

Ponder

by [D. S. Martin](#) in the [March 27, 2019](#) issue

Your children ran ahead down  
woodland trails always waited  
laughing at forks for your nod  
always settled within the comfort  
of your soothing songs  
as you showed them the sky

I know the contrary paths  
they're now choosing tear  
at you & how they're distracted  
by shiny stones down in the dirt  
with no God-vision or sense  
of all you long to share

I ponder how I not bitten  
by the worm that gnaws your soul  
can know a thing for my hurt  
is not the same & you  
blame yourself for the dry land  
devoid of music where they wander