

## RAKING LEAVES

Of all the chores of childhood fame,  
Most feared to end a lark or game,  
And put high spirits into shame,  
Was, raking leaves,

When trees began to turn in fall,  
And we would rather play some ball,  
How sorely then the work would gall,  
Of, raking leaves,

Then as the years both came and went,  
Our voice would rise with great lament,  
We'd calculate the time we spent,  
In, raking leaves,

As older yet we grew in age,  
At last we earned a living wage,  
Assumed our place on life's great stage,  
By, raking leaves,

Adults we were, hardships were great,  
Our lives passed by at faster rate,  
Yet nature's whims decide our fate,  
Of, raking leaves,

And when we looked to have some fun,  
As workday needs were met and done,  
We found no tasks to do but one,  
Of, raking leaves,

But when we meet with summer's fire,  
And with the heat and dryness tire,  
We yearn for cold with vast desire,  
And, raking leaves,

This madness strange, dissolved in mist,  
As weeks go by and we exist,  
By grabbing gloves and rakes in fist,  
Then, raking leaves,

In later years we try to change,  
Accept with poise this job so strange,  
Out mental state to re-arrange,  
While, raking leaves,

But nothing helps allay our fear,  
It comes on us each year by year,  
And so we go, but with a tear,  
To, raking leaves,

Our lifelong chore comes with the fall,  
And though we'd rather tour the mall,  
There is no safe escape at all,  
From, raking leaves,

With faces grave, deep lined with care,  
With dirty hands and rumpled hair,  
And bodies sore, we softly swear,  
At, raking leaves,

Of all the useless acts of men,  
Committed by the sword or pen,  
Not one is worse to view or ken,  
Than, raking leaves!

By John D. Boenke  
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