

## ***The Endless Pool .....by 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.*