

In tribute to Agnes Vanderburg
Agnes's Bridge

At 88 years old she'd still missed the best
Civilized crimes tearing in her chest
But the elders who taught her, their teachings burned bright
A thousand years of lore to fight the good fight
Their words and their deeds still ringing clear
What's going on now, down her cheek rolled a tear
She knew of the best, had experienced the worst
The bridge that she held, just had to come first
She'd learned long ago the best still could be there
In a camp with pure thoughts, clear cool mountain air
The spirit in her heart and in her hand
People come to her camp, became part of the land
The healing was there in so many ways
She'd teach what she knew for the rest of her days
She's still teaching now, her spirit always there
In a camp with pure thoughts, clear cool mountain air

Terrence Michael Wall