



THIRTY EIGHT

By Wayne Visser

A lifetime lived in just one year
At least that's how it seems to me
And what began with clouds of fear
Now ends in luminosity
I would not call it chance or fate
I simply call it thirty eight

I travelled into dragon's lairs
To fairest capes and cactus plains
I visited the land of bears
And markets hid in dusty lanes
I saw creation, small and great
I roamed the globe to thirty eight

In matters of the heart I found
That like a drum with changing beat
I had to find my solid ground
Before I danced with happy feet
I cannot say the road's been straight
I wound my way to thirty eight

The call of words was ever strong
The poet-scholar dipped his quill
The flow of ink was short and long
The script an act of wisp and will
I say to live is to create
I know it's true at thirty eight

The dusk of winter brings goodbyes
As I prepare to take my leave
From gilded halls and lofty spires
To conjure up fresh city dreams
I know that it is not too late
I start again at thirty eight

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