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Fellow Traveler

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Fellow Traveler

He'd been in my rearview mirror
A hundred miles.

Dodging semis,
Slowing for patrol cars,
And taking the same obscure shortcuts
Had forged a bond between us,
I thought.

On an open stretch he passed me.

I smiled a salute,
But he wasn't looking
And disappeared over a hill,
Another obstruction passed.

Having Become Man

When I was seven
Kneeling in worship
I questioned you
You lifted me
And led me meadow hunting
You questioned but to teach
(For I knew you knew all)
You were my God, my father

Now side by side
We roam the woods
We're sometimes lost
When you ask where
(And mean it)
I'm not sure
But know with you which way—
Toward God our Father, brother