

"BILL"

How shall I draw a picture of Bill?  
What will my memory be?  
Tall, dark, suntanned, almost black  
Is that the man I see?

The picture I have is never still  
Always in motion, he  
Down in the field picking up roots  
Left from the jungle, debris

Riding a tractor, mixing feed  
Tending a pregnant sow  
Watering chickens, clearing land  
The picture comes clearer now

Planning the future of this land  
Burning the midnight oil  
Up at the crack of rosy dawn  
Bill is a son of toil

Sparing of words, his wisdom deep  
Shows in the work he's done  
This legacy to the Lao he leaves  
When he flies to meet the sun

A farm, where naught but jungle stood  
He showed what could be done  
Whoever follows in Bill's footsteps  
'll be a busy son-of-a-gun.

Dell Johnson