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In the lands that are designated wilderness lie the necessary refuge providing the quiet for reflection on what once was, and the stillness for consideration of what will be. Such sanctuary for contemplative pursuits may perhaps contribute, in some undiscovered truth, to saving us from ourselves.

## HIGH LONESOME

He rode high plains, endured the rains,  
That pounded him like fists.  
Till one grey dawn, with heavy yawn,  
Sleep sought him in the mist.

Down off his steed, to quickly feed,  
His boots sink in the mud.  
The trail though long, will find him strong,  
This land is in his blood.

The fire will dry, all but his eye,  
A melancholy tear,  
Rests on his cheek, he need not speak,  
Of one, held once, so near.

This loved one's face, he last embraced,  
Upon an autumn's eve.  
His wrinkles show, how long ago,  
His heart rests on his sleeve.

Back on his mount, miles beyond count,  
From his journey's end.  
He knows at last, he's lost the past,  
His heart will never mend.

These endless dreams, should end it seems,  
As daybreak brings the morrow.  
For yesterday, has gone away,  
Why hasn't all his sorrow?

He feels this way, each gloomy day,  
Emotions grip his heart.  
Then like the sky, he heaves a sigh,  
As grey clouds drift apart

His soul is won, by morning sun,  
He whistles a lazy tune

Onto the air, all worldly cares,  
Are vanquished, oh so soon.

His mind is clear, the mountains near,  
Their crowns of white held high.  
This valley green, is seldom seen,  
A hawk soars slowly by.

The sagebrush scent, so long has meant,  
A freedom few men know.  
It drifts so sweet, on up to meet,  
The pine scent in the snow.

His heartbeat thrills, these beautiful hills,  
His senses overwhelm.  
His hard mouth smiles, at endless miles,  
Of peace within his realm.

The lodgepole pine, are Nature's shrine,  
Beneath their boughs it's still.  
A tranquil place, filled with the grace,  
Of God and his good will.

The granite peaks, forever speak,  
Of man's short time on earth.  
Each day his life, through pain and strife,  
Is lived for all it's worth.

He holds life dear, with little fear,  
He knows one day he'll die.  
His only hope, it's on this slope,  
Alone, under the sky.

William F. Hughes

Hailey