

## My Wilderness Retreat

A retreat in the woods had long been my plan  
Having been since my boyhood an outdoors fan  
To raise most of my food and subsist on my own  
And enjoy my last years in a wilderness home

So here at last are my dreams all come true  
Pursuing the lifestyle I'd always planned to  
Snug in my cabin made of field stone and pine  
With a closeness to nature that's simply divine

I raise a few staples that are easy to grow  
Turnips and squash, beans and potato  
Blueberries and nuts grow wild all about  
And just free for the taking in any amount

To preserve for the winter I use Indian ways  
Remembered from back in my Boy Scout days  
Drying and storing, some deep in the ground  
To keep me in stock till next season comes round

I manage to catch some fish through the ice  
The few that I hook will more than suffice  
I find I can do just as well without meat  
With quite enough protein in nuts that I eat

Now deep into winter with sub-zero outside  
Yet so comfy and snug by my warm fireside  
Burning wood that I cut in the autumn to store  
With plenty for winter stacked outside the door

I'm absorbed in great works from Plato to Rousseau  
All those classics I never got around to till now  
With this lifestyle of leisure and plenty of time  
I'll be setting my own stories to meter and rhyme

Oh, there's one thing I may have forgotten to tell  
While romancing a dream that would surely be hell  
I have made up the whole of this simply for fun  
While enjoying life's comforts, yes every last one

STC, December 2010