

Merlin, the Traveler

*Oaken staff and dusty sandals,
Tattered cloak and broad rimmed hat,
A bag of mysteries upon his shoulder,
The wizard on his endless journey.*

*From town to town he travels
Weaving spells with his fairy harp
Telling tales of bygone ages
Playing tricks with stones and sticks.*

*Those that try to follow him
Lose his trail within the woods,
Only to find him drinking mead
At the next village's cheerful inn.*

*He teaches children by the hedges
To speak the language of old.
He reminds the elders of the times
When they were young and strong.*

*He comes in time of peril to give warning
From his visions of hard times ahead.
He comes at times of celebration
To give his blessings to a newborn child.*

*A being of mystery from an elder race
Who great-grandparents spoke of with awe
Just when you think he is merely a myth
He appears again with his tricks and tales.*

*If you dare to enter the wild wood in search of him,
Look closely at every ancient tree.
His face is dark, wizened, and old
As he appears to gaze back at thee.*