

ALL MY CHILDREN

by SS Gurutej Singh Khalsa

We had plumbed the lines and dug the troughs,
and laid the rebar, so it would be strong enough,

The conduits were in and the forms were set, but
when the concrete came, it was much too wet.

We had to shovel and nurse it all day,
We had to push so the forms would stay,

The October sun and the bright blue sky,
Watched us work and kept our spirits high.

The day wore on and began to fade,
But by the end we had set the grade,

The sun pitched down and headed West,
The foundation was set and we felt blessed.

My back ached and my fingers were sore,
But I had worked on that historic pour,

Siri Singhasan e Khalsa had laid down its roots,
So I staggered home and took off my boots.

I was dirty and tired with a spinning head,
So I skipped the shower and laid on my bed

And closed my eyes, but I didn't fall asleep,
I fell into a trance, my breathing long and deep.

I felt lighter than my body, lighter than air, and I
began to rise up, leaving it there

On the bed, as I drifted away in the night,
Then I found myself standing back at the site.

The work we had done was still there in the
ground, but from behind my right shoulder I heard
a sound.

Of horses hooves and someone calling my name,
A loud, startling sound, which I could not explain.

A magnificent warrior then rode into view,
I knew when I saw Him, it was the Tenth Guru,

He turned in the saddle, then tilted His head, "I
have come for All My Children!" He said.

With sword held high, He rode away into the night,
With a great rush of wind
and a thousand points of light,

I gasped with excitement, my heart raced in my
breast,
For the Guru and Neela had ridden away to the
West.

And here, now, in Siri Singhasan e Khalsa we sit,
humble and cozy, though the roof leaks a bit,

And I understand now that His words ring true,
For we are the children of the Tenth Guru.



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