



## THIRTY SEVEN

By Wayne Visser

This moment is marked on my journey of days  
As I wander the forest of shadowy ways  
With my feet on the path in the moon-dappled light  
And my eyes on the stars in the cloud-blotted night

The treasure I found in this buried year's chest  
Was the knowledge I gained from philosophy's quest  
Which was further enriched by my travels from home  
To the wilderness delta and temples of stone

The story untold is of dreams to fulfil  
Of my life as an artist with parchment and quill  
By the light of the candle of love in my heart  
And the call of adventure to make a new start

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