days gone by. These were skeletons, though, of discard. Old bodies of refrigerators and stoves, an occasional washer and ever-present empty bottles of wine made a mounded heap beside the empty pond. I was left with feelings of sad amusement, and a twinge of disappointment, the memory of hot summer days, of friends, of days gone by. The quiet days of childhood, when death was but a possible glimpse of the form of an unknown stranger.

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**Recommended**

**Bend Over Backwards**

**A Song**

by John Hicks

1. You tell me it's over, you say that we're through,
   Nothing I could say could get through to you,
   Your eyes look right through me, you don't give a damn,
   I'd bend over backwards to win back your hand.

   **Chorus:** I'd bend over backwards, I'd crawl on my knees,
   To win back the love you promised to me,
   To make you still love me like you used to do,
   I'd bend over backwards to get back to you.

2. Love that you needed, I never could give,
   So tired of dying, you now need to live,
   You said "Listen to me," now you're all alone,
   You could bend over backwards, and I'd still be gone.

   **Chorus:** I'd bend over backwards, I'd crawl on my knees,
   To win back the love you promised to me,
   To make you still love me like you used to do,
   I'd bend over backwards to get back to you.