

Home Once More (All Roads Lead Here)

The Southern Mountains made you,
All your kinfolk, mountain-bred.
And the mountain culture raised you,
On its timeless lore, you fed.

But your feet were ever restless,
And your mind was wont to roam.
So your pathways found you nestless,
With a wider world, your home.

So you sallied forth and tasted
All the feast that Life allowed.
You drank deeply, seldom wasted
Each new chance to pierce the cloud.

And you drew, and wrote, and rambled,
Gathering friends along the way,
On new chances, boldly gambled,
Savored fully each new day.

Your companions, Bob and Roger,
Your conveyance, ALWAYS Ford,
Your slick muse, the Artful Dodger,
Each experience, reward.

And you pushed back at the darkness,
Held the sadder beasts at bay.
Tried to banish sorrow's starkness,
You insisted on your way.

Yet through it all, you traveled,
Sending self and mind before,
As a thousand stops unraveled
Life's big questions at their core.

So the years and places folded
Into Life's wide-open book,
All the pubs and temples golden,
All inviting one more look.

But the water always called you
Ever louder by the hour,
So this magic place enthralled you,
This, your well-spring Place of Power.

May your mountains now caress you,
Near your kinfolk, mountain-bred.
May these waters now possess you,
Ever singing, mountain-fed.

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Rest easy, old friend
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