**NEW STRIKE**

I Was Seasoned.

Senior First Stroke.

Right. Tempered. Fit.

Full Of It.

Ready. Sound.

Unbeaten Harvard Crew.

Fastest Shell.

Eight Oared Boat.

We Were Top Seed Henley Bound.

First In Class.

 Magna Cum Laude.

Full Life Ticket.

Full Free Pass.

My Fame Fortune Path.

Wired. Done. Set.

Cross The Yard In The Fall.

Read The Law.

My Leather Chair Waited.

Cravat Swain Moore.

Or Gold Name On The Door.

Seat On Big Board.

To Fine Wellesley Bride Fated.

Full Pedigree Rated.

Highest. High. Society.

I Was On Top. Top Shelf.

Boundless. Power. Wealth.

No Limits.

Had Straight Lock.

On It All.

Blue Blood Back To The Rock From Cream Of Old Moneyed East.

World At My Feet.

My Oyster.

Cup Of Tea.

My Spread. My Feast.

Straight Smooth Road.

No Bumps. Hurdles.

Bar Wire. Potholes.

No Flak. To Speak.

Few Years. Then D.C.

House Seat.

A Senators Roll.

Maybe Path To President Peak.

Say Who Knows.

No Heights. Too Grand. Steep.

To Covet. Want. Try. Seek.

Then Alas Out Of The Night.

Got Touched.,

Cursed Gold Fever Call.

'Twas News Of Ninety Eight.

Big Dawson Strike.

They All Said.

Any Man Who Was Not Dead.

Has Good Legs Back Heart Head.

Was Lead.

Pipe Cinch.

Just Hit The Yukon.

Make A Mile High Pile.

Rich Unlimited Haul.

Sold My Jewelry Fancy Boots Shirts Pants Suits Books.

Skipped Finals.

Cashed All My Stuff In.

N'er One Backward Look.

N'er One Look Back.

No Need To Pack.

Was A Certain. Triumph.

Big Score. Victory.

Effortless Win.

So Soon Seattle Train Bound.

Bought Big Kit At Docks.

On The Fly.

Steamer North To Fabled Ore Grounds.

Was Bit Shocked. Surprised.

At Vast Hoards Who Jammed On Board.

Say Slight Bit Forewarned.

Might Not Be Much Good Ground.

Still Left.

But It Was Not Over Yet.

I Was Going To Give It No Fear Try.

Make It. Break It. Fake It.

Or Die.

Hit Skagway At Dawn.

Sea Sick. No Land Legs.

But Still Pushed On.

Climbed Chilkoot Pass

Five Times On My Own.

Kind Of Curious. Strange.

At Hollow Eyed. Stark Faced.

Broken Spooked Dregs.

Starved Packs Of Coots Heading Busted Dusted Tail Tucked Back Home.

Ran Raging Rapids.

At LeBarge.

Lost My Boat. Tent.

Half My Grub.

Still Survived. Still Alive.

There In The Rub.

For No More Supplies Be Found.

Nor Heaven Sent.

When I Hit Dawson Town.

Took A Stroll. Gander.

Looked Around.

Alas. All The Creeks.

Banks.

Any Chance Of Prove Up Ground.

Was Long Double Triple Staked.

For A Man To Make A Go.

Muck. Grub. Shovel. Pan. Sluice.

Rocker Box.

A Show.

Was Double Down Hard Row To Hoe.

Was Blowing Hard.

High Wind Tough.

Sixty Below.

Right. Real. Rough.

Turn Of Fate.

Froze Both My Feet.

Lost One Big Toe.

Half Of Right Thumb.

Two Fingers Left Hand.

Right Ear.

Most Of My Nose.

Bottom Lip.

Big Patches

On My Cheek Neck And Face.

I Sleep On Floor.

In Back Of Bar.

Sweep Out.

Empty Spittoons.

Not Real Great.

A Man Fresh In From East Coast.

Drank Me Another Mans Wedding Toast.

Seems My Wellesley Fiancé.

Gave Up On Me.

For A Numb. Dumb. Boring.  Half Wit Yalie.

Who Played It Close. Safe. Simple. Straight.

But My Sweet Native Wife.

Helps Keep Me Alive.

With Her Wares Of The Night.,

Though My Poke Is A Joke.

Busted. Flat Broke.

Hurts Too Much To Laugh Or Cry.

Can't Seem To Drink Them Bottles Dry.

Sometimes I Think. Wish To Opt For A Hammer Fall Sleep.

This Country Has Still Got Its Talon Hooks Deep.

I Still Have Trails To Travel.

North Country Pledges To Keep.

Maybe Wild Critters Glaciers Sea Life Eagles Ravins Owls Bears Whales Northern Lights Mountains Coast Rivers Lakes Pure Air Clean Endless Snow.

Have Taken. Still Bill Their Toll.

This Land Has A  Firm Grip. Relentless Strong Hold.

Not Sure If It's Wanting The Gold.

Or Just Living Wild Free Reckless Unbridled Bold.

So I Ain't Got No Call. Hanker.

No Plans To Head Home.

Word Just Came To Me.

Just Late Last Night.

Right Near Dawn.

Hours Past Midnight.

A Right Fine Stampede.

Big. Hot. Promise.

New Bering Sea Strike.

I Still Got The Raging Thirst.

No Need To Think Twice.

Maybe. I Will Be Close To First.

Come Dim First Light.

Aim To Break Camp.

Pull Up Stakes.

A New Di Cast Of Fate.

Borrow A Sled.

A Few Dogs.

Move Along.

Push Out.

Mush On.

Pull Out.

On Cold Yukon Ice.

Break A New Trail.

This Time I Won't Fail.

Gather. Cash.

My Meager Chips.

Still Got.

My Moxie.Grit.

Nerve. Skookum.

Pluck.

Time To Roam.

Try My Luck.

Head North To Nome.

*PHILLIP PAUL. 12/26/15.*

*Rabbit Creek.*

*At The Witching Hour.*

*Copyright. C.*

*Universal Rights Reserved.*