

Blowing Winds of Time

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Jack, The Old Cowboy Poet

Sailing on breezes so sweet and cool
The winds of youth blew strong
Sometime serious sometimes acting the fool
Unafraid to sing a different song

The winds changed as we aged
Growing harsher with each season
Turning in the wind like a book's page
Like the weather, we know not the reason

Now the breezes are fast and cold
Bringing that chill of an aging sign
Oh, how painful to grow so old
With the blowing winds of time

Edwin J. Smith

The Old Cowboy Poet

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