

🏰 *The Blacksmith* 🏰



*He stepped from limelight shadows
of oak & pine forest
with poignant simple wisdom
kept preserved & well oiled
His hands were thickened
Soiled black by hammer & forge
Testing the strength, patience, & resilience
of slender metal hands*

*He sat down — square — with both arms extended forward -
perched atop a gnarled stout stick he used as a cane
And began to speak with the deep sustained cadence
of a long wharf
in high seas
He spoke with a town meeting's conviction
& a rural attorney's spirit.
He wrought a shrine
Through intense scatter embers - heat and smoke
His voice walking forward
from the darkness, deeply rooted
Prideful
of God & Country
of eloquent tragic sacrifices through the ages
& laid it gently
Upon the laps of wide eyed boys
With brilliant stars overhead*

