

The Endless Poolby Ken Graves

THE MUFFLED SOUND
OF THE HOOVES POUND
THE TINY PUFFS
OF FINE DUST
THE CREAK OF LEATHER
THE CLANK OF TOOLS
RIDING ON
THE BACKS OF MULES

A SINGLE STAR
ON A COAL BLACK NITE
THE ONLY THING
TO FOCUS OUR SIGHT
ALL ELSE
AN ENDLESS DARK POOL
WHERE SWIM US PACKERS
AND OUR MULES

WE TRUST OUR STEEDS
EVERY STEP
EVEN THO SOME
MAKE US LOSE OUR BREATH
WE TRUST OUR MULES
WITH THE PAYLOADS IN THEIR PACKS
TO KEEP THE LOADS LEVEL
AND ON THEIR BACKS

IT'S BEST TO GET IN
BEFORE DARK
WHEN YOU'RE PACKING IN
LASSEN PARK
BUT THE BEST LAID PLANS
OF MICE AND MEN
SOMETIMES GET BLOWN
BY THE WIND

SO RIDIN' ALONG
A COAL BLACK TRAIL
YOU BETTER BE RIDIN' STOCK
THAT CAN PACK THE MAIL
THAT MISS THE OBSTACLES
ALONG THE TRAIL
THAT WIND THEIR WAY
LIKE A GREAT BIG SNAIL

BACK AT CAMP
A CAMPFIRE COOK
GIVES THE TRAIL
A WORRIED LOOK
PACKERS LATE
FOR THE DINNER HE BAKES
COALS BURN LOW
AND BLINDS HIS STARE
BUT IT'S NOT THE FOOD
THAT HAS HIS CARE



PACK STRINGS STRUNG
UNDER A SILVER MOON HUNG
OVER A COAL BLACK POOL
FULL OF FOOLS
THEY SHOULD BE HOME
RESTING IN BED
INSTEAD OF HERE TIRED
AND FEELING HALF DEAD

THE CREAK OF LEATHER
THE CLANK OF TOOLS
RIDING ON
THE BACKS OF MULES
A SINGLE STAR
TO FOCUS OUR SIGHT
AND LET US KNOW
THAT ALL IS RIGHT
IN THIS ENDLESS DARK POOL
WHERE SWIM US PACKERS
AND OUR MULES



My very special thanks to Ken Graves, for allowing me to share his wonderful cowboy poetry with you. An extremely talented composer, Ken usually writes from experiences.

This particular poem came from the night we were packing out of Lassen Park, and it is truly a wonderful and evocative description of that night.