

Poetry

Trail

As he rides alone along the trail, he catches a glimpse of the tale. With all of his heart he remembers his part. From the start she had his heart..... Hair that glows as the gold. He knows she can never know..... that she will forever hold his heart..... For the life he leads is only for steeds. And hers is a different life indeed..... So silently he sees to her every need..... And so he rides the lonely trail for her heart to keep.

Alone

Old and dusty, worn and sore....creaking and snapping the old man tilts his hat..... His eyes' glisten like glass as he sits the back of his trusty swayback..... Skin of leather from all the weather, he catches a glimpse of the past..... The days are gone when the man alone would be the stone. No glory or much of a story.....but the man alone could tell some stories..... The days are gone for the man alone, with only his gear and with no fear..... He leaves this land and no one hears.

Tears

As he reflects his upon his life so long and gone....filled with tears from the many wrongs..... He has seen his peoples' last breath..... Oohhhh.....but not all was once so wrong..... The children played and his people sang for the life they shared..... Peaceful and calm with only mothers' world do they see..... The life giving wonders they have received..... Now all is gone until her return to set them free.

The Wolf, (creator)

The wolf so mighty and proud.....has shown his face to a people from the clouds..... As he shows them their way in the world he made..... They see in him their life he gave..... The giver of life and the wonders he made.....all are gone from this fateful day.

Thunderstorm

The smoke curling and rising slowly with the crackle from the wood.....he sits and ponders this life in the woods..... He looks to the sky for the reasons why.... Once quiet and calm were these woods of home..... Now filled with a noise that will push him from his home.....pale as the moon and loud as the thunder these people do roam..... From this life he has known, to this thunder storm that will crack through his home..... Hold on to your spirit for the storm will pass....as this thunder cannot last.