**The wood of the north**

I long for the wood of the North

My heart’s where I want it to be

I see the truth of my calling

Uniquely fit to me

And yet my mind wanders

From the place that I’m in

Not set to leap

And not settled within

The logic is plain

On the path that I know

of that which was sure

Now I find I don’t know

What is it that lingers

And hangs on to tight

That I cannot discard

And don’t want to fight

Could there be truth

Yet in the unknown

A path revealed

by next steps unknown

But what of my plans

And the glory they’d bring

And the folks I would help

So they could once again sing

And what of the that scent

Of the wood in the North

And what of my plans

And what of my course

Stuck in the middle

My heart knows the way

And walks on that path

With new light everyday