



## Ancestors

By Marli Walker

Wooden wheels cut  
through broken ground,  
carve snowy trails;  
all Zion bound.

A child's cry  
a mother's sight  
as hunger grows  
no food, she knows.

Weary steps  
mark frosted plains  
cross white-topped mounts  
in cold-drenched rains.

A shallow grave  
in lifeless sleep  
lies a tiny babe  
as parents weep.

Numbed feet trod  
on frozen sod.  
Cold tear-streaked cheeks  
white snowflakes meet.

Handcarts pulled  
by weary throng  
while angels push  
in silent song.

Their faith endures  
though trials test.  
The courageous pioneer  
my life has blessed.