HAD I BUT TIME

Had I but time I’d tell you about a fellow
who sits tall in his saddle and is
hell on wheels on the way to town.

A man who is at ease in concert halls,
hole-in-the-wall cafes, and very much
a man at home on the range.

Blending easily with high society at
elaborate functions, with high rollers
and empty pocketers and modest people.

Had I but time I’d tell you about a fellow
who is a mender of broken pipes, broken
bones, broken dreams and broken lives.

A man who moves mountains (only small ones),
moves caskets to burial grounds, moves
willful men and mired-in-precedent committees.

A friend to the famous and the infamous,
a lover of solitude compelled to deal with
people of all backgrounds and persuasions.

Had I but time I’d tell you about a fellow
who solves problems, exudes strength,
considers all the possibilities — and acts.

A man who has broken much new ground
as he preserved the old, fertilizing
pastures and people’s minds and hearts to grow.

A teller of tales ("Well, there were two
brothers at Ghost Ranch"), a pounder of nails,
a persuader of Presbyterians and many others.

Had I but time I’d strive for whimsy and flair
and be bolder. But I leave you here with the
finest of accolades: “Jim Hall has been a fine
soldier.”

Lora Morgan Wermuth
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