

LOST and FOUND

Around the campfire, each July,
The legend grows and will not die
Of great processions up the hill
And worried, unexpected thrill.

We still recall the afternoon,
'Twas but a month since early June,
The campsite boiling with travail
When Kenny wandered off the trail.

For company, she led astray
Ol' Dave's pal, Debbie, feet of clay.
They said they'd just go out a mile.
It turned out they were gone a while.

And while we huddled in the hail,
All rescue efforts no avail,
Her superannuated spouse, so overwrought,
Soon led a search that came to naught.

We sent repeated parties forth.
They checked the East, they probed the North.
And when you hear, I'm sure you'll toast,
We even frisked the Holy Ghost.

At last, while one team trotted still
The slope of one steep-sided hill
The wand'ring Deb and Kennylee
Came sauntering across the scree.

They strolled into the camp and said,
Uncorking beer and pita bread,
"We hope we've caused no great chagrin.
We cannot tell you where we've been.

"We climbed a hill that looked too high
And saw, while gazing to the sky
The same dark raincloud that looks down
Upon the lost, as well as the found."

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