Surrounded by a paint chipped, picket and flowers with pollen that will make you wince.

Ten Minutes before the church bell all is quiet except for Mr. Jenkins and the hymn he sings.

Crispy chicken and warm apple pie, steam in the orchard and bask under the Sunday sky.

In the grassy garden plot I hide, between the green tomatoes which will soon be fried.

For two hours with bugs I played, while men and women all bowed and prayed.

Ahh, a minute before the bells will roar, I must sneak back in through the hole in the floor!