

ON HIS WIFE'S PASSING

P8

On his journey he met another traveler
And asked if he could walk with her a ways.
She smiled and said, "I would be honored."
So they walked together,
Silently observing the matching cadence of their steps.

Later he asked, "Where are you going?"
"Home," she said.
"Me too," he answered.
Neither asked the other where home was.
They only knew they were traveling in the same direction.

They were silent again,
Content to watch their moving shadows,
Lengthening in the afternoon light.

He noticed then her steps had slowed.
So he kept his pace matched to hers,
As they continued walking side by side.

When the sun had nearly set,
They came upon a massive oak,
Its fallen leaves and acorns strewn across their path.
She smiled then and stopped.
"This," she said, "is home for me."
So he helped her to sit with her back against the tree.

Now relaxed, she smiled again.
He smiled back, knowing she was right.
"I'm glad you're home," he said. "Time for you to rest,"
And added, "The honor of our walk's been mine."

Alone once more, he quietly resumed his own journey home.