

## Simple Pleasures

By Marla J. Deaton

Paw Paw Clyde was a simple man,  
Who enjoyed the simple pleasures of life.  
A good crop,  
Conversations around a campfire,  
Mostly just listening.  
A cigarette he rolled himself,  
Good TV and a comfortable chair,  
But pieces of his life  
He wanted to share,  
With me,  
A little girl,  
With shifting feet,  
While he dug up treasures deep,  
Neath the dirt floor  
Of the old shed out back.  
The possibilities my mind would explore,  
As his shovel met the ground.  
It wasn't long before he found,  
Silver coins in simple jars of glass,  
As he did each year that would pass.  
As he put coins in my hand,  
I remember the smile that was on his face,  
That not even time can erase.  
And it is the simple treasure I now hold,  
That is far more valuable to me than gold.

The End