

Fuente

Face weather-beaten behind a high cowl,
a wise and a gentle smile, steady of step and
staff in hand, a gourd hanging from his belt,
filled from a *fuentes* rising in the dry stone

He's never walked this way and yet he's
walked it times beyond counting, with anyone
who welcomes him – and he's led armies, but
that was another time, he denies he'd ever

decapitated Moors, but he led the charge –
but now, like me, a peregrino, not captive in
shrines of stone in ancient churches, though
find him there we may – like me he's walking,

boot-shuffling along that undulating road, in all
weathers, all seasons, all times, past or future,
travelling his solace, joy and destination –

I have only to find the rhythm of his step.

Chris Collier/July 2015