

## Clancy Was A Moonshiner

Clancy was a moonshiner.  
I had only heard in whispered tone  
That he had spent time in prison.  
I had only heard in hushed sentences  
That he drank perhaps more than necessary.  
I was told quietly at the end of the hall  
That sometimes he would meditate for hours.

I spent time with Clancy.  
And he whispered nothing, because he possessed  
No hidden speech. He spoke softly  
Out of his own volition. He spoke of the vast  
Yoga of human experience and existence. He elucidated  
Upon his path to freedom ... to which he was still  
Fervently seeking as a student of life.

Clancy was a moonshiner.  
I know that he slept little. I know that he chopped wood  
To keep his home warmed in winter. I know that he believed  
In fair trade and bartering. I know that he loved to witness  
His earthly garden teeming. I know that his garden was not his -  
But, merely, the one he tended. I know  
That the land he owned, he owned not -  
Rather it was the land he knew best and had warmly befriended.  
I know that he loved to kayak alone  
For miles. I know  
That his family lived in his heart as joyous singing. I know  
That he was proud of the cabin he built, and  
The many Thanksgivings  
Spent there. I know that he studied deeply of the Buddha,  
And of the Christ.  
I know that his worldly senses were wildly open  
To the open sky. I know  
That he believed in "slow food culture," as opposed  
To the opposite. I know that he believed that time and love -  
Yes, *love*, were necessary ingredients in good food and drink.  
I know that

He blessed my life.  
All this I know  
Because I sat and listened to Clancy  
One unhurried night until dawn.  
I drank with him the finest dandelion wine,  
That tasted like sunshine and warmed my tongue  
The way I imagine a trusted shawl warms a grandmothers breast.  
I drank with him his moonshiner's pride - Clancy's  
Mill Wheel Inn Apple Jack, aged 7 years. And I did taste  
The ingredients of its time, and its loving.  
I did taste its extension of worn and wise hands rising  
From the bottle in such a way that gave truth  
To the term  
*Spirits.*  
Clancy was a moonshiner. And so much more.

I barely knew him.  
But, I knew him well.  
Because I sat and listened to Clancy  
One night three winter's gone.

*for Clancy,  
in memory of*