Little Road

Cheryl Wheeler

How can there be trouble in this world?
With the color in these hills, the blue October sky,
this little road that winds along the river.
Dusty barns and tractors in the fields
And families sit in front yards, or stand outside the churches
Kids are throwing footballs and pulling carts of pumpkins
And the morning sun is sparkling on the water

How can there be such trouble in this world?
Where the mountains roll so gently,
Deer graze on the hillsides, birds chat on the phone lines
The whole wide world's a prayer for Sunday morning
The geese inspect the stubble in the fields
And all along the roadside, families stop to wonder
At the new October morning
And a red tailed hawk is circling
And a father hugs his daughter
And an old man holds the car door for his wife to come and see
Then they turn and smile at me.
How can there be such trouble in this world?

I know of course I know that this is not the only picture
I don't of course I don't know what to do.

But the road keeps winding through the afternoon
And it doesn't know the sorrow or an inkling of the shadow
of the rage across the water, the hatred and the horror.
It just wanders through this valley with the river by its side
As the light fades from the sky
The beautiful light fades from the sky

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