

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