

Down Windsor Way

*Oft of an evening, by the firelight's glow
Comes a mind's eye vision of long, long ago,
A tired and worn, yet still gentle face
Leans over an oil lamp on an old bookcase;*

*A puff of smoke and the light is gone,
The people there are moving on,
Gathering together their clothes and belongings
For the wagon out front where old Jed stands pawing;*

*"Where are you going? I don't understand!"
But none of them hear me, and none take my hand;
None seem to notice these walls holding stories
Of babies and weddings, of troubles and worries;*

*This land which sustained them for so many years
Is sold? Forgotten? At a price paid so dear?
Must it now hold its treasure of toil, pride, and prayers,
For the few who come seeking ancestors there?*

*The trunks are hoisted to the wagon's flat bed
And the people all seem to be looking ahead;
Impatient horse gives his harness a shake
As the wagon moves out through the old farm gate;*

*I run to the porch and call to my sister,
But the wagon is gone, my voice just a whisper;
Old pines rustle softly by fields no longer sown,
Telling the child she is now on her own;*

*"Where have they gone, Lord, these dear ones of mine?
Will they ever come back? Will it be a long time?"
The wind seems to whisper, as night covers day,
"Folks have all gone, now, down Windsor way."*

----Mary Jo Parker Perkins

