

The Lost Silver of Garrett County

- 1. Not high on the ridge, not deep in the stream,
A quiet flatsland where wild deer dream.
Ancient and rare, it has lingered through time,
Seek where meadows and woodlands align.*
- 2. Where slaughter and footsteps gather each day,
A field viewing a mountain where flowers spray.
While you might shuffle or stray,
Head to the green heart not far away.*
- 3. Seekers now slip quietly into the trees,
And make their way with greater ease.
Follow where earth lays a ribbon to tread,
And see where the wandering footsteps are led.*
- 4. A scarlet thread through woods is spun,
Or next to a long amber run.
Below the ridge where toads may splash,
head towards where not a cost will dash.*

5. *The fire of day shall mark your way,
Through wooded turns where coyotes play.
Tantamount to sunset, steady and true,
Head in the direction where feet are few.*

6. *Where twilight's shade gives gentle start,
the flame will break apart.
On a regal path, a fire is spun,
Two colors parted, yet joined as one.*

7. *Not wall, nor fence, yet guards the land—
Find the ancient spine to begin your stand
A stony serpent, long and dead.
This is where to begin your tread.*

8. *Score twice, then march where needles freeze,
Ignore the sun, embrace the trees.
Where shadow shrinks and moss retreats,
Let silence count your frozen beats.*

9. *Digits of dawn, a perfect score,
Where rising light unlocks the door.
Past iron roots and whispering grain,
Stride where morning minds remain.*

10. *The forest bends in shapes most unseen,
A crooked guard where moss is green.
Its spiral limb hides clue to see,
Shows the time is near to bend the knee.*

11. *Four sentinels with lettered skin,
Their secret pact directs within.
Symbols of change align to meet,
They aim you to the hidden seat.*