

Along Our Trail For YG and DSW February 11, 2026

That path off S. Public Rd, where I've seen you two
with the lot, restrooms, benches and creek.
I visit when I can, hoping sometimes to see you.
Sometimes, it's good to walk alone
talking back to the lapping creek in a language I never knew.

I left you a gift which fell off my guitar case luggage tag.
You'll know me by my adolescent pursuits, the colorful Beatles patch.

Like most, it should have been sewn somewhere or left at home to collect dust safely.
Find it if you can with the black background not white. Smile and share, Laugh.
Donate to my legal fund for nicking this illustrative example.
You can split custody or leave it for the wind so you know where it is.
Let it also find you, don't search too hard.
I've said goodbye today no longer being 15, stuck on belongings.

Don't return it unless it transforms from a needle
to a small body 12 string guitar on the ownerless road.
In that case, send pictures and maybe claim it for me.
Otherwise, let blessings blow our way.

