

Don Quixote and Me

**Don Quixote of La Mancha,
Trail rider four centuries ago,
Mounted on Rocinante,
A thin steed, old and slow.
Riding the trails of old Spain,
Righting wrongs, protecting the weak,
In delusions of fame and glory,
“He’s sometimes bold, sometimes meek.”ⁱ**

**Knight errant, by self-proclamation,
A better world this could be,
A better world with knights errant,
Suffering enchanters and mockery.
Insuring honor, truth and justice,
Chivalry he sought to restore.
Suffering more pain than pleasure,
Choosing battles with decisions poor.**

**You dreamed Lady Dulcinea,
An ever present, driving fantasy,
You virtuous lover who never knew love,
Imagined love that could never be.
Know ye unrequited love, knight errant.**

Know ye self-sacrifice your creed.

Know ye fools mocking a fool.

Know ye life's ebbing with speed.

Sancho Panza was your blessing,

Your squire, companion and friend,

With endless, entangled proverbs,

Often driving you to wit's end.

Your reflection in a fool's madness,

A simpleton with simple wisdom deep,

Sometimes succeeding, often failing

With advice your safety to keep.

As your end approached,

Your defeat brought some sanity,

You began to dream your own Arcadia

Peace and love, pervasive tranquility.

You dreamed an unspoiled Eden,

Where sin and guilt had no place.

But fallen man usurped that option,

Our "Knight of the Sorrowful Face."

Four centuries have come and gone,

Since Cervantes saw you in most men,

Wanting to right all wrongs, protect the weak,

**Crush the forces of evil and sin.
But, alas, we are each a man,
Destined to fall far from perfection,
“A walking contradiction,
Partly truth and partly fiction.”ⁱⁱ
Don Quixote and me.**

Gene W. Wood

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ⁱ Line from the ballad “Don Quixote” written and recorded by Gordon Lightfoot.

ⁱⁱ Lines from “The Pilgrim” written and recorded by Kris Kristofferson.