

POETRY

12-13 "A Lonesome Heart's Home" by Blake Hanewinkel

As I walk through the trees
Watching the honey fathered by the bees
I know my heart shall roam
Forever for my home
Which I once carried with me
Which I once could see
They had been set upon the stones
My family's bones
Now all I see is rolling dust
And all of my life's work
Will be to always find a home.