

Across the Maps

The day begins with crisp, cold air,
colored leaves scattered everywhere.
The low hum of home-bound cars,
bringing in loved ones from near and far.
We gather around the table, warm and wide,
where old traditions rest and unwind.
Children's squeals mingle, bright and free,
a vibrant, laughing, hopeful symphony.
It isn't just the food, the delicious and filling display,
but the strong and tender bond that holds us on this day.
For all that's been and all that's yet to be,
we sit together in pure community.
And when the choice foods are gone and the last thanks are said,
that is when my heart feels fed.
But now things have changed; like summer as a kid,
when playing and laughing was all we did.
On Thanksgiving night the house was filled with bright delight,
before the days grew shorter, taking half the light.
Now the cousins' maps are different, and travel takes all day,
oh, how much more you notice when the years quietly betray.