

HE WANDERS

The sky is swollen and lead
The ground it meets, hard and barren
Horizon flat except for groups
Of grim rocks, upward stabbing

A boy strides through this wasteland
He moves towards the highest pile
When he reaches it begins to climb
With gradual, but sure, style

At the peak he looks around
Same sight he's seen for ages
Nothing else, no-one but him
Throws back his head and rages
He screams, lightning flashes,
He falls, heart in ashes
On his knees, head to the floor
Days chase nights, ever more

Ages pass and nothing changes
Except this boy is now a man
Stands tall and gazes above
Breathes in and out again
His breath darkens the cloud
Earth shakes, thunder loud
Rain comes pouring down on him
With outstretched arms and upturned grin

He laughs and the clouds do part
Sun shines for the first time here
He picks up a stone and throws it far
From where it lands green runs everywhere

He wanders through this new world
Of which he is father and mother
He sits in the shade of a tree and waits
His one last wait... for another

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