

# Sacred Histories

*Lisa Bolin Hawkins*

Come, my child, hark to the tale  
The poets weave for our world:  
Hear the prophets sing the song  
Of earth rolling on her wings —  
Behold, the story of spirits,  
The trail a pillar of light blazes.  
Forsake all else and follow;  
Study, my son, my daughter,  
For the time, rapt and joyous,  
You watch victory unscrolled.  
And after silence,  
Trumpet songs, unsealings, and time no longer,  
Still we will have the Books, my child,  
The Books.

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*LISA BOLIN HAWKINS is an editor and writer for a small advertising and publishing company in State College, Pennsylvania. She and her husband, Alan, have two children.*