

FIRES BURNING STILL

Jim Barton

Somewhere in a valley green, the fires are burning still;
men with dreams are sizing up the steep and rocky hill.
Plotting course beneath the peak, they gather what they need;
marking maps before them, now, and scarcely paying heed
 to past defeats and failures,
 to missteps on the trail—
 for here, the fires are burning,
 their missions will not fail.

Somewhere in my younger days, the fires still blazed within;
gazing at the mountain's peak, I knew that I could win.
Twists and turns were tossed my way amidst a raging storm;
yet within, the fire still burned; its presence kept me warm.
 No dead end trails or dangers
 along that narrow track
 could cool the fire within me,
 nor force me to turn back.

Somewhere on my journey long, the fires which once had roared,
plans and schemes of youthful dreams, which like the eagles soared,
went the way of things unwatched, and never may return ;
yet, there's hope within my soul that once again, they'll burn.
 I'm halfway up the mountain, now;
 there is no turning back.
 New flames I'll fan, and once again,
 I'll climb that rising track.

I'll be no dying ember
quenched by drop of rain;
I'll be a fire remembered,
that shall not burn in vain.