

Footsteps

Those footsteps,
pressed in mud that turned to stone
a million years ago,

were mine and yours, my friend;
each imprint left in sand or snow,
each pace or shuffle, hop or glide,
each leap and flap,
each plunging dive
leaves ripples in our sinews, flesh and bone;

My pilgrimage,
however short or long,
however bleak or bright,
is also yours to take.
And on some far galactic flight,

Vast aeons hence,
mankind will see
with eyes he borrowed, friend, from me and you;
will sing his pleasure with our song.

Author Jeff Rees for 'temple'