

The Walking Stick

by Walt Atchison

I've learned so much from visits to this place
So many things you've taught to me
So many things I never thought I'd learn
So many things I never thought would be

I've learned the words "Dobri Utra"
To greet both friendly smiles and rising sun
I've learned the words "Dobri Nocha"
When sun is set and work is done

I've also come to know the walking stick
And used it many times and ways
I've come to know the walking stick
Will cherish it for all my days

I've used the walking stick in daylight
Leaving a warm and friendly home
It aides and comforts as well at night
Through unfamiliar scenes I roam

I've used it in the thaw of Spring
Walking through birches on my way
Full of new and fresh and growing buds
Like friendships newly made

I've used it in the warmth of Summer
Through trees so full and thick
And felt the gentle evening breeze
While friends shared the walking stick

I've used it in the colors of Autumn
And heard the wind that stirs the leaves
And brings to mind your welcomed voices
That stirs the warmth that never leaves.

I've used it in the depths of Winter
While trees still wear soft white coats of winter
And in my heart I touch the warmth
Put there by our friendly dinner

In Sarov I've used it often
Through each and every season
While walking through this friendly town
I had no need but had a reason

The reason is the one word I have never learned
It's something I simply cannot say
It grabs my throat and gives me pain
It means I must go and cannot stay

So I've come to know the walking stick
And will use it one more time
And depart this place I've come to know
Perhaps to leave my friends behind