

HOMeward

**When the sadness comes,
as it always does,**

I remember that your mantle enfolds him.

**I remember that dream: my son in your generous lap,
a lap full of stars,
a lap wide as the night sky.**

**When the sadness comes,
as it always does,**

I remember and I make that turn,

heading homeward to the final reunion.

~ Rev Mary C. Earle (*Did You Sing Your Song?*)