

Badges of the Brave

Please forgive this belated epistle;
I meant to send it yesterday, but, oh,
how time gets away from one, and
I'm usually on the run these days.

Soon we'll reunion to honor decades passing,
from school friends so fresh-faced, fearless
of the future, setting sails into sunsets
growing months into years; and,
though the freshness has faded,
wisdom has grown through the tears.

Trails taken were many and varied;
No, not all were happy and true;
yet most were a loving adventure,
especially the ones shared with you.

Yes, soon we'll be sippin' and suppin';
recalling memories through the haze,
and muse how wisdom's wrinkles
became our badges of the brave.

(2/2/06)

Robyn M. Davis

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