

The Wilderness Vagabond

Some people think he's human.
I'm inclined to say he's not.
But I'll be sure to be there
When his email names the spot.

Beladen with a backpack
Of fantastic outdoor gear,
He'll greet you at the trailhead
With a grin from ear to ear.

With camera at the ready
And GPS in hand,
He'll eagerly share his permit
To see the Promised Land.

Throughout the Southwest desert,
Where the gulches are so grand,
I'd swear he knows each contour
Like the creases in his hand.

I know it's more than legend.
What people say is right.
You'll never see his shadow
While asphalt's still in sight.

But while the permit's valid,
Where e'er the reptiles roam,
He'll be there just as surely
As tho it were his home.

He's led me thru The Canyon
And shared God's greatest views.
I'm sure it's his cathedral
But I never found the pews.

I've learned to get up early
On the day the permit's through
To walk with him some miles
Before he fades from view.

Despite his gracious invite
To join him for this while,
He always seems to sprint ahead
Within the trail's last mile.

He'll round the coming corner,
But before I get there too
It's never failed to happen
That he's disappeared from view.

I've tracked the Vibram footprints
Up to a sandstone ledge
But never saw a soul in sight
'Cept a lizard on the edge.

No sooner did I spot him,
He gave a wink and nod,
Then quickly sprinted off into
That land beloved by God.

Now whene'er I spot a reptile
Beneath a desert frond
I recognize a sighting
Of the Wilderness Vagabond!

