

A Walk in the Shadow of the Woods

How long have I been walking?

A day