Successors

Chandler Davis

On these ruins left to us we build our home.
The view from my porch includes today's maples
and pines that were, and even long-gone cycads.
We tell our stories, which means that I could tell you
my father's story, and some he'd heard before:
my great-grandfather's story. Pass it on.
This yard is gently touched, garden and rooftop,
by faint far starlight, and still more gently touched
by cryptic spores almost intangible.
More messages come in than we can read;
I cherish more than I can understand,
but I have fathomed some. Pass it on.
Oh, newborn mice and newborn wrens and newborn
of ours, trusting mouths open to be fed:
Your trust may not be valid, but your selves
are valid. We in whom you put your faith
may let you down, but we are not without faith,
for we have faith in you. Pass it on.

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