

7-10-19 (BASE CAMP)

*How can one describe the beginning of an end?
One must hope for friends, fortune, and fun as a limitless trend.
To blaze a trail, and try everything new, is really all I want,
From my swan-song of a scout trip, the famous ranch, Philmont.*

7-13-19 (COTTONWOOD)

"In the Moment"
*It will be over soon, you think, this is easily known.
In years' time, from tangled memories, it will come greatly overgrown.
Enjoy it while you can, they say, to avoid a futile, longing regret,
So write, record, and imprint upon your mind, lest you come to forget!
And only long after good times have ended, fully register it may,
But preservation in human experience is what prevents life from slipping away.*

7-14-19 (BEATTY LAKES)

*Synthetic fibers, rubber, metal, and cloth indicate they are in our home;
They keep their shelter with packaged prey, and for many suns they roam.
In search of what, I know not, for they own vast lands of substance unknown,
Yet the creature who possesses so much acts like hundreds of moons back they've flown.
"In the land" and "away from the bustle," I, stalking them, have observed.
That's how I know we have it all, so good a bit of our land they conserved.*

7-16-19 (GREENWOOD)

*What is a halfway mark?
It occurs when the glass is both half full and half finished.
The worst and only predictor of a second part is the first, for
Expectations shine just enough light from behind clouds of judgement
To notice it, but not see. Like Philmont's own weather,
any adventuring day can differ dramatically from one just before.
So I will pack, but not wear, my extra rain jacket of preconceptions;
It may come in handy, but likely just provides unnecessary weight.*

7-18-19 (BALDY SUMMIT)

We've choked on wind, dust, and fatigue to summit the throat of scouting's world,

But beginning, middle, or end of the trek, our journey hasn't yet unfurled.

How many mountains must man climb to finally feel content?

So long as there's a higher place to reach, he will rise, with most determined intent.

7-20-19 (NEW DEAN AND CLOSING CAMPFIRE)

You've shoved gear into pack, checked box after box, and counted down the days.

To experience nature, explore years long ago, and hike under beating rays.

Your first thoughts of it occur, with parched throat and weary legs, resting on a pad, not quite thick.

It's quickly dismissed, for there's much to do, and you don't want it to leech like a tick.

You'll have fun and enjoy your time, if you do precisely as you're ought,

But slowly, it pulls, and at heartstrings it tugs, while you're most vulnerable and deepest in thought.

It's inevitable, you're a boomerang, bound to return at some point.

So with draining time, in once-in-a-lifetime experience, you must immerse and anoint.

Shortly thereafter, it's caught you unaware, and the final this and that has come and passed;

The time has arrived, infiltrated your conversations, and you feel it in foot and heart, at last.

Gathered around the dwindling fire, your fellowship circulates just once more.

In some way, a life is ending, and its last remains to become your memory's lore.

With a heavy sigh, you've accepted defeat, sad you've reached the end of adventuring lease,

But that thought, initially plunged deep, emerges, this time with reassuring sense of peace.

And once you've inspected your feelings, carefully, with a fine-toothed comb,

You'll soon come to realize, finally, it's truly time to come home.