

“The Fellowship of the Turning Road”
Rediscovering That Lost Highway In The Rubble,
From Out Of The Shadows In The Banquet Hall

For Bob

I. “Brotherhood in the Shadows”

The highway winds like a serpent’s spine,
Brothers shoulder to shoulder, holding the line.
The preacher shouts of a heavenly throne,
But the laborer’s call is a softer tone.

“Hey, man, ain’t you tired of chasin’ that star?”
Said a drifter with a voice like a beat-up guitar.
I looked in his eyes, saw a spark in the cold,
A flicker of fire, not diamonds nor gold.

“We’re all bound to the same long track,
You take the front, I’ll watch your back.
The rich man’s mirror reflects his throne,
But the poor man’s soul is carved in stone.”

The world’s a fiddle, tuned to despair,
But brotherhood rises like a hymn in the air.
And as the night sang the darkest blues,
I found my faith in the soles of my shoes.

The road hums low, a hymn without end—
each step a verse, each man's heartbeat a chord.
Every second of those forever days an echo of future
time out of mind

II. “God and the Quiet Gavel”

The boy in the bell tower heard the clock run late,
With a silver-hair verdict hung heavy with fate.
He whispered to the moon, “God, can you hear me?”
But silence struck twelve, and it rung so clearly.

In the courtroom of shadows, where dreams go to plea,
Man sits on the jury, blindfolded, but free.
They debated the wind, they cross-examined the sun,
But the verdict was hidden in a song unsung.

“Was He just a carpenter, or a conjurer of signs?
Did He build up these walls, or tear down the lines?”
The answer came back with a grin and a jest:
“Man’s got a Bible, but God’s got the rest.”

And in that great court, where no lies abide,
The gavel falls soft, but the echo’s worldwide.
For grace is a gift, but a gift is a chain—
To hold what we have is to live through the pain.

The boy descended the tower, his steps unmeasured,
beneath a sky too wide for verdicts, too vast for blame.
The earth turned beneath him, its silence heavy,
each footfall a question, each breath a plea.
The moon leaned closer, a pale witness unmoved,
while the wind swept past, unbound, uncaring,
and still, the gavel’s echo lingered—
not in sound, but in the weight of knowing.

IV. “Fellow Travelers”

A young boy stands where the rails go crooked,
His shadow behind him, his questions unwritten.
The barkeep wipes down his eternal regrets,
While the road outside plays a song of debts.

“Hey, kid, you’re a man when you can hear the cries,
And still crack a joke beneath steel-colored skies.
But don’t trust a mirror that grins when you grin,
It’ll steal your youth and sell you your sins.”

The jukebox hums of a world long gone,
The harmonica wails, its notes barely hangin’ on.
“You’ll know the truth when the lies stop fightin’,
When the darkest of nights holds no candle to lightning.”

He tipped his hat to a stranger unseen,

Who carried his doubt with a soldier's lean.
Two paths converged under Heaven's cruel gaze—
And the boy walked on, manhood ablaze.

The rails dissolved into dust beneath his stride,
a hymn lingering in the hollow of his chest.
Stars fell silent, the wind held its breath—
a crossroads, not of paths trod, but of burdens shared.
The boy, now a man, stepped toward the echo,
his face now a mask which whispered the truth of the journey.

V. "Alias Returns To Depart"

Steel rails divide us—
Yet the moonlight binds our steps,
Brothers 'til the dawn.

Footsteps echo wide,
Laughter binds the weary hearts—
Young men walk as one.

Crescent stars fall, still,
Grace builds bridges in the night—
Man grows in the light.

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