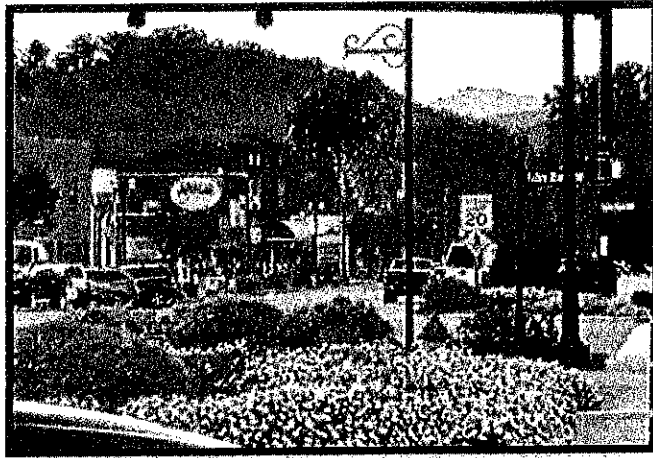


POEM

By Robert Karl

SMALL TOWN DREAMING



Murphy, NC

Up a hill and round the bend
A gentle place beckons like an old friend

With rustic brick and old frame

Where the seasons change
But much of past remains

There's an old white church and a town square
The smell of good things cooking from a nearby fair

I've come home, to a simpler life
Where the pace is kind of slow

And folks greet you with a friendly hello

As I travel up that hill and round that bend
I can see that little town

Nestled in time and trees
Where good things in life
Are really free