

CO-WORKERS, FAREWELL

Time was ticking 'cross our traces
As we worked and changed and grew,
Forging bonds and closing spaces
By the tasks we traveled through.
We were stretched, our tempers tested,
Leaving some skills, learning new . . .
But our journey is arrested:
Separations now ensue.

Time was sewing us together
In a pattern we could wear,
Like a foot that fits in leather
To protect from being bare.
Help was mutually present
To support the goals we share . . .
And it made the routine pleasant
When we sensed each other's care.

Time now parts familiar faces,
As it often has before,
Breaking off farewell embraces
With an ache we can't ignore.
Worthy fellow-working kinships
With their memories galore
Close within the book of friendships
We will cherish evermore.

— *David L. Hatton, 8/6/1993*