

The Trail

by Max Sparks

We join the flow and match the treading time
Us particles with medium combine

Reserved in city peace of stone
Idyll of common soul we all abode

So come ye sons of mine again this day
And walk the path we trod before your birth

The field where still he calls us back to home
A father pines December dogged earth

He whispers here then waits for your return
My child, my son, my man, my worth