

Wakeman Rick

"The Journey"

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By horse, by rail, by land, by sea, our journey starts

Two men incensed by one man's journey from the past

In Iceland, where the mountain stood with pride

They set off with their guide

To reach the mountain side

Roped as one for safety through the long descent

Into the crater of volcanic rock they went

Look up from our telescopic lair,

One star for us to share,

We continue on our prayer.

Crystals of opaque quartz, studded limpid tears,

Forming magic chandeliers, lighting blistered
galleries.

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