

Bill Staines

"A Father And A Son"

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A father and a son
Down the road they come
To stand at last together
To stand at last alone
At the place that they call home
And to talk about whatever
To talk about whatever

Until time becomes undone
Unchiselled and unborn
Before the lines of light
Were written on the dawn

Called forth from memory
And from memory came song

And we became as one
A father and a son.

Sound became the form
From form the dream was borne
The dream became the dreamer
As real as anyone

In the well spring of such sanity
We find we have begun our new day,
Watching mountains moving
Because a father loves a son
A song of love is sung
And the dance of life goes on.

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