

Ode to Byron Van Clief

By Glenn Currier

When Byron was a little paunchy chap
the guys made fun of his clumsy ways
he didn't fit in and was prone to mishap
and some days he seemed stuck in a daze.

But little Byron loved to read
books were his passion
those stories were like a farmer's seed
and soon he became a flowering tree in a fashion.

Byron began to write fascinating tales
of knights and freights and a pirate's ship
where those bullies were caught in the yarns' sails
and in a matter of time hordes flocked to this writer's grip.

Women chased the handsome man he became
he made big bucks, got married and had three boys
being on TV and writing movies brought fame
and he bought a house and big man-toys.

He got to be on top of the heap
in control of his life and those of others
his success and pockets were deep
he almost always had his druthers.

But then Byron grew older
and being selfish and strong didn't do it for him
it wasn't enough to be better and bolder
and he'd lost track of his wife, his kids and kin.

All that he'd gained now seemed like a cross
with Byron's luck, exploits, and scores
it was his center and his anchor he'd lost
but soon he wondered, and asked was there something more?

He retreated to the desert and a secluded place
and discovered that being on top and number one
failed him and the noonday demon gave chase
as he was tempted to get up and run.

But instead he decided to let go in his grief
recalled that chubby boy reading in a quiet place
and he found the true self of Byron van Clief
who then and only then... could fall... into an ocean of grace.

