

John Mccutcheon

"Footprints"

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On the day that school let out
My sister and me
Walk the fields behind our house
To find our Christmas tree
She was six years older
So she led the way
As we a walked out to find the tree would have on
Christmas day.

Now weeks of late November rain had brought the
creek to flood
As we walked out across the field
Our boots sunk in the mud
I soon realized that I could step inside her prints so
grand
Until it seemed like I was walked across the dries land

I was walking in your foot prints
Counting every step, measuring every move you made,
Every word you said, and I was dancing in your
shadow, doing what you do.
I was learning how to be like me by being just like you.

Mom could hit a baseball
Lee could fly a kite,
Dad knew ever constellation in the sky at night
And Ann could sing about every song that Elvis ever
sung
And it wasn't long before it seemed like I knew
everyone.

I was walking in your foot prints
Counting every step, measuring every move you made
Everyone word you said and I was dancing in your
shadow, doing what you do.
I was learning how to be like me by being just like you.

I was watching how you walked and talked.
How you held you head.
Every joke that made you laugh.
Every book your read.
And how you did your best when no one seemed to

care,
How you did you did your duty,
How you did your share.

Now as I grow older
It's so easy to forget all the ones who follow after me
I can't imagine yet
Who learn what I remember,
Who do what I done,
Every step I travel now
I walk for more than one.

I'm walking in your footprints
I'm counting every step
Measuring every move you made.
And every word you said.
I was dancing in your shadow.
I was learning how to be like me by being just like you.

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