

Pave the Way

Life, it bears the day-to-day
Head lowered, brow drawn tight,
I cannot see the path
For standing in the fray.

Do we ever arrive anywhere?
What is it all for?
Can we ever lay down our arms?
Meaning scattered in disarray.

Yet, in quiet breaths,
When I stop to pray,
Angels expose my path through dappled light.
I glance behind at my forebears—
The ones who paved the way.

The tears I shed,
The boulders I climb,
With shield heavy and sword in hand.
Every step a battle,
Demons in shadows I slay.

The road bends on, and I with it,
Bruised but still unbowed.
I think of those who come after me.
Will they note the gambit's sway?

Then I take a pause,
Truth whispering from the darkness:
The light will always overcome.
Just as those who battled before me won,
I walked, so they can run.

Alta Mantsch