

Away From Here

~ Robert Thomas ~

Asphalt expanses, stunted trees,
Acid fumes infecting summer's breeze,
The plaintive people whine aloud,
Beneath a hot, constraining shroud.

Such words are not a picture true,
Of urban life in summer's hue,
Of sprightly and of hectic fun,
In the gray-reflected city sun.

Such words my inner thoughts belie,
I only say such things, here's why,
My mind is wondering ahead,
I would be somewhere else instead...

I plan to be away from here,
Where the trees wave tall and the water's clear,
Where ancient rock holds forth and makes
The sparkling rivers, ponds and lakes.

Where you only sit upon the ground,
And if you're lucky, you'll hear no sound.
Except the probing, eager drone
Of happy water lapping stone.
Except the noble, tired creek
Of the mighty pine's wind-bended peak.
Except perhaps the long report
Of a pointed bobbing loon's retort.

Just now behind my desk I sit,
And scribble lines, such rhyming wit.
I cannot go, can't leave just yet,
And things aren't even really set.

I need to make arrangement still,
And this I'll tend to, yes I will,
All arrangements will be made,
Provisions bought, deposits paid...

I plan to be away from here,
Where the trees wave tall and the water's clear,
Where ancient rock holds forth and makes
The sparkling rivers, ponds and lakes.

Where the water-polished granite fringe
Breaks the lichen's crackling purple tinge.
Where upstart grass and saplings to toil
To thrive in patchy, clinging soil.
Where the settled lake at dusk displays
The golden stretching solar rays.
Where the wide and vacant space declares
The purging of all petty cares.

The crew is waiting for my brief,
Must send it soon, or come to grief,
Can't disappoint the crew, you know,
So much to do before we go.

A small but jovial lot we are,
As a team we've come so very far,
No distance we won't strive to do,
As long as it is by canoe...

I plan to be away from here,
Where the trees wave tall and the water's clear,
Where ancient rock holds forth and makes
The sparkling rivers, ponds and lakes.

Where everything you have is all
Compressed within a sack you haul.
Where reaching where you would entails
Narrow twisting endless portage trails.
Where black flies and mosquitoes find
A constant feast in humankind.
Where knowledge of such hardships, though,
Fades with balming swim and fire's glow.

But let me not anticipate,
And recollection cannot sate
Such eagerness to go away,
To wake up on departure day.

And the small talk of the crew – my friends,
To this forthcoming journey tends,
Mixed with tales and jaunty quips,
Of many happy former trips...

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