

THINKER AND THRUSH ●

You and yours in endless chain,
While earth hurtles on through space,
Hymn returning spring again,
Celebrants of life and race.

I and mine must leave behind
Bounds of race and self, go free,
Seek the mating of the mind,
Nest secure in mystery.

Soar on mounting hopes that ply
Godward out of earth's duress,
Dash our wings against the sky,
Gaining all or nothingness.