

Homecoming Parade

Todd Williams

The convoy comes together
along faded broken lines,
truck and car tops reflecting
a sunlight cascade's escape
through gray and buoyant clouds.

Fifteen miles from Kyle they crawl
like tortoises on broken
roads and penitent paths bent
Earthward through the Badlands,
morning air thick with sorrow.

They're forever family here,
lost boys and girls returning
after so many seasons
away, their memory preserved
by a prayer too long unheard.

No longer muted in the
haze of hidden history,
these voices rise again in
song, the language of those passed
a salve to the wounded prairie.