

Heritage

These words are not my own
But wards their stewards passed on,
Preserving what has grown
And saving what seemed gone.

These thoughts aren't mine alone,
Men taught them ages long;
On starry nights they shone
In story, myth, and song.

These feelings aren't just mine,
Befalling every man:
The hurt that bends the spine,
The heart of joy's full span.

I hallow each such bond
A holy martyr's bone
And hailed it, handed on,
To hold it as my own.

Stephen Wentworth Arndt