

Many Trails

Bill Miller

A boy heard the voice of the whippoorwill one night

And went out to find where he was singing

He had to walk quite a ways through a big field

Because the song of the whippoorwill carried so well in the wind

He sounded much closer then he really wasAnd on the way the boy found a well worn trail

So he stayed on it for a while

And sitting in the middle of the trail was coyote

And coyote was singing tooHe turned and saw the boy and he said

"Why are you following me?"

The boy was frightened and said

"Well, the trail you made happened to be a short

And easy way through this field.Then coyote asked, "Well, if you're not following me

Then why are you here?"

"Well, I heard the beautiful song of the whippoorwill

And wanted to watch him sing""Well, do you not think my songs are beautiful?", said coyote

"Oh", said the boy, "They're good but I hear you all the time

I much prefer the songs of the whippoorwill"

This made coyote furious and he was jealous of the whippoorwill's songHe said, "Listen to my night song you
might like this one"

And he pulled back his head and yodeled out a tune

The boy covered his ears and politely said

"Thank you for the song but I must be going now""Well", coyote said

"I can show you a short cut to the whippoorwill boy

And where he sings is just over there"

Pointing his claw, smiling out of the side of his mouthThe boy paused, looked around

He knew the night was passing fast so he agreed to follow coyote

But coyote's trail was rough and rocky

And the boy fell in quite a few gopher holes along the wayCoyote turned around and laughed

And he yelled to the boy, "We're almost there, hurry up"

Coyote was at a full trot but the boy

Had just fallen again and hurt his kneeAnd by the time he got to the place

Where the whippoorwill had been singing all night

It was morning, Whippoorwill was gone and so was coyote

In fact he could hear coyote's songs in another fieldSo the boy turned and headed for home

Covered with burns, mosquito bites and a skinned up knee

And it was many summers later

When the boy became a wiser manAnd he realized, there are no shortcuts

To find something you really love

But there are many trails in this life

So you must stay true to your path
And always keep and eye out for coyote

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