

Ballad of the Rhyming Worm

REFRAIN

The Worm went south to Springer Mtn.
burning all his bridges,
his next six months a series of
Appalachian ridges.

Day 1

He bid goodbye to spouse and dog
(and beer and Coca-Cola)
and picked his way to the first blaze
from Amicalola.

Day 2

At Nimblewell the blisters bit
which made him feel like shouting,
and Rangers in their camo paint
ambushed him at Hawk Mountain.

Day 3

The April sun was sweltering;
he humped up Sassafrass,
and when he reached the gap at Gooch
the AT'd kicked his a--.

Day 4

The Trail was packed with Scouts and
dads
earning badges walking.
At night the hollows of the hills
echoed with their talking.

Day 5

Blood Mountain Shelter was a pit
despite the panoramas;
"Bigfoot" in his gorilla mask
was clowning for the cameras.

Day 6

Recuperation was the word
hosteling at Walasi-Yi;
then camping up on Wildcat Ridge
(Whitley Shelter was a sty).

Day 7

Eleven miles from Hogpen Gap
sharing shelter with the "Loon,"
he spent a windy, chilly night
with stars, comet, and new moon.

Day 8

The view at Tray Mt. was superb:
impossible to match,
till Gary and Lennie's welcome
at the Blueberry Patch

Day 9 (Day off, refrain)

The Worm went south to Springer Mtn.
burning all his bridges
His next six months a series of
Appalachian Ridges.

Day 10

After a Hiawassee Day--
rest and relaxation--
'twas onward Carolina-way
(to the Worm's home station)

Day 11

The climb from Bly Gap was a grunt;
wet, cold -- one vast hurt.
The shelter crowd soon warmed him,
with "Singing Bear" in concert

Day 12

The view from Standing Indian
was worth the whipping breeze,
which heralded at Carter Gap
a twenty degree freeze.

Day 13

He pushed and pushed to Rainbow
Springs

until his feet were sore.

The bunkhouse was a rowdy scene,
its woodstove made to roar.

Day 14

A horrid call from work reached out
to drag him back this day.
He shook his head and packed his pack
and turned and hiked away.

Day 15

Departing Siler's in the sun
to see how far he'd go,
he stopped at Cold Spring, waking to
a blanketing of snow.

Day 16

All downhill to Rufus Morgan
from Nantahala Balds
dreaming of Wesser restaurants'
coffee so hot it scalds.

Day 17

Sardined into a shelter box
one mile from NOC,
the night passed quick, the morning
came;
to meet his love went he.

Day 18 (Day off--Wesser) Refrain

The Worm went south to Springer Mtn.
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his next six months a series of
Appalachian ridges.

Day 19

Recovering from too many beers
the hikers staggered north;

three thousand feet of climbing was
about all they were worth.

Day 20

Early morning thunder waked him
at Locust Cove Gap.
A rainy morning hiking on;
a short noon shelter nap.

Day 21

Wind, dark clouds and muddy trails
bothered him all day,
but rain held off till Cable Gap
where he sheltered safe away.

Day 22

Fontana's Hilton was a treat
no mouse or skunk came near,
but missed connections, lousy rain
made the next day drear.

Day 23 REFRAIN (day off, Fontana Dam)

The Worm went south to Springer
Mtn.,
burning all his bridges;
his next six months a series of
Appalachian ridges.

Day 24

Up Shuckstack to the Smoky Mounts,
recovering from a cold,
he spent the night at Mollie's Field:
a ten-mile day, all told.

Day 25

The hike to Derricks Knob looked fun:
the Smokies? Pretty easy!
(Until he stumbled into camp,
exhausted, damp, and greasy.)

Day 26

Over the hump of Clingman's Dome
as crummy weather neared--
the views were chill, then rain closed
in,
the weather all had feared.

Day 27

Mount Collins Shelter was a mess:
he feared that he would drown,
so he slogged five miles to Newfound
Gap
and hitched a ride to town.

Day 28

A rainy morn in Gatlinburg,
a wet day on the trail
an afternoon of boot-deep mud,
a night of storm and hail.

Day 29

They climbed uphill out of the mist
and walked the ridge all day;
the thirteen miles to Cosby Knob,
a rocky, lovely way.

Day 30

Mountain Mama's burgers beckon
so down the hill they roll.
Goodbye to Don and "Coffee Cup"
(the AT takes its toll).

Day 31

To Max Patch Bald from Davenport
he hiked his weary way
hoping for his Hot Springs mail
by morning Saturday.

