

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 than he really was And 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 too He 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 song He 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 mouth The 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 way Coyote 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 knee And 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 field So 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 man And 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 an eye out for coyote

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