The Gifts

Archie Fisher

My father gave to me, a saddle of tooled leather.
A restless horse, a well honed blade - passed down my his father.
He asked me if I knew the way, I answered, "I will find mine."
"Just come back", was all he'd say. So long ago so far away.My mother gave to me, a kiss her silent blessing.
I searched her face to know her thoughts, but I was left a-guessing.
She held out the cloak of wool, that I had seen her weaving.
She smiled as I took the gift, but I could feel her grieving.
I rode the stead from the glen, to the ridge above Loch Carron.
Where my love waited open arms, for the parting we had planned on.
And the flower that she gave to me, had soft deep crimson petals.
I climbed back on my mount to leave. So tall there in the saddle.

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