

Under a bright sky, blue and mild,
Walked hand in hand, father and child.
They giggled and chattered as they walked,
Hearts ablaze, and fingers tightly locked.

They climbed mountains and crossed streams,
Completely at home, completely at ease.
Perfect love had never seen such a union,
An unrestrained love, most intimate communion.

The child looked up and broke into a smile.
The sun gleamed against his face,
Every curve, every ringlet of hair,
Fearfully and wonderfully made.

He looked at the horizon and wondered what lay ahead,
What green pastures, mighty beasts, honey and bread.
With one swift motion he unsheathed his hand,
And ran untethered, towards a foreign land.

He saw great giants and swarming markets,
He marvelled at gold idols, and brightly woven carpets.
He gorged himself on all sorts of meaty delicacies
Spices and flesh, he ate himself into degeneracy.

His belly full, he roamed around until the sun began to set,
With the looming darkness, came sadness and regret.
He looked back for the hand that held him so long,
But he was too far out, too far gone.

He stumbled through the streets, yearning for a love like before.
He couldn't remember what it felt like to be cherished anymore.
Voices swivelled in his head as he found himself alone,
Completely abandoned, completely forlorn.

He called out in the darkness hoping to find yet again, a friend.
He looked for a voice in the desert, someone with a hand to lend.
Hungry and forsaken,
A humble reed bruised, but not yet broken.

He stands up and dusts off his knees.
He'll walk back to his father and beg and plead.
Would father remember me, my ringlets of hair.
Would he still love me, beyond compare?

He starts walking but in the distance he sees,
A rush of wind and a parting sea.
A man comes running, panting, across centuries.
With nail pierced hands, larger than all of world's entities.

The child falls to the ground, unable to speak.
Love so forgiving, gentle, and meek.
When I was lost as can be,
Dad, you found me.

The man clothes the child in robes of Love,
And gifts him a ring of Care.
But the greatest gift of all,
For His child, He had laid himself bare.

He says, 'come the table has been set.
You are my child and you, I will never forget.'