

Ten Years After - The Raving¹

The Half-Fast Lane made its debut ten years ago this month. Little did I foresee where this would lead, to awards from the Road Runners Club of America for Writer of the Year and Newsletter of the Year, but I do hope that you have found an occasional bit of humor or inspiration within these pages. My sincere thanks to all for your support and kind words over the years.

Once upon a decade dreary, while I pondered weak and weary,
O'er this quaint and curious collaboration of old forgotten lore.
Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
As I sought to fill each page with some few words
Until there was nothing more.

Alas, my soul grew weak but with coffee tweaked
That filled me with terror never felt by human hearts before.
Nonetheless, soon I was serene, lost amongst my dreams
Of striding out mile upon mile
Until I had nothing more.

But there soon came a gentle tapping that quickly became a rapping
And an urgent whimper that seemed to implore
That I rouse to my senses and cast aside all pretenses
And quickly attend to a matter most urgent
Out beyond my chamber door.

For there sat my faithful hound, imploring as if she could expound,
Howling howls no mortal hound ever howled before.
Eagerly she wished to advise that the time was nigh
And with tail a-wag and eyes a-light away we did run
Until we had nothing more.

Verily I bent to my task anew, hoping each page to accrue
But soon cursed curses no mortal ever cursed before;
For there as I was dreading my printer had begun to shredding
Every scintilla of my very sweat and blood.
And I screamed "Nevermore!"

Deep into the darkness peering, long I stood there, fearing,
Doubting doubts no mortal ever doubted before;
I would bid this effort adieu and reach instead for another brew
While those epithets bestowed upon my works shall ever remain
Nameless here forevermore.

Back into my chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Knowing little but what my hound had taught me before.

Soon there would come a-kneading, each folio in turn receding;
Let my heart be still a moment upon these words
And let it be ever more.

Within these humble pages silence was unbroken, their stillness gave no token,
With the only words my soul ever did once outpour,
Keep on running, time is flying so keep on trying.
Gonna run, gonna free myself inside²
Forevermore.

¹ With humble apologies to Edgar Allan Poe and *The Raven*.

² *Gonna Run*, Alvin Lee, Ten Years After.