

THROUGH TRAILS [8-99]

Friends long past,
Like dusty gems.
Memories *whorl,
I think of them.

All compass points,
From there they came.
Then on those winds,
They pas'd again.

We hiked together,
Hearts of pride.
Far o'er these ancient
Mountainsides.

AT was home,
Our quiet space.
We sought and found,
Elusive peace.

A rag-tag family,
That we were.
We came together,
From afar.

Each one was cut
From special stuff.
Each loved...but I loved
Not enough.

Hoist then their packs,
Sky-dark good-byes.
No words to comfort,
Rain-fil'd eyes.

Then off they faded,
Past the mist.
More hearts to weigh
My lonesome list.

Oh friends, dear friends,
Why did you go?
Time seemed so short,
I miss you so.

You pas'd like God's
Sun-lifted dew.
Memories whorl,
I think of you.

Dear friends long past,
Heart-giving, true,
Memories whorl,
I think...of you.

*As the perfect whorl of the sweet-pedaled rose...so whirls.