

The Cobbler

By Phyllis Anderson

Zig zag stitches, bound to sole,
as we traverse the path.
Congregation in worn boots.
Joyous in the aftermath.

Icy beacon towers above.
Simple hearts tumble below.
Creviced face, mended with time.
Battles fought long ago.

The Cobbler toils into night.
Path lit by crescent moon.
Sewing in dreams; crumbling to dust.
Clock ticks down, so soon.
Voices illuminate the bay.
Pilgrims in safe abode:
For some, their first;
others, their last,
footprints on the Cobbler's road