



My name is Jack, but it could easily be Tim.

They created me from a dream on paper with a pen.

But it felt real when I came to life,

At least I felt so with my daily strife.

I wanted to consume you with a hidden adventure,

With few rules or red ropes to mention.

Through the woods or down the river.

Hope we made friends and went together.

You met my dog and saw me at my worst.

Or maybe my best, but don't judge first.

I am confident, scared, weak, and strong.

Like every woman or man, tell me I'm wrong?

*Sometimes things work and sometimes they don't,
But never quit before you start or you'll never know.*

Like one final adventure, before I go.

Maybe on the Fox, Wolf or the Red.

Or maybe Winnebago, Baraboo or Devil's Head.

Who knows where the last treasures will be?

I'm lost—so not even me!

Is that a lake? A pond? A stream? Or A river?

A Maple? an Ash? an Oak? or just a sliver?

Do I walk, run, drive or bike?

Maybe I'll kayak, before I hike?

Do I call Marlys and meet in the middle?

Green Lake or Beaver Dam—is it that simple?

Never I say...

but last time you found it in a day.

Maybe I'm right, or maybe wrong,

the things they have taught us all along.

But maybe not so simple, more than meets the eye.

Sometimes right is wrong, and vice versa on my side.

So follow me, on the last adventure,

we will get lost and found together.

*If you've kept up this long, what's one more loop,
one more drive and one more hoot?*

*So you stuck with me, you will see it through.
Maybe you have read this long and haven't found a clue?*

*How about a hundred steps in any direction?
Watch for the ledge, it's steep I should mention.*

*Circle the maze... I feel like I've been here before.
I can smell the flowers in the wind and there are trees galore.*

*Some may climb, some may hike,
Some may camp, some may bike.*

*They all pass by, they haven't a clue.
That I am Kayak Jack and the treasure is new.*

The adrenaline pumps as I wind through the walls.

The beauty amazes and it all looks so tall.

I wish Marlys was here, or even Cliff too.

Humdinger couldn't make it and Monster was blue.

Around the caves and to the center of it all,

Like the heart of the woods next to a tree so tall.

Not in sight but it looks out of place,

Like an oasis in the desert or a turtle in a race.

You will find the treasure left with almost no trace.



I wondered out of the woods and back to the car.

Marlys stuck in my head and the next destination felt far.

The music and thoughts of the long drive.

Sometimes I enjoyed it as it makes you feel alive.

I drove past the grave in the field and the howling moon.

To a place free and I needed to stop soon.

I wondered through the park with the weight of the treasure.

And heavy thoughts, much deeper than the weather.

The memory of friends who have come and gone.

All the pirates in my life that have sailed along.

The soldiers and sailors, the heroes and crooks,

all of their stories will always fit in my books.

One round we live, and the blessed get old.

Sometimes not realising the life they behold.

The joys of reminiscing about every adventure,

With no regrets that we will take time to mention.

I sat on the stone and lumber bench to reflect in the cold,

and before me appear the wrinkles on the faces of the old.

The pain and the grief of the hours they wish they hadn't sold.

But behind the skin you hear the child in the stories told.

Beauty fades but the lucky are those that can remember,

The ones that lived and loved and hold your heart forever.

The water rippled on the shore gently digging a hole in the center,

I watched and listened while lost in the memory of my many men-

tors.

*Sweet and salty but true and constant,
Like the Packers playing on Sundays in Wisconsin.*

*I ventured off the bench and past where the lions kept watch.
Then I hid the treasure directly below where the letter marks the
spot.*

*I thought about Marlys and the treasure, to boot.
I decided I am okay, with or without her or the loot.*

*We spend our entire lives moving on,
But when you think about it we don't get very long.*

*Smile often and be kind every chance you get because life is a
blessing,
Always another chance at contentment or to chase the dream and
keep guessing.*

To be happy with yourself is the greatest treasure,

But when the chance arises, choose love and adventure.

*Then, when the ride is finally over and you can't remember where
you've been,*

You know you lived well if you would give anything to do it all again.

