

## **The Secret Heart**

**Robert P. Tristram Coffin**

Across the years he could recall  
His father one way best of all.

In the stillest hour of night  
The boy awakened to a light.

Half in dreams, he saw his sire  
With his great hands full of fire.

The man had struck a match to see  
If his son slept peacefully.

He held his palms each side the spark  
His love had kindled in the dark.

His two hands were curved apart  
In the semblance of a heart.

He wore, it seemed to his small son,  
A bare heart on his hidden one,

A heart that gave out such a glow  
No son awake could bear to know.

It showed a look upon a face  
Too tender for the day to trace.

One instant, it lit all about,  
And then the secret heart went out.

But it shone long enough for one  
To know that hands held up the sun.

<http://www.nexuslearning.net/books/holt-eol2/Collection%202/secretheart.htm>