

# The Road to Santiago

Heather Dale

A townsman's life is even, like the dust upon the road;  
Not changing with the seasons -- just with fortune's  
fickle load.  
But sitting on my step and bending hide and thread to  
task  
I saw the first man walking, I saw the first man  
walking  
I saw the first of many walking past.  
In ones and twos they travelled, the first hints of the  
wave  
With hat and stick and scallop they would go to see the  
grave  
Of the Saint who'd lived among us... we, a town he'd  
come to save  
As he walked upon the road to Santiago.  
With pennies in their pockets and with blisters on  
their feet  
They'd come within their weariness, the humble and the  
meek.  
For while a day could bring them wages, a month could  
bring release  
From the road that they were walking, this road that  
they were walking  
This road that led them forth in their belief.  
Soon the trickle was a torrent, then the torrent was a  
flood  
And like Noah how they laughed amid the gadflies and  
the mud  
And I wondered what they shared that made such  
disparate men beloved  
As they walked upon the road to Santiago.  
For one had come from Germany and one from here in  
Spain  
And one from near the Bosphorus where Constantine had  
reigned  
From every land they sallied forth then ventured home  
again  
And found the road worth walking, they found this road  
worth walking  
For all agreed their roads were much the same.  
And so I laid my work aside -- the day's long toils  
would keep.  
For what was said? "A man must sow, if he intends to  
reap"?  
So with a laugh I set to putting blisters on my feet  
As I joined them on the road to Santiago.