

## **The March**

Your mother now wears  
The boots in which you died  
More than four years ago  
In Bolivia.  
She claims she can never fill them.

This pair of hiking boots  
Has remained unwashed  
Since they were last gently removed  
From your feet.

Now your mother steps into them  
And with the same strength and purpose  
That she gave to you,  
She begins her march  
To save a child  
Or maybe two  
In Calcutta.

Each footstep she takes  
Bears your imprint.  
The dust she stirs  
On the road from Gangtok  
Settles amongst earthy momentos  
Of Cusco, Quito, La Paz.  
You are with her each start, step and stumble.  
Carrying each other.

Daughter to mother,  
Andes to Himalayas,  
The boots march on,  
Worn with courage  
By heroes.