

## The Horned One

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Determined, though departed, chiseled by land  
And from the land he cradles in his heart.  
A being free of the soil and of the soil  
Returns to those soiled and dusty,  
Beleaguered on their road.  
For the faithless monk, he offers courage;  
Peace billows from his nostrils and mists about his antlers  
Draped in veteran's ribbons, thoughtful trails.

Grandfather's fingers,  
He was once grandfather to someone  
Long ago in a past that is dear and remembered  
But details secret and precious, exact words irrelevant:  
His are the hands that steady the addict.  
His is the voice that pauses the lecher.  
His is the sadness felt for the orphan.  
His presence pursues, guides, protects.