

## The Day of Thanks

*The sun's low down the autumn sky and the house is growing still.  
Thanksgiving Day is waning with its promises fulfilled.  
Our appetites are satisfied, the great plump bird is finished.  
The laughs and talk and youngsters' squeals have finally diminished.*

*With drowsed and dreamy eyes I lean back comfy in my chair.  
The voices hum and drone as though I'm hardly even there.  
The ghosts of long-past days like this come warmly sweeping o'er me.  
The memories and magic and the people stand before me.*

Cousins, sons, and lovely daughters, relatives of every size.  
Parents, aunts and funny uncles, great and grand and otherwise.  
Now and then a face is added, now and then one is withdrawn.  
We greet the new arrivals and we miss the ones who've gone.

Some were born into the family, others joined along the way.  
Every year we draw together to reaffirm this joyous day,  
Swapping news both sad and happy, catching up on past events,  
Marv'ling how the young ones grow and wond'ring where time went.

Moms and dads with thoughts unstated scrutinize their sprouting tribe.  
But their eyes betray their silence, beaming with unspoken pride.  
Children turn into their parents, every year they change and age.  
But this day remains a constant as life passes page by page.

Food is heaped to near the rafters 'til the table fairly groans.  
Ne'er a king knew such abundance even on his lofty throne.  
Cooks glow in coy satisfaction - we could each be three times stuffed.  
The sin would be to fix too little, not to have made far too much.

Heads are bowed in humble stillness, prayers are offered by the host.  
Thanks are given for our riches, glasses raised in solemn toast.  
Hopes of health and of good fortune are advanced by one and all,  
As we've done in each November in this ritual of Fall.

Thoughts of loved ones long departed bring to every eye a tear.  
How we long to catch their voices, how we wish to hold them near.  
Their gentle touch upon our shoulder, the force that joins us heart to heart,  
Handed down through generations, however far we drift apart.

Cousins, sons and lovely daughters, each have gone their separate way.  
But their images still linger, fixed in time this precious day.  
Everything that came before us, everything that's yet to be,  
Bound together by tradition, the family's treasured legacy.

*The last pale rays have vanished and this day of thanks has ended.  
As ev'ry year, the food and drink and company were splendid.  
We bundle up against the chill and bid a warm adieu,  
And go on our contented way with memories anew.*

*When the night lays thick upon us and we snuggle in our beds  
With traces of the day's events still tumbling in our heads,  
I'll whisper prayers to everyone, the spirits and the living,  
Who've blessed me with the cherished gift of another sweet Thanksgiving.*