

Wandering Along the Way

That light, that room, that table.
Taking the surrounding silence.
Bearing the brunt of blunt blades.
There is no more to see.
Scramble to safety.
Depart the door.
Row the road down.
Brace the blast of breeze.
Walk the way.
Breathe again.
The first corner comes to meet.
Bear right the road.
Watch the leaping leaves.
Wind whipping the wisps of trees.
Fleeting in freedom found.
Hearing the sound.
Bear the road right.
Give the green your goodbye.
Glistening ground greets.
Houses hugging.
People Passing.
Bear the right road.
Struggle up the slope.
Gaze at days gone.
Other roads once walked.
Partake in part past paths.
Tread from trails newly trod.
Meet the door departed.
Force forwards folded backwards.
This table, this room, this light.