Day 32

The Deer Park Shelter welcomed him
with cracks between the slats.

He dined on mac as storms blew in,
and swept away the gnats.

Day 33

He hustled into Hot Springs next
(his check was in the mail),
but banks are closed on Saturdays--
the plan was doomed to fail.

Day 34

Up Lovers Leap he climbed from town
his legs, they felt like lead;
the hostel stay had been too brief
to help him clear his head.

Day 35

The Smokies quagmire came to mind
atop Bearwallow Gap;
once more he found himself bogged
down
knee deep in mush and c--p.

Day 36

He stumbled up to Hogback Ridge
dehydrated and squiggly;
"Bigfoot" was there, and "Doobie
Bros."
and so was Senor Wiggly.

Day 37

The mind, it said, "Press onward, son!"
The body said, "you lie!"
He stayed on at Bald Mountain and
ate strawberry pie.

Day 38

To Erwin-town from Bald Mountain
he bumbled, worry-free,
then "Kampfire" drove him one last
mile
to tent at NCG.

Day 39

Laundry! Groceries! All you can eat!
The "town-suck" had its way.
The measly mile from bridge to camp
was all he walked that day.

Day 40

Unaka Mountain's hemlock crest
turned daylight into night:
of all the things the Worm had seen,
the least expected sight.

Day 41

He stepped and stumbled all day long
aspiring to Roan Mount,
but finally crashed at the Gap of Ash
his toes too tired to count.

Day 42

The views were fine from Roan and
balds,
beneath a hazy sun,
though rocky, rutted, rooty trails
made the hike no fun.

Day 43

The Worm's "slackpack" to Dennis
Cove
left feet and calves a-sore-a.
But fire and food and hostlery
awaited at "Kincorra."

Day 44 REFRAIN (Day off, Kincorra
Hostel, Dennis Cove)

The Worm went south to Springer
Mtn.,
burning all his bridges;
his next six months a series of
Appalachian Ridges.

Day 45

Through Laurel Gorge and up Pond

Mount.

Damascus? Three days short.
Worm's off the trail now, visiting
home.

Back on next week, old sport.

Day 48

From 301 a rested Worm
(now three days off the Trail)
returned to find it just as hard
(he thought his feet would fail).

Day 49

At Vandeventer he delayed
hoping rain would pass
but then he hiked, and slipped, and fell
and landed on his a--.

Day 50

From Double Spring he double-timed:
Damascus for the night;
he was so busy hurrying
he never saw the light.

Day 51

He left at noon, his spirits high
(and his pack weight way down!),
but hitch-hiked back from six miles out
(forgot his pants in town).

Day 52

Out of Damascus one more time
he crept upon the Creeper
(there were two pathways out, you see,
but one of them was steeper).

Day 53

He braved the crowds at Lost Mountain
out for Memorial Day
and met a ride at Elk Garden
that whisked him clean away

Day 54 REFRAIN (off trail --
Memorial Day)
The Worm went south to Springer
Mtn.,
 burning all his bridges;
his next six months a series of
 Appalachian Ridges.

Day 55
Back on the Trail, for good this time,
 the rain came pelting down.
Four dreary miles to Thomas Knob
 the price of beds in town.

Day 56
The Highlands were fogged in all day
 and so he skipped the loop,
arriving in at Raccoon Branch
 with "Shaman" and his group.

Day 57
The bear was grubbing near a stump
 when Rhymin' Worm espied him.
Who startled whom? Each hurried off
 with nervous looks beside him.

Day 58
From sublime to ridiculous
 (to Atkins from Mt. Rogers)
the highland trekkers soon found that
 they'd become cow-pie dodgers.

Day 59
Valley hopping fourteen miles
 from Groseclose on to Knot Maul,
he hoped his throbbing shin would
mend
 and his arches wouldn't fall.

Day 60
On muddy trails to Chestnut Knob
 his boots they leaked like sieves;

that night the rain came rattling down
 like pebbles on the eaves.

Day 61
The walk to Jenkins looked a breeze,
 but soon began to harden;
the way was snake-beset! But that
 is natural for the Garden.

Day 62
He hiked in Tevas through Wolf Creek
 before the inundation
then took a Bland day off for rest
 and recuperation.

Day 63 REFRAIN (Day off, Bland)
The Worm went South to Springer
Mount,
 burning all his bridges;
his next six months a series of
 Appalachian Ridges.

