

Deep Wood Lodge

Rodney Jones

*High above the Cains...the lodge is always waiting
For those whose fortune leads them there...
To see the river's beauty and the woods so fresh and fair
To see the salmon jumping and the eagle in the air
To find the warmth of friendship in a place that's truly rare.*

*Pancakes on the griddle, bacon on the side
Dogs everywhere- without a care, eyes all open wide
Cause boot and shell and mood and smell
They know have never lied, and...
"To the firs" they say, for grouse today, for we know that's where they'll hide.*



*So...to the Bettsburg Road and Chipman, and the
woods we've walked before
Where Clark and Abbie, Tom and Ralph, then with
us always tore
Through Popple and Birch, as they did search, on
red-yellow leaves of yore
I saw them then, I see them now, in my mind
forevermore
Circling, scenting, finding, holding...now their
offspring have that chore.*

*Then woodcock in the alders, and Brittanies on the run
Collar bells all a jangling, the dogs are having fun
The sherry smell of leaves, the old familiar gun
The point, the flush, the shot, the drop...
Thanks Lord for all we've done.*

*As the evening chill and the evening still begin to settle in
The singing grounds impart new sounds as we turn for the lodge again
For porch and chair and smoke filled air, and a scotch (it is no sin)
For quiet thought or stories sought of birds and dogs and men.*

*Dinner on the big stove... then the fire ablaze with a roar
George on the box, our feet are up, and the dogs are on the floor
There is no time that's more sublime, and this is why we've sworn
Whatever the test, we know we're blessed, so we're going to come here more.*

*High above the Cains... the lodge is always waiting
For those who must come by
To see the river's beauty, and the blueness of the sky
To see the salmon jumping, and the eagle flying high
To feel the warmth of friendship- like a sleeping lover's sigh.*

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