

THE TREASURE

Mr. Bart told me once
He was not lonely, not a chance!
His dear old Clara had just departed
And all her treasures were quite well guarded.

In parenthood, ill luck surrounded
They had no children, no kindergarten,
But neighbors did, all well regarded
Clara and Bart, sweetness was granted!

Clara told stories; she was well read
Bart plowed the garden; berries were red
So all the children would visit them
Well, Clara's cookies, the very best!

He talked of treasures which were well kept
Although no gold, no treasure chest
They were just memories of Clara's quest
To make life sweet with laughs and jests!

Bart's life was full of memories
Of gold and silver as well as rubies
For that loved woman did treasure him
With all her kindness and all her gleam!

Bart was not lonely, why should he be?
He still remembered her life with him.
So now he felt so well indeed
He needs no treasure, he'd lived with it!

It was that woman who loved him so
Who made him happy, as you all know!
And he's not sad, he's not alone
His wife was a woman all heart of gold!

So, if you're lonely and quite depressed
My man, it's time to be impressed
Cause a sweet woman may fill your heart
The way that Clara did to Mr. Bart.

By: Lourdes Valls de León
February 1989