



## **My Place**

I know a place . . . A special place,  
A place known only to me;  
It is my place . . . my special space,  
Hidden so the world can't see.

To this place I go every day,  
Its springtime's flush deepest green;  
In summer, when the sun holds sway,  
No more perfect place yet seen.

Then comes the brush of autumn's gold,  
Crispness caressing the air;  
Bronzed vistas there I then behold,  
October showing its flair.

When comes the nip of wintry days,  
December dear to my heart;  
I offer up my heartfelt praise  
And await new year to start.

**Henry W. Gurley**