

## Camino delights

*(For Sylvie and François, also pilgrims)*

On the Camino, worried,  
They take off with passion.  
Many, their steps hurried,  
Will lose their direction.  
Their gait is for a race,  
Each stage is way too long,  
And ransom for their pace  
Their pain is very strong.

What draws us on the way  
Ahead to Santiago?  
Why should we now pay  
The pains we undergo?  
For most wish to escape  
Old hurts, bad conditions,  
But cruel is the fate  
That worsens emotions.

Very few are at ease:  
Living in the present,  
They find how to please  
Others at each moment.  
They can offer their help  
To those besieged by pain:  
Their care is gently felt,  
Their attention not vain.

Warmhearted and alert,  
They turn into healers:  
Soothing those who are hurt  
They are God's messengers.  
They unbind what was bound,  
Lighten what was heavy.  
Their wisdom is so sound:  
It makes people happy.

They laugh at anything,  
But could cry for much more,  
For they plumb everything:  
Seeking truth at its core.  
Under the blazing heat  
They sing song after song.  
The dust beneath their feet  
Is haze that moves along.

Whether leaving early  
Or the last ones to go  
They can enjoy surely  
What each turn will show.  
For them, time does not count:  
Loving the trail ahead,  
They cross vale after mount  
And always find a bed.

If their feet are too warm  
They will stop by a pond,  
Beg water at a farm  
And nap under a frond.  
Uniquely much aware  
Of this world's great marvels,  
Many tales will they share  
Of their lovely travels.

And so by example  
They lead others to see  
That friendship is simple  
When you just let it be.  
To people on the way  
They are Camino lights  
They turn night into day,  
They bring many delights!