

The Boy in The Yellow House

There was once a little boy who had a dog
He lived in a nice house with a swing in the back
He lived there in that nice yellow house with his family
And all was well

When the weather was nice, his mom let him play outside
She turned on the radio and he would swing until dusk
He played outside with his dog behind his yellow house
And he smiled

When his dad would come home late at night, mom gave him ice cream to
eat in his room
He ate ice cream in his room with his headphones on
And he was happy

After an hour he would fall asleep
Mom went upstairs and sat on his bed
She took off his headphones and tucked him in
He slept soundly
He was loved

One day the radio died
His music was gone
The rosy lenses he once looked through no longer offered protection
Now when he played on his swing he could hear his parents fighting from
inside
Ice cream started to give him stomach aches and his dog was becoming
sick

His mother no longer tucked him in
In fact, she no longer came home at all
He was not happy and he was not loved

He now lived in a tenement without a dog or swing
There was no family inside

There was once a boy who lived in a tenement
He never smiled and he was not happy or loved
All he did was draw

The sad little boy who lived in a tenement with no dog or mom spent his
days drawing
All he did was draw
He expressed the contents of his heart and mind onto paper
And began to make sense of his life
He drew and he grieved
And thought
And processed

There was once a young man who lived in a tenement
He drew and played his bass
He went to school and came home without having spoken to anyone all day
People looked through him as if he didn't exist
The young man wondered if he was even really there

There was once a man standing in an art gallery
The pictures around him tell his story
Others call his drawings beautiful but he knows this isn't true
How could they be when stained by tears?
Despite this, he puts on a smile and thanks his guests
One day his drawings will come from a happy place and he too will see
their beauty

Soon enough the guests are gone and the day has come to an end
Walking home from the gallery, he enjoys the music of the song birds
It's the perfect spring day
He follows the warm breeze and finds himself at the park
He takes this moment to ride the swing and pet some dogs
Continuing home, he makes a stop at the hardware store
He buys a can of yellow paint
And he smiles a real smile
For the first time in a long time
He is truly happy