

# The Pledge

Ferron

I thought I would  
At every turn  
Turn all of me toward turning down  
How, with timely grace I would accept  
The outcomes, that my life,  
Through various fates,  
Had born.

But even as the soils turned  
From wealthy black to wistful brown  
And village turned to city  
And city turned to town,

Where highway gave to roadway  
Or still, to path where weeds had grown,  
Clearly was I not most like  
A lover spurned on by perfection  
Or the hungry at a feast?

Not once at any intersection  
Was I but the Seeker to the Blessed  
The Walker to the Water  
The Student to the Test.

With sorrow and with laughter  
And always with bow into the crest.  
I sense that how I steer into a westward sun  
Is how I will steer toward my final one

And when all my sunset days are done  
That day will be my quiet one  
And until that day I pledge myself  
Your ever-eager guest.