## **Sins Of The Fathers**

Timeless, on the edge of any city A field of weathered stones Watching, all alone Marks the fitful resting place Of silent, stirring bones Some that pass before us We, in guilt, cannot let go

An old man runs his hands through tattered memories Of dreams that wouldn't wait The future; much too late One foot caught in yesterday, the other near the grave Conveniently removed from sight With little fight, he fades away

So many things remain unsaid So many signals never read Behold the unenlightened truth Of blind, unfeeling youth

Growing up, a child is surrounded Towering above, so rudely pushed and shoved By those who've lost the child-heart Demanding, without love Limping into parenthood The son becomes what father was

So many things remain unsaid So many signals never read Behold the pitiful results Of unfulfilled adults

The rivers of our lives run Under many bridges burned No river runs forever Is a lesson sorely learned

So little time for things unsaid So little time before we're dead Behold life's bright and fragile flower So easily devoured

Timeless, on the edge of any memory A figure stands alone A knife-blade, keen and cold That wounds the heart of every man Who's love was never told Some that pass before us We, in guilt, cannot let go

## Barnabas