

## The Homeplace

by Lenard D. Moore

When I walk the path this morning  
there is only a slight light  
in the thinned woods.  
I come upon a creek  
near a tin-roofed house;  
and there's no one anywhere  
to witness my presence.

Meanwhile the wind  
rises through the branches—  
but soon reaches groundfall.  
A faint smell of honeysuckle  
sustains itself on the air  
while quail rove the slope-weeds.  
My eyes will not let go.

Now I think of my great-grandfather  
who one time walked these woods through daylight.  
This is the country he knew since boyhood.  
And I am grateful for this homeplace—  
here, I, too, wish to grow old  
and stand without words  
in this part of the world  
so lively and pure.

I can hear a dog barking  
somewhere in the far distance—  
here where the voices of former life  
do not speak, their spirits huddling  
into themselves, a brotherhood of saints.  
We are this fresh green world  
which cradles everything into itself.

NOTE: This poem "The Homeplace" was published in the author's book, *Forever Home* (St. Andrews College Press, 1992). Copyright © 1992 by Lenard D. Moore. Permission to reprint granted by the author.