

Walk with me.

A dedication to John Bachman Hardcastle

By Wilson Hardcastle

Come. *Walk with me.*
My father will lead us.
And guide our feet and our eyes.
We will see what others forgot
And know our past again.
The wind will comfort us
With the scents of her kitchen.
The trees will shelter us, and
Share their palettes.
The setting sun will play for us
A drama upon her stage.
And all the life around us, and
The rustle beneath our feet will be the
Harmony.
A song.
The rhythm, the beat,
The Chorus
Will be provided by my father.
He will usher us into his theater
And conduct the symphony.
It will fall to us to hear it.
To learn it. To breathe it in.
He has offered to guide us
And share what he has discovered.
Share what nature has shared with him.

There is music there.
Let us meander by moonlight.

Come. *Walk with me.*
My father will lead us.
You will hear a language unspoken,
Each leaf a tongue whispering a secret.
The world around you will brighten.
And we ourselves will shine with starlight.
And the grass and the green will
Swell with joy and sorrow and fullness.

Come.
Walk with me.
My father will lead us.
And we will know why the moon
beams.

