**Fields**

We idly wander down beaten paths,

a fickle sun gracing our skin with heat.

The air is filled with birdsong, laughs,

as we live out these days on repeat.

Blades of young, green grass sway,

rippled by fingers we cannot see

while we chatter from two metres away;

his smile is beautifully curved in glee.

But my thoughts often stray to them—

those who loved, those who fought,

those who dared to condemn

a world which had been wrongly taught.

Fear doesn't accompany this boy by my side

and, in time, I will hold his hand in mine.

We can explore a picturesque world with pride,

passing meandering fields under soft sunshine.