

## POETRY

# Weary Wanderer

Amy Lynch

A wanderer is what you are  
Bound to nowhere but the path beneath your feet  
Carrying you this way and that.  
Despite the freedom, I wager you remember  
Every face, every joy, every agony  
For your expression reveals experience.  
Gone are the days of flawless youth  
Hardened is your soul, your skin.  
I bear no judgement on the choices you have made  
Just know, your path is far from over  
Kind or cruel, it is yours to walk.  
Long has it been since you rested.  
More has been asked of you before.  
Never have you refused to walk  
Over and under every hill, every bridge.  
Poor and rich alike know your face, your deeds.  
Quelled is your desire for rest.  
Revelry has oft been outweighed by despair.  
Small though your happiness may be,  
Treasure it always.  
Unknown is the path ahead  
Violence or kindness can be assured.  
Walk on with no one by your side  
'Xcept, of course,  
You.  
Zeal is your guide; perhaps, it shall be enough.