Crystal Creek

Dar Williams

You so fleet and youthful
Mustve split a thousand apples
Oh I watched you as you steadied first your heart and then your breath
Venturing out scanned a thousand blades of grass
And when you drew your bow string
It was a swift and cordial death.
As you stood in the wilderness
Did you feel the silence in the stillness?
And was me with you in the forest
For you knew the balance the balances before us
I was guarding crystal creek.
Our tree its a record; a home of memories
And every bird springs from an old masters canvas full and flight
And the pond I go to sparkles in a vast estuary
And those men saw nothing
Staring drunken through their sights
The one who spied me out as God still plunder
Had to show the world that he was not a true hunter
And it was me when he saw me naked
He was interrupting something sacred
I was guarding Crystal Creek.
And the newsmen circled
Leaving trails of cigarette butts
Machine like, up the hill to crystal creek
Jane, she said who would do this thing
Ive seen today? I cannot hold my mic
My hands are shaking; knees are weak
Found a man and he was wrapped in a deerskin
Riddled through with boxes of his friends ammunition
Turn the camera off, she said.
And that was me
All my noble animals
You must act with reverence not like cannibals
I was guarding crystal creek

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