

My Brother, the Bard

He comes with the stirring winds of fall
Blowing the red-gold-yellow leaves
Into piles,
With a well worn bag of tales.
A ghost bear materializes,
In the dark Canadian woods, facing
A hero with his rod long gun.

The children from the streets and yards,
From beyond the woods and down the path
Sense his presence and come and cry
Their never ending plea,
“Johnny, tell us another story!”

He comes with the heat on a
Long hot summer day
The air shimmering and blue,
The woods beckoning, and tells of
A mysterious sport played on an
Invisible field.

The children come from rough and tumble
Games and cool swimming pools
Word spreads that my brother is here
And they come to hear another tale,
“Johnny, tell us another story!”

He comes with the jagged lightning
and thunder clap of a wet spring night
and peers into my dark room – there are
Witches hiding under my bed
Ready to grab my ankles and transport
Me to another world.

The children come from cozy homes
From the soup and sandwich Moms
For they’ve spread the word from house
To house, Johnny’s here.
“Johnny, tell us another story!”

He comes with the snow in winter,
As the blizzard piles against our walls,
And tells ancient tales of wizards and
Goblins warring above the winter bare
Trees in the dark gray clouds.

The children are all gone,
Grown old, with children of their own.
The house is empty, the woods cut down,
Today’s children playing computer games
Where once they heard the bard spin tales.

And yet still, when the moon is bright and the
Wind is strong, I hear myself whisper,
“Johnny, tell me another story.”