

## Compostela lights

*(Sweet memories of the great year that just went by)*

Overflowing, munificent:  
Such was 2005.  
Retiring seemed decent:  
I did much more than just revive!

"You felt younger", some said,  
"And how could it be?" -  
"Just let your heart be led...  
By all that you can see."

Inward must be the dive,  
Searching deep and steadfast,  
For what's there still alive:  
The remnant of the past.

Thank you, Son of Thunder,  
Saint James the Major,  
I found you there - under -  
You renewed my vigor.

I took my time, I dwelt,  
I was youthful again  
As minutes always felt  
Like hours to the brain.

Your gifts, Mother Nature  
The bird, the butterfly  
Then appeared so pure:  
With them I would just fly.

Alive again you were  
As I walked to Saint James:  
Seeing you was "Easter",  
With the gift it proclaims.

Oh gorgeous memories,  
Buried deep in the dust,  
That's what the walk carries  
Beneath the outer crust!

Much more, along the trail  
I picked up here and there  
Flowers pretty and frail  
Which will stay in my care.

My nostrils and my eyes  
Always will remember  
Your perfume and your guise  
More precious than amber.

I picked you with pleasure:  
With you I shall recall  
What does look like treasure  
After rain's heavy fall.

Cute flowers in the field,  
Little stars of the day,  
So great is your yield:  
You brightened my way!

Short-lived as you may seem  
You make us all ponder:  
Though brief our life may deem  
The future is wonder.

I much groaned, toiling,  
And I slipped in the muck;  
You didn't stop twinkling  
Omens of better luck!

I will keep on walking,  
Fearless of bad weather:  
Each storm will be passing,  
Spring comes after winter!

Camino candle beams,  
You never deceived me  
Life's brighter, it seems,  
Having seen you so free!



