

# Homecoming Parade

Todd Williams

The convoy comes together  
along faded broken lines,  
truck and car tops reflecting  
a sunlight cascade's escape  
through gray and buoyant clouds.

Fifteen miles from Kyle they crawl  
like tortoises on broken  
roads and penitent paths bent  
Earthward through the Badlands,  
morning air thick with sorrow.

They're forever family here,  
lost boys and girls returning  
after so many seasons  
away, their memory preserved  
by a prayer too long unheard.

No longer muted in the  
haze of hidden history,  
these voices rise again in  
song, the language of those passed  
a salve to the wounded prairie.