

Spirits On The Wind

For Laura and Pearl
and many more

The ones in the air
help me to see
the path of my past
to where I am now.
Spirits on the wind
hot August day
flash in my mind
desolate wind swept plain.
Smell of a rain
feel of wet leather
brings me to places
locked in my heart.
When they come visiting
I welcome them in
the good and the bad
brought me to here.
and if I shut out
voices from the past
I can not really be
all that we are.

Terrence Michael Wall