

There is an Old Man Who Walks at Radnor Lake and Writes Poetry

Author's Note: This poem was written at the request of my good friends, Luana and Suzanne, who like to read my poems. I frequently give them a poem when they're walking together on the lake road at Radnor Lake. Usually, Suzanne reads the poem to Luana while they are walking together. Strangely, I had never thought of writing such a poem before.

There is an old man who walks at Radnor Lake and writes poetry.
He has been writing poetry now for four years.
He has been walking at Radnor Lake since he had triple bypass surgery in 1998.
Some people call him "The Bard of Radnor Lake."
Others call him "The Poet Laureate of Radnor Lake."
Many people call him "lawyer-poet."
Carol Sue and his close friends call him "Big'un."
Others call him "Big John" or just "John."
A few call him "Counselor", "The Lawyer," or "Judge."
He's not a judge, but still practices law 40 hours a week at age 73.
He's been practicing law now for 49 years and will never retire.
What would he do?

The lawyer-poet started off memorizing poetry.
Men in the Hollins family have tended to get senile in their 80s,
And his brother Lunny, died with Alzheimer's disease.
He hopes that memorizing poetry and other things will keep his mind sharp.
So far so good.
The lawyer-poet has memorized many, many poems, written by many, many poets.
He can still probably recite a couple of hundred of them for you.

The lawyer-poet likes people, and people like him.
When he walks at Radnor Lake, the lawyer-poet carries several poems with him in his jacket
pockets or in his pants pockets if the weather is too warm to wear a jacket.
He gives them to Radnor Lake walkers who want to read them.
The lawyer-poet has no formal training in poetry writing, although he had excellent English
teachers at MBA and Vanderbilt.
Writing poetry is pretty good therapy for the lawyer-poet and is challenging and rewarding for
him.

The lawyer-poet is a lawyer who writes poetry and not a poet who practices law.
He gets his ideas for poems while walking at Radnor Lake, while walking on the beach at
Dauphin Island, and while contemplating the universe.
Most of his poems are written while sitting at a table under an umbrella on his deck, at a table in
his den, or at a table at condo B-2 while looking at the Gulf.
He first makes notes and then writes the poem out in longhand, with a pen on a yellow legal pad.
He likes to sip a little red wine or a little Jack Daniels and water while writing poems.
He usually revises his poems in the next day or two, and then takes them to his office.

He used to dictate his poems to his good friend and paralegal, Kathy, but Kathy got married and has moved to Florida.

Although he talks to Kathy frequently, he doesn't get to see her too often anymore.

However, he still sends her copies of all his poems.

Now he dictates his poems to his paralegals, Vickie and Erin, and they do a great job in transcribing them and revising them.

Interestingly enough, although the lawyer-poet memorizes the poems of many, many poets, he does not memorize any of his own poems.

The lawyer-poet has a good education and reads a lot.

He writes poems on a variety of subjects.

Some of his favorite subjects are the beauty and peace of Radnor Lake and its animals and birds,

His family (especially his grandchildren), his little white dogs, Annabelle and Katie, and the great mysteries of life and death.

When the lawyer-poet started writing poetry, all his poems were rhyming poems.

Now most of his poems are free verse, although he still writes a few rhyming poems.

He writes of man's relationship with God, and man's relationship with other men and women.

He writes of right and wrong, and power and success and failure.

He writes of faith and hope and of innocence and guilt.

He writes of truth and justice, and of injustice and hypocrisy.

He writes of love and hate and life's many and complex relationships.

He writes of birds and reptiles, and of fish and sea creatures.

He writes of trees and forests and of white sand and sea oats.

He writes of streams and rivers, seas and oceans.

He writes poems because he likes to fool around with words,

But he mostly writes poetry because he just has to do it.

He has published two books of poetry privately, and another book of poetry is in the private publication process at this time.

Other than giving out poems at Radnor Lake, the lawyer-poet gives poems to his friends and clients and to other lawyers.

Occasionally he gives a poem to a forest ranger.

If you walk at Radnor Lake, sooner or later you will see him.

He mostly wears a brown leather hat and a tan jacket.

During warmer weather, he will probably be wearing khaki pants, a T-shirt, and a cap.

This old man who walks at Radnor Lake will give you a poem if you want to read one.

Look for him and you will see him walking at Radnor Lake.

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