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The Long Walk Home

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the long walk

journey here,
with the child we all know
her alabaster skin flushed
from the snow
of blues and reds
and wonders of why
the owl and the butterfly
have passed her by.
it's a dark place: it is
this place where she roams
a tired heart, broken hope
and such a long walk home
the coyote, his tricks
or are they his trade?
toys with the idea
of the lessons he's made
up of smoke and fire
he brings them in peace
but she sees through the glass
of mind and spirit
and continues her journey
from present to past
to future, to toil
the rocky road
she won't give up
on this long walk home.
the lake of death
is dense with fear
"jump right in
it's safe my dear:
the source has grace
that is all you need
to be free of struggle
it's your chance,
you'll see.
so she drowns herself
in the water she owns
as the angel
whispers softly,
"come my child,
it's been a long walk home."

home