

The Reeducation of Dr. G.

By Robert Garmston

Even warm beer is good
with the breeze at my back
on this clear
Sierra day

wind chilled
from distant peaks
snow dotting bare grey granite
like white patches of hair
on a widower

meadow birds twitter

attentively
a robin hops

and Ted sleeps
against the base of a gnarled tree
white hair
grizzly as a mountain bear
he guides us
on this
once familiar journey

thoughtfully deliberate
Read the directions first, he cautions
Stop. Not too fast.
decades of observation
insight and learning
define his brow

I am grateful
to be taught again
the ways of the mountains
to avoid swampy ground
near potential camp sites
to insert poles

in the grommets
before clicking the fasteners
to linger over patches
of purple lupus
basking in the sun

thankful again
for the slow
measured pace of nature
leisurely watching
sunrays between trees
revealing gnat squadrons
caught in incandescent vortexes
while
other insects hover
buzz
weightless bodies upon my pant leg

lives apart
worlds at the other end of each other
yet in sacred moments like these
I, schooled in *matters of consequence*
sit at his knee
a child again in a man's body
capable of connecting, of friendship,
nursing this warm beer
near a lake where he sleeps

Robert J. Garmston
6/16/15