

Val-de-rei

I do not know where I will go, but this I do know -
I'll venture with a song in my heart, a smile on my face,
Taking time to look and to muse, to think a bit; and so
I'll go see the world, hoping to make it a better place.

There is so much to be gained in being a true friend.
I am fortunate that I can be and that I do all that I can.
Lending a hand, being a man upon whom others depend.
And when my life is done, they can say, "There went a man."

No, I don't want riches or costly possessions or even fame,
These are not why I travel, seldom lingering, on the go.
Life is a grand adventure, a joy, a mystery, and only a game
That I play, whatever its purpose, perhaps I'll never know.

Once I believed I couldn't make a difference in the world.
Once I was steeped in self-pity, despair, to my great shame.
Then someone, I never knew his name, a vision unfurled,
Showed me that it's my life to live, no one else is to blame.

No one else, for only I can account for each deed and word
And for each sin, too, for I have not always been my best,
As I have gone on and when I forgot my goal and erred.
So I'll move on, seeking, wondering, until finally I rest.

- *Val-de-rei*, © Leonard Yarbrough, 1996