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The Great Return

Gregory J. Hobbs

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The Great Return

MOTHER OF ALL CANYONS

Take us back to the River
the source the mouth and the pour
loosed in high Never Summers
the Winds West Elks Dinosaur

Lend us two guides a swamper
get ready life vests the swell
onset the crest of huge waves
on skilled boatmen we depend

Wet is the way of birthing
mothers the grandeur of God
light and grace be your glory
wonder your most awesome praise.

THE GREAT RETURN

May you have the joy of rising waters
May the awe of ages surround you

May your feet sound soft upon the land
May the sweep of Nankowweep embrace you

May the Great Blue Heron stand upon her bar for you
And the Father of all mountain sheep stand vigilant on his loft

May you run the River true and hoot upon the waves
May you, your family, your friends pass through

And always return home, home, and home again.

ANY ORDINARY INSTRUMENT

The dream of every boy, to ride along a light beam
Imagine at 16 they call you Einstein

You can lose your grip, never ride that beam again
Playing the violin he does his very best imagining

Slower than light, sound. And every time I play
I come that much closer to riding a light beam.