

Old Wooden Fencepost

Written by Steve and Deb Poynter 8/5/17

An old wooden fencepost; weathered and gray, once stood with a purpose now just stands in the way
Once tall and strong, so long ago, now worn out and weakened as the years took its toll

Some old wire fencing clings to its back, some rusty old staples keep it intact
It tugs on the fencepost when the winds blow, but the old wooden fencepost refuses to let go

So they dance, dance in the wind, randomly, helplessly, swinging; swaying again
They dance, dance in the wind, the old wire fencing tugs on the old post and then
They dance in the wind

After all of those years with a purpose defined, their role has now changed with the passage of time
Surviving the struggles, they have endured, now they serve as a refuge for the weary winged bird

And they dance, dance in the wind, randomly, helplessly swinging; swaying again
They dance, dance in the wind, the old wire fencing tugs on the old post and then
They dance in the wind