

SON

I love thee, son, I see thee
On the knob a mile from home
By the shine of the star on the cliff
Son, I hear thee of the soft voice
Walk on air to me, pace in time
Stay to sup and to play in new light
I sense thee, son, I feel thee
At noon on the ship in the sea
A mist, a spray, comes to me from thee
In a bird song or whale hymn I hear
Thy voice sounds in the deep and is lost
I pray for thee, son, I wish for thee
Stride to and fro from the gate of life
Be no more in the trance of death
For your woe are as tears to my soul
When at last nothing comes to pass
I speak to thee, son, no one else is here
They have all gone, those thou once knew
Lost on land while thou are at sea
The wave is the wind, the reef is a tomb
These words ripple on pages of wind and water
I lay thee down, son, in a green bright field
Where time is put to spite and to the grave
My son was at sea, now he is in me.