# ENOUGH IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST

by Joyce Johnson Rouse

I've got a turtleneck sweater in my favorite shade of blue
And a cracklin' fire to warm me when a cold front's coming through
A window for air conditioning and the shade of a maple tree
I've got enough, enough, and enough is as good as a feast

I've got a tattered book of poetry filled with all the greats
Dickinson and Robert Frost, Angelou and Yeats
*(Baldwin, Nash, Pound, Hughes? Sing your favorites!)*
And old piano for music and a song that plays for free
I've got enough, enough, and enough is as good as a feast

I don't need a mansion or a genie to grant me a wish
I believe that he who knows he has enough is rich

Out back there's a garden that blesses my spring with peas
Later on in the summer, with tomatoes and beans
Sweet Williams and cosmos and fragrant peony
I've got enough, enough, and enough is as good as a feast

I don't need a mansion or a genie to grant me a wish
I believe that she who knows she has enough is rich

I've got a couple of good friends and a place I go to pray
A love of which I'm certain and I thank God for each day
A place to watch Orion, and the sun rise in the east
I've got enough, enough, and enough is as good as a feast

I've got an apple tree and I've got honey bees, what else do I need?
I've got enough, enough, and enough is as good as a feast

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