

An Heirloom of Rhymes

*I seek a Bloodline, my Family Tree An heirloom of lives unknown to me.
To every life there was a season, There was a Rhyme, there was a reason.
And as time comes and then departs So do our lives, but not our hearts.
Generations will surely record the seasons Reveal the dates and offer
reasons.*

*But only hearts can sense the Rhyme For hearts go on beyond their time.
I've found a kinship just in knowing That spring Rhymes saw the same sun
as autumn.*

*For I sang my Rhyme beneath the same sky As did my kin, so Will my child.
Who were the ones who left this trail? In my search I cannot fail..
But grasp a legacy solely mine. For Who I am, is in the Rhyme.*

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