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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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