

To Camp

By Ronald W. Wolfe – 12-20-2012
*To my granddaughter, Dena,
going to horse camp for a week in the summer.*

To camp we go; to camp we go.
Running fast and running slow
Caught up in the winds of fun
Staying busy 'till we're done.

One day like a little gem
Sparkling in the swirling wind.
Two days like a golden ring
Shining in the clear, cool spring

Three days like a silver chord
Something I cannot afford.
Four days like a pewter bowl
Sinking deeply to the soul.

Five days like a diamond sure
Glittering from its shape so pure.
One week long is much too soon
To jump my horse unto the moon.

Best I get myself back home
A little sad I am alone.
Grinning now from ear to ear;
I'll wait for fun another year.