

Barbara
By Jeffrey Varanyak

Barbara, visitor from a foreign land
Weary of city sprawl
No inner peace at this locale
Barbara traverses undaunted

Wooded groves paint the landscape
Hemlocks and Spruce stand proud
Shrouded in snow and hoar frost
Welcomed sense of quietness prevails

Barbara begins to feel at ease
Nature abounds, a tired mental...
...fogginess is lifting
Cathedral of Oaks
Suddenly appear before the traveler

Worn tree stump provides a bench
Barbara, visitor from a foreign land
Pours Java from a Stanley thermos
Just one sip and the world is right...

*This poem is for the hands of the workin' woman
Who believes in herself and she understands
Love, Hope, Faith are the Maker's plans
-Lynyrd Skynyrd 2009*