

## CAMP CHIKIDUHA, SLIM WATER

APPENDIX 10

We pull up to our camp, down the familiar muddy road,  
See that beloved worn out sign, nationalism in plains gone.  
We see our head counselor's face. That with laughing and didn't  
Holding down the street is great as, waving wildly with his cane.

As we walk down the rocky road, silent flows, not to see  
the forest so much about the upriver, that they've added here this year  
insulation, turning water, every stream around the hills  
As we pull in - yes, we see it's true - the birds all now have nests

0144-6707/00/0000-0000\$10.00/0

Oh! Krishna! with sweetest kind of you  
My feelings of a mindless love are might be true  
Oh! Krishna! for you inspire me  
To strive for meekness  
No matter what the other says, they say  
Forever I'll be true with you my love

Lower

Well, we're only one week in now, and already things are wild. I just love my wife's motto, "Take the challenge—accept the challenge." My favorite sports "Hinterland Challenge," which really is a test. I haven't done this one yet, but would be a great test.

My comrade is alright I guess, the shy and quiet type,  
At first I found him kinda lousy, though I'm never one to gripe  
And he lets us play outside, a freedom we don't get elsewhere,  
We work and when we're discontented that he's been dead a year we just leave.

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd

549-550

Where the politics are so quiet, you can hear the angels sing,  
And with the least bit of stirrings, within is a little thing  
And as I think of you, through a winter cold, forbidding,  
My eyes have shed a tear, but then again, who am I kidding?

LOWE 3

Now that childhood's gone, we've since moved on, as real life tries to tell  
My X's on the floor under, and my car's under the on people  
And the grounds are now a prison, what a sentimental touch  
Though with the wireless turned already I guess, I'd rather touch