

# EXODUS

I know this valley,  
and I too have need  
to break bread here again,  
share faith with you,  
but mistrust lisps at my ear.

Yes! they endure:  
their roots are here  
and in this  
you see hope, strength even.

Yet they wait  
for some far off hand  
riffling through papers,  
to send a ripple through life here.

Perhaps it is arrogance  
frosting my lip  
as I mumble blessings  
on my own vision  
of clamorous exodus?  
When even the old  
will not pause  
at the valley's rim,  
or jostle for a backward glance.

Driving home,  
there is tension between us,  
unleached, like the spoil  
sprawled on the hills.

Roadside saplings are shadows  
of my thoughts  
as they limp from the thicket  
into the headlights' beam,  
rush forward, then flicker past.