Day 64
His ankle healed he went for Trent's
 despite gray clouds that rolled;
the grass was green there, sun came
out,
 late afternoon turned gold.

Day 65
A long slow day to Sugar Run
 to stay with Tillie Wood,
whose floors were hard and loft was
cold;
 but breakfast sure was good!

Day 66
He resupplied and then skipped town
 exhausting every erg.
As Bogart said to Ingrid, "We'll
 always have Paris, Berg."

Day 67

The Worm woke feeling low this day
so was it colds or flus?
Most likely diagnosis was:
them dread Virginia Blues.

Day 68

Both Pine Swamp Branch and Yogi Cat
he left twelve miles behind,
and met again "St. Louis Dan"
(a hod man's good to find).

Day 69

Six rainy miles he walked before
finally bailing out,
but met again some more old friends--
like "Jiggs" and "Kilgore Trout."

Day 70

His feet complained on Sinking Creek
with every step he planted;
that night he saw the reason why:
both of them were now slanted.

Day 71

Cove Mountain Rocks and Dragon's
teeth
were more than he could take.
He camped behind Catawba Gro.
and savored every ache.

Day 72

The clouds and rain he walked through
were
the price he had to pay
for views from up on Tinker Cliffs
that took the breath away.

Day 73

A long wet cold Spring slid into
warm Summer like a snail.

And just in time! His lightweight bag
was in the Troutville mail.

**Day 74 REFRAIN -- (Day off,
Troutville)**

The Worm went South to Springer
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burning all his bridges;
his next six months a series of
Appalachian Ridges.

Day 75

Cleaned up and stuffed and resupplied,
they dropped him off at three;
he groaned uphill to Fullhardt Knob
bereft of energy.

Day 76

New boots and blisters bewitched his
feet
with spells both black and blue.
But Merlyn's sodas at Boblett's Gap
applied trail magic too.

Day 77

Dehydrated and feeling low
at Bryant Ridge's hall,
a nonstop-talking day hiker
drove him up the wall.

Day 78

On Apple Orchard thunder rolled
and rain came down in rills.
He hunkered down at Thunder Ridge
with headache and the chills.

Day 79

At last the "dark side" had its way:
he turned to yellow blazing;
his guts were rumbling like a drum
and how his head was crazing.

Day 80

Two nights at Wildwood Campground
spent,

six meals at Parkway Diner,
he left on Saturday improved
but wished he felt still finer.

Day 81

From Punchbowl crossing he walked
north

down to the swimming holes,
and then uphill to Cow Camp Gap
where gnats snacked on his soles.

Day 82

The talk was all of Rusty's place,
and what they'd do in town.
The Worm confessed sins to The Priest
and laid his body down.

Day 83

Three Ridges Mountain wasn't fun
for all its white blaze virtue.
The trail seemed meant to trip you up,
the rocks were there to hurt you.

Day 84

Hard Time Hollow, it was said,
remained an AT must.
He thought it past its glory days,
now giving in to Rust.

Day 85

New socks and maps in Waynesboro
and camping at the "Y";
a horrid meal of Chinese food
made him think he'd die.

Day 86

Into the Shenandoah Park
he hiked an easy day.

He lost his shirt and burnt his back
ere his Calf Mountain stay.

Day 87

He made his way to Riprap Rocks
to meet his love again;
dinner in town, the Batman flick
made him remember when.

Day 88

Eight tents per lot--they bent the rules
(no ranger made a call);
'twas better to have Loft and left
than never Loft at all.

Day 89

All fourteen miles to Hightop Hut
the trail was rich with deer;
rain was threatening all day long
after a week of clear.

Day 90

He staggered into Big Meadows
too late to make the meal;
his twenty miles of soggy slog
left him unfit to feel.

Day 91

Breaking a fast at one cafe
and lunching at another--
his slackpack to Pass Mountain Hut
fed him like a mother.

Day 92

Just thirteen miles to Gravel Springs--
at last! an easy day!
The deer were many and he saw
a bobcat on the way.

Day 93

No fireworks when he left the Park,
and cleaned up in Front Royal;

the trail had (h)emptied out to view
the Washington turmoil.

Day 94

The Shenandoah's hiking waves
had left him slightly see-sick;
north of the Park he floated where
the roofs are geodesic.

Day 95

The PUD highway to the Bear's Den
(en route to Harpers Ferry)
was worth it due to greetings there
by Messrs. Ben & Jerry.

Day 96

His feet were sore and so he stopped
at Blackburn for the night;
spaghetti and a free soda
made everything seem right.

Day 97

Two weeks behind and losing time
he came to Harpers Ferry;
another five days off the trail--
the prospect was quite scary.

**Days 98-101 REFRAIN (home to NC
for family reasons)**

The Worm went South to Springer
Mount,
burning all his bridges;
his next six months a series of
Appalachian Ridges.

Day 102

The ranks of hikers "off the trail"
ballooned at Harpers Ferry.
Both strong and weak, and old and
young:
the implication scary.

Day 103

From Dahlgren Campground, 18 miles
in hundred-degree weather
left the Rhymin' Worm dried out, like
cracked and brittle leather.

Day 104

"Too hot to hoot" was the complaint
of palindromic owls.
Too hot to hike! A p.m. nap
did wonders for his scowls.

Day 105

From Tumbling Run, so neatly kept,
to mid-day pizza gorging,
to Quarry Gap (another gem)
the Worm kept onward forging.

Day 106

He spent his birthday on the trail
(that's number thirty-nine)
with visions of an ice-cream feast
on which he planned to dine.

Day 107

From hostel hell at PGF,
to Boiling Springs's bridge,
hello to Allegheny land,
Good-bye to the Blue Ridge.

Day 108

From rocks to valleys, the terrain,
in Pennsylvania varies;
he walked across the Cumberland
picking ripe raspberries.

Day 109

He said goodbye in Boiling Springs
to Ralph and his Boy Scouts,
then Darlington to Duncannon
to meet the Doyle's dropouts.

Day 110

"Bigfoot" was there, as was "D-Bear"
with "Icebox" -- Worm made four--
four of the eight who plugged Neels
Gap
only four months before.

Day 111

The news: 'tween Peters Mountain and
Rausch Gap
a bear stole Bigfoot's pack.
Despite hard rain, Worm spent the
miles
looking behind his back.

Day 112

The cold rain made him sluggish, and
his gear was soggy too,
so he trundled on a mere three miles
to the hostel blazed "bleu."

Day 113

"Them's my rocks," said William Penn.
"How d'you like 'em now, boy?
You needn't be from Texas, see?
to be a talus cowboy."

Day 114

A rusty well at 501
had set his heart a-burning,
so when he stopped at Eagle's Nest
his stomach was a-churning.

Day 115

Descending into Clinton-Port,
the way was steep and rocky.
All night the trucks on 61
were playing highway hockey.

Day 116

He struggled over rocks and stones
ascending to the Pinnacle;

the smooth road down to Eckville
House
made him somewhat less cynical.

Day 117

Trail bikes and trash, a nude hiker
and graying tourist folk--
trammed in by suburban sprawl
"wilderness" was a joke.

Day 118

His biggest day--two dozen miles--
plus scrambling out of Lehigh:
he pushed towards the Water Gap
to bid PA "goodbye."

Day 119

The walk down to the Delaware
convinced him that "rocks suck."
Thank heaven for the food and folks
at the church pot-luck!

**Day 120 REFRAIN (Day off,
Delaware Water Gap)**

The Worm went South to Springer
Mount,
burning all his bridges;
his next six months a series of
Appalachian Ridges.

Day 121

His best "Trail Magic" of the hike
awaited at Mohican--
the AMC's Delaware group
stuffed him till he was leakin'.

Day 122

The fourteen miles to Brink Shelter
was rocky, hot and slow,
until a p.m. thunderstorm
soaked him head to toe.

Day 123

He shook (and baked) to
Worthington's
 where donuts were still warm,
then to High Point Shelter and
 a drizzling summer storm.

Day 124

Descending to the Wallkill Flats--
 a sea of birds and bushes --
then over Pochunk to an inn,
 he slowly northward pushes.

Day 125

Like a slug (engorged on too much
fruit)
 he crept from Heaven Hill
to Waywayanda: just ten miles,
 but had hiked his fill.

Day 126

The ridges sprouted skyscrapers
 just east of Prospect Rock;
his Empire State traverse began
 with this scenic shock.

Day 127

The deer complained at Mombasha,
 snorting through the night,
then to Brien through Harriman
 fighting the rock fight.

Day 128

He bottomed out at Bear Mountain
 feeling tired and hairy.
The goodly Graymoor friars offered
 food and sanctuary.

Day 129

Northeast to RPH he made his way,
 all motivation shot;
"Trip" wobbled in near midnight,

buzzed
 with Trail Magic he'd got.

Day 130

A pizza break at 52
 improved his hiking stroke.
He pushed on to West Dover Road
 to see the ancient oak.

Day 131

Just south of Kent his boots gave out.
 He patched them up with duct tape.
With new shoes due in four more days
 Tevras were his last escape.

Day 132

Hooked on Housatonics, and soaked
 by rain, to Kent he fled--
seduced by laundry, dinner and
 a comfortable bed.

Day 133

Mosquito swarms at Pine Swamp
Brook
 soon chased him to his tent;
they sucked him dry when nature called
 no matter how fast he went.

Day 134

A maildrop in Salisbury-town
 brought him food and shoes,
so he could stop replaying those
 "Delamination Blues."

**Day 135 REFRAIN (day off,
Salisbury area)**

The Worm went South to Springer
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 burning all his bridges;
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 Appalachian Ridges.

Day 136

On Race Mountain the rain came down
obscuring the Taconics.

He slipped on rocks three times that
day.

So who needs high colonics?

Day 137

Great Barrington's small outfitter
provided a new watch--
a month of timeless travel was
about all he could notch.

Day 138

To Goose Pond from Leonard Lean-to,
a twenty-one mile day--
a grungy hut and kooky host
took something from the stay.

Day 139

The hike was flat to Kay Wood's place,
'cross swampy mountain bogs:
no deer or bear or coyotes,
but plenty of tree frogs.

Day 140

He hit both Dalton and cheese-town,
for a restaurant food-fest,
and stayed in Mary's rec room
for a good Catholic rest.

Day 141

Greylock was gray, with foggy hair,
and crowds upon the top.
He pushed on through to Sherman's
Brook;
that night it rained non-stop.

Day 142

Into the Ben & Jerry's state
and on to Bennington,

to meet an old friend at her home:
next day he would walk on.

Day 143

Glastonbury's views were vast, the
air cool with autumn's hoar;
he slipped down rocky steps and
watched
the moon rise at Kid Gore.

Day 144

Up Stratton Mountain with no skis
he skipped the warming hut;
at Stratton Pond a section hiker
psalmed until his eyes shut.

Day 145

Into the outlet town he hitched
looking for some healing;
the prospect of a day off there
gave him a good feeling.

**Day 146 REFRAIN (Day off,
Episcopal church hostel in
Manchester Center)**

The Worm went South to Springer
Mount,
burning all his bridges;
his next six months a series of
Appalachian Ridges.

Day 147

Bromley and Peru were steep,
the campsite charged a fee,
the caretaker was absent, though--
it rained, but Worm stayed free.

Day 148

"Mossman," "Tonic," "Broken Arrow,"
hiked with him to Greenwall;
at Little Rock Pond cliff jumpers

splashed,
then rain poured on them all.

Day 149

Up Killington to Gov. Clement
he felt all out of kilter;
he found a Pepsi at the camp
but lost his water filter.

Day 150

The Guinness at the Long Trail Inn
was chilled exactly right;
they camped in woods next to Kent
Pond;
it rained again that night.

Day 151

The next day had its ups and downs,
though they weren't in a hurry;
those fifteen miles were plenty, though,
before they reached Winturi.

Day 152

Quinn the Steeplejack took them in
and slacked them to West Hartford;
a beer run into Woodstock and
a dry barn when the rain poured.

Day 153

They slacked again to Hanover
(a short cruise into town);
"Kadiddle's" feast was at Dan Quinn's--
'twas late 'fore all lay down.

Day 154

A sluggish morning at the barn--
their ride left after noon:
Worm left the others in H-town
and walked out none too soon.

Day 155

The Whites were in the offing as

he hiked to Trapper John,
recovering from a chilly night
(his summer gear still on).

Day 156

Dartmouth freshmen filled the trails
enroute to Hexacuba;
packed in with rowdy kids, he felt
like sardines in a tuba.

Day 157

He met the southbound Kilgore Trout
just north of Glenclyff, late.
They camped at pondside, talked at
length,
to bring each up to date.

Day 158

Into the Whites, with winter gear,
he humped up Moosilauke;
the views were fine at Beaver Brook
although the way was rocky.

Day 159

Over Mount Wolf he slopped and was
quite glad when it was done,
then scrambled over Kinsman Ridge:
exhilarating fun.

Day 160

A five-mile rock hop to the Flume
from Kinsman Pond he took,
then into town to resupply
and clean his grimy look.

Day 161

The bouquet left for "Gator Boy"
froze up on Lafayette,
whose peak he never would ascend--
the wind was sighing yet.

Day 162

Mist and rain on Garfield Ridge
made for a soggy night.
He moose-bog walked to Ethan Pond
in afternoon sunlight.

Day 163

Mizpah Hut was packed brim-full,
no "work for stay" to get;
he tented at the Naumann Camp
and wound up getting wet.

Day 164

He spent the next day scrambling
on Presidential rocks;
the views were more inspiring
than Bigfoot's holy socks.

Day 165

At Pinkham Notch the lunchtime game
was "stuffyourfacerealfast,"
then scramble over Wildcat Ridge
to Carter Notch at last.

Day 166

He left the Whites by blazing blue
down into Greater Gorham,
where hikers had a paradise
and Bruno to deplore 'em.

**Day 167 REFRAIN (Day off,
Gorham)**

The Worm went South to Springer
Mount,
burning all his bridges;
his next six months a series of
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Day 168

He slackpacked south to town again
inspired by bearlike Bruce;

Mahoosuc miles weren't easy, though,
nor did he see a moose.

Day 169

The famous Notch and Arm of the
Mahoosucs left him bloody;
in Maine at last, he crashed at speck,
to tired to read or study.

Day 170

The rain and wind from Canada
left him wet and cold--
seven miles to Baldpate lean-to
all that he could hold.

Day 171

Up on Baldpate the ice and sleet
were all that he could handle;
he hitched to Andover to find
a Bed & Breakfast candle.

Day 172

A slackpack day improved his legs
but didn't help his mood:
back to Pine Ellis for more sleep
and more Andover food.

Day 173

He slacked again over Old Blue,
but all he saw was gray,
then hitchhiked into Oquossoc
('bout freezing on the way).

Day 174

One last slack day, south thirteen miles
from 4 to 17;
he lost his camera with the film
of the three moose he'd seen.

Day 175

Burdened again but much refreshed
he tackled Saddleback,

where "Mile-High Mike" (once off the Trail)

was hiking south with pack.

Day 176

From Crocker's Cirque to Horn Pond Camp

he stumbled, slipped, and fell;
despite good weather, his Maine hike
was still a little hell.

Day 177

Across the Bigelows he saw,
far in the haze, Katahdin--
reminding him he neared the end
of six months' steady plodding.

Day 178

The rainy way to Pierce Pond was
unrelenting dreary,
but it was flat! And Monson neared!
That made him feel more cheery.

Day 179

His fording of the Kennebec
was by canoe (not wade-y);
he camped at Pleasant Pond but missed
the fabled Cookie Lady.

Day 180

'Cross Moxie Bald in snow flurries
he braved a cold Maine breeze;
at the esker near Bald Mountain Stream
he camped beneath dead trees.

Day 181

His seventh month on the AT
and he walked into Monson,
and dinner at the Pie Lady's
(real meatloaf! not Swanson).

Day 182 REFRAIN (Day off at Shaw's Boarding House)

The Worm went South to Springer Mount,

burning all his bridges;
his next six months a series of
Appalachian Ridges.

Day 183

Entering the Hundred Miles
his backpack weighed a ton.
He'd constantly remind himself
that he was having fun.

Day 184

Over the Barren Chairback range
the shelters were quite crowded,
but worse, the weather was still cold,
Katahdin's skies were clouded.

Day 185

Worm saw "The Greatest Mountain"
late
while on Gulf Hagas Hill;
at Tappan Campsite winds blew fierce
his solitude was chill.

Day 186

With "Numb" and "Stoutheart" and
"Not Yet"
he rounded White Cap's bald
to see Katahdin's splendor and
the long walk's end, which called.

Day 187

Under blue skies, through dazzling
leaves
they sprinted through the lowlands
and camped by Nahmatanka Lake
upon the gravel shore sands.

Day 188

Gray skies again by Rainbow Lake
which brooded clear and deep.
Just one more trail day waited them--
the loons sang them to sleep.

Day 189

"Indian Summer" made them sweat
the day's walk in the park.
No one slept well that night: they lay
there anxious in the dark.

Day 190

Then Saturday dawned clear and cold:
the end of the endeavor.
He reached the peak with bloody knees,
but he could see forever.

REFRAIN

The Worm went South to Springer
Mount,
burning all his bridges;
his next six months a series of
Appalachian Ridges.

The *Ballad of Rhymin' Worm* was an ongoing saga that appeared in shelter registers along the AT in 1997 as the Worm (Robert Rubin) made his way north.