

The Road to Roam

runaway child
far away, all alone,
daddy's dead and mama's gone
to bed awhile –
no place like home–

and thus all roads must lead to roam . . .

no time or space
to bear the face
that wears a mask –
do I dare? you ask –

as one who has no one to turn to
now yearns to know how to learn when to
hide and seek and then turn aside and say –

something . . . nothing . . . anyway . . . –

the grief, the disbelief
of knowing, not knowing,
of never really coming to know

anything

forever freely going
to and fro
from end to end
to question

everything

while meanwhile
the runaway child
far away, all alone,
wonders why . . .

if all roads lead to roam,
do I still need a home?