

Day Before Yesterday

I've thought a lot recently
about my childhood
which seems a very short while
ago,
well, it really was not yesterday,
in fact, it was the day before.

I think of my friends and play-
mates,
that I played with so long ago,
I know it was not yesterday,
it must have been the day
before.

I remember the games we use
to play
down by the old barn door,
although it seems like yesterday
it was really the day before.

I often think about my daddy
to me he was wonderful to know,
but he was not with us
yesterday,
but he was the day before.

I remember sitting on my
dads knee
it was a long time ago,
yet to me it seems like yesterday,
but I guess it was the day
before.

He would cross his leg and lift
his coat
then look at me and smile,
I would run and jump
upon his lap,
and we would talk and play
a while.