Maestoso

1. We are not yet born——— the dance of thin shadows passes. Provide us with eyes to leap to, and stories to sing to, And a strong wind to lean to—— 2. We shall graph the wind, we shall chart the stars——— Splice summer to paper trees, and see the thin green smoke——— From the polished e-o-n spiral. 3. The knowing and doing of makers and breakers. We are a part and together sing——— of dream made fact. Or dream made fiction——— 4. The bent and broken years, the broken years we stoop to. We shall sight back into, into all this time Sight back into all this light———

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