

# Electrical Serenade

I wake, I stir, and finally rise  
To find the morning's light fill my eyes  
I journey down the stair  
To find my old friend firmly rooted there

With its humming, humming sound  
Filling the air immediately around  
With reassuring comfort and joy  
Reminding me of some simple toy

Yes this metal box is my friend  
Who is always willing to lend  
A cool breath of air to soothe  
When my life falls out of groove

At noon time still there it stands  
With lunch and goodies in its hands  
And there I set in blissful rest  
To view the robins building their nest

As the day grows ever long  
It happily plays its electric song  
To fill my kitchen with life not there  
And stands up tall without any care

For now the dinner bell has rung  
And the pots and pans are all neatly hung  
I shall sit with my dinner freshly made  
As my refrigerator plays its electrical serenade

—*Devon Lyle Hardwick*

