

# **Father**

by J.A. Moad II

Sand and dirt  
On fisted hands

Wielding tools  
And crafting time

Tree houses  
Rising like cathedrals

Shouldering my days  
Into tomorrow

Hand in hand  
'Til you marched away

Lost  
In the triggered pull

Of a land  
Called Holy

Endings  
Written in tracers

Carved  
In a desert sky

Gone,  
You held me still

And I became the world.