To the pond where you can fill your creel
With all the fish you can catch from the pool.

Just rest and relax, stay as long as you like,
And when you're ready to go,
Take my best wishes along with you
That life will get better somehow.

Come back any time, my dear friend.
We'll share harmony and peace once again.
Escape the life of exhausting complicity,
Come, enjoy the life of simplicity.

I offer comfort food for your body,
The comfort of love for your soul.
And a good night's sleep in the cool mountain air.
Such things can help you feel whole.

Nature will act as a healing balm
When you come back again and again
To seek out the calm
Of my make-believe home in the hills.