

## The Empire's Place

It's my paid for Empire, very dear to my heart  
Finally got my piece of ground to put these scattered parts  
10 x 55 mobile, with addition and a shed  
Two and a half acres for me to start my spread  
I know I'll plant a garden, I owe the deer that  
Maybe pull a weed or two so they can grow the fat  
The mice I catch I'll let go unless I know their name  
To the hawk, the coyote, and the owl, the mouse is not a game  
Low impact, with a view, who could ask for more  
Me, I'm running on Indian Time, searching out my lore  
The animals I'll watch, they'll take me right along  
I'd travel with the birds if I only knew the song  
Would they ask me to join, if I made the right call?  
With the hawk hunting close, ready for the fall  
They'd probably laugh and hoot, at my feeble attempt  
Flying free and easy with not a feather of contempt  
The way of the critters can teach me to be free  
Show me how to shed some things not needed to be me  
I let their lives take mine to a very different place  
Cuts me loose, spirit a boost, on an Indian kind of pace  
The Empire sits in the trees, with no one driving past  
That's how I want to keep it, a place where I can last  
Low impact, with a view, who could ask for more  
Me, I'm running on Indian Time, searching out my lore

Terrence Michael Wall