

THE OLD GUIDE
(for my cousin, Frank Connors)

Some things never changed,
my tourists working hard
for their two weeks a year
out of the private yard.

A mountain in a green sea,
an island in a blue:
it was there for them
where the roads don't go.

I could show them hope,
the journey into self
from lives too great to bear,
from lives too strait to wear.

With places never went
and people never knew,
they found themselves familiar
as if had been there ever.

The way we warm to towns
with one of everything
and all in harmony,
seasoned and unspoiled,

or how we give our all
and serve the least of Man
so what is fundamental
in our nature wins,

we find what's truly needed
when the junk is gone.
All is there that matters:
fire, water, stone.