**MOTHER**

Another Day Of Forty Score

And Forty Times, Old Friend

Has Dawned. Rest Your Weary Head

Each Sun To Sun. Beheld The Velvet Spring

You’ve Been Seen.

The Dance From Bed To Bed.

Arose By The Suns Light

Toiled And Loved And Known And Done

What Was To Do. What Was Right.

Strength And Balm To Everyone

Now We Sit And Gaze

Each Moment Softly Comes

Mind To Mind Eye To Eye

You Smile And Know Your Son

I’m Here Because

You And All By

Were There

We Pause

At All We Are

The Journey To And From

The Past And Future

All Must Travel

Now For You

So Soon Man Time For Me

Old Ceaseless Touch So Sure. Sublime

Runs Soft Fingers

Through Our Hair

And Calls

Another To Her Bosom

Awes

Us With The Peace

Of Passage

To Those Ranchers

Fields And

Streams

We Embrace

But Bid Adieu

Will Know

Not End

Nor Old

But Fresh And New

Where Those Like You

Meet

Those

They

Love

Again.

Join

With

Their

Blessed

Friend.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 05/2005*

*On Sitting with Mother*

*Dismal Creek*

*Clay City*

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