The shed door groaned as we heaved it aside
The rollers all rusted through the passing of tide
But the groan was a welcome from ancestors gone
The greeting you get when you’re where you belong
The shed held the path to my childhood days
In my mind I return to those innocent ways
The secrets it stored past memories of old As they gather around, I belonged to the fold
Their breath was a trigger a smell I knew well
The old hessian bags had a tale to tell
In a dimly lit corner now covered in dust
The tools of his trade succumbing to rust
The old Bedford truck held its place on the land
Carting spuds off to markets, the memories grand
The wisdom instilled through the stories he told
Was a gift of great insight to his days of old.

I remember the hardness and strength of his hand
Revealed a bio of life spent out on the land
Clearing the land then the sod he would turn
Lighting the scrub and watching the burn
Blackberry and bracken to add to the toil
Planting the spuds in the soft virgin soil
Waiting for rain and crops to make yield
Then comes the harvest when we work in the field

The shed door groaned as we heaved it shut
With my memoirs locked in that dimly lit hut.