

Forge Cottage circa 1950

The smith yard, the smithy yard
Such a place of joy;
A paradise really
For a growing, curious boy.

There was usually one corn Binder
Waiting in the forge yard for repair,
But to me that rusty old machine,
Parked so invitingly just there
Was the stuff of my dreams,
For it became my sailing ship;
And I sat high on its metal seat
Planning my exploratory trip.

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Or I could slip down deep inside
And it became that special place
Where I planned my journeys
Into outer deep deepest space.
Down there in my engine room
Plotting routes for yonder star,
In my imagination that old binder
Kept me near yet took me so very far.

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I made so many journeys
To cities not yet known,
And people and places
On charts not yet shown.
And yet always there to hear
No matter where I chose to roam
Those Blacksmith hammer's sounds
Reassuringly marking my way home.

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