

I entered into this old town,
Of Tassies fame to stretch their down;
Of the west where sun sits there,
The very last straw for me to beware.

I often wondered of it all,
Of who was first and who would call;
As if the first time was the last,
And what's gone on in time that's past.

Amongst the still ad grey of it,
Or mist on stands from which I sit;
And out across the way from water's edge,
Comes the meaning of all knowledge.

And when the sun has been and gone,
From days on end to moonlit night shone;
There is passion in the people,
Of who was first and last to steeple.

And while the country humbles into dark,
The fire there flickered with gentle spark;
So when the night head fished day,
The last straw was lead yet another way.

For all the times when things went wrong,
And sin was church'd from sing to song;
The glorious eeriness of the place,
The last straw drawn to reveal my face.

Signed,

Don't break the camel's back