

Victories

Some people have victories and all the world knows
Others take theirs with a smile and a glow
I recognize the victories and take them when they're mine
On a silent soul flight on the wind through the pine
Retired on attitude writing my poems
Here in the woods with a life that I own
Doves haunting call on an open window breeze
Connected to me by the wind through the trees
Seven kinds of birds sharing their song
Shrill and the sweet rhythm flowing along
Young redtail hawk soaring softly overhead
Three months earlier an egg in a bed
Young buck right outside taking a nap
Can't tell my yard from the wild stuff out back
Not being in Home And Garden brings a big grin
Low impact with a view backing towards my origin
With poetry a passion born, words dancing on the breeze
So I sit and write my thoughts with the wind through the trees
I finally heard the call that I'm to capture the time
Savor minutes by the second because that's what is mine
Then capture time again with a thought and a rhyme
Sitting writing poetry in and out of my mind

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