

The Leaving

The deed is done, for I have spoke
of resignation to the folk
with whom I've toiled these fourteen years.
That they won't let me go, I fear,
is now no longer my concern
for there is so much which I yearn
to challenge and to chance. I know
it's with a sad but certain heart I go
to Canada. That far off land ...
It's true I have myself a plan
for Winnipeg – to teach, to share,
to take on things I'd never dare
to tackle here. Yes, moving on –
within two months I will be gone,
but not forgotten by fam'ly, friends,
on whose support my strength depends.

So I'll take this chance on who I am
and set off for my new homeland.
It is not courage, I am not brave,
it's just a choice that I have made.
This decade past has taunted me
but then, perhaps, still set me free
for other things. Ah, time will tell.
Shed not your tears, pray, fare me well!

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