Child Migration

Eloy

You are the bows from which
Your children as living arrows are sent forth.
The archer sees his mark,
Let your bending be without fear.
You may give them your love, but not your thoughts,
You may house their bodies, not their souls.
They dwell in the house of tomorrow,
Standing so far you'll never visit.
For life goes not backward
Nor tarries with yesterday...
Rain clouds of grey
Gather slow behind your eyes
Child of today
Don't forget to sail the skies.
All things are in colours,
Tunes of different age
Softer message from life's flower,
Hills of long gone yesterdays.
Distant hands in foreign lands,
Rhythm remains unbroken,
All unseen from where we stand
Mind vibration
Child Migration
Dreams are the blossom
Of our courage it is said
true life, long forgotten,
Echoes lost inside our heads.
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