

*One Word*

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“Lyt Chware”

“Ho there, wanderer! Come sit at our fire,  
And rest your weary feet a while.  
Tell us of the lands and wonders you’ve seen—  
Your bearing carries all your miles.”

And with pride, she said, “I’m from Pahmoten,”  
But their confusion let it slip away,  
So she took a moment to search inside herself  
For all she meant to convey.

For when she says Pahmoten, she can hear laughter ring,  
Shining through the rain and dark is the joy it brings.  
It lightens her heart even from afar,  
For one word reminds of everything we are.

With words, she painted the mountains, hills, and dales,  
In her eyes burned temple braziers.  
They could hear the city’s thrum and the rushing river wild,  
And the times she wishes she were braver.

And she opened their eyes to a world of timeless friends,  
As loyal as any family,  
The calm they brought her and sureness in her step:  
The very best of company.

For when we say Pahmoten, think of sunsets in June,  
Warm food and tales under a silvery moon,  
And when we crawl in bed, there’s a smile on our face.  
It may be one word, but it’s never just a place.

So if you find yourself on Pahmoten’s shores,  
Come and share a toast with us:  
To health and strength and fellowship,  
In the sun that shines from above.

For when I say Pahmoten, I can never see the end.  
We cherish time together and never is it spent.  
Remember the smiles we made, but most of all,  
Remember how one word can be your heart’s call.