

Northern Nights

In the night by the fire's light,
The man sat cold.
His eye were tired, his legs expired,
The man was very old.

The dogs growled, the dogs howled,
For they had not been fed.
The man frowned, the man found,
A place where he could bed.

He pitched his tent, the nights he spent,
In the icy North.
He laid his head and there he said,
"What was this all worth?"

His house he sold in search for gold,
But he had found none.
For he was stuck in this frozen muck,
And though he could not run.

The nights were long and he was gone,
He breathed his final breath.

This land took him, in the starlight dim,
He was free to the hand of death.

He was six feet down in the rugged ground,
His spirit was filled with glee.
And in the night by the fires light,
His soul was finally free.