

The Fire, My Son

Tend the fire, my son.
We did not light it,
But we have forgotten how to relight it.
So tend the fire, my son.
Lest it goes out.

I did not light the fire, my son.
Nor did my father,
And it will burn long after you are gone.
So tend the fire, my son.
Lest it goes out.

Look at the fire, my son.
Do you see the pain?
Do you see the hurt, the struggle?
Do you see those who came before?
Whose blood was spilled
So you can stand here today?
Those who died so you could live?
My beautiful son.

So tend the fire, my son.
Lest it goes out.
We need this fire, my son.
It gives out warmth
And throws light into the dark corners
Leaving no place for the evil and hateful to hide.

This fire must be tended, my son.
Lest it goes out,
And throws us back into darkness,
From where we cannot see.

Guard your heart from fear and hate
And tend the fire, my son
That it may never go out.

~N.H. Roncolato
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