

The Old Man

An old man sits before a fire
The wind blows smoke, sparks to his face
Like magic he waves it turns around
Nothing said, his steady gaze

A flicker in the shadows show
A stranger comes through the woods
Stops and stoops by the fire
It dims a bit, he reaches out.

The old man raises his eyes
Stares at the stranger straight on
"It's not yet time" the old man says
He stands and douses the fire

The steam crowds 'round the Stranger
The man's there no more
No one saw him stand and go
Too late to wonder, for it's

Time to sleep, a little prayer
Upon a falling star
Sun rises early here
The chill of morning dew

Sun rise, fire set coffee pot on coals
The old man doesn't rouse from sleep
He'll never rise, no more.
But every fire nightly set

We see his shadow smoke bound
We hear the songs he used to sing
taste the deer he caught and cooked
The wind in trees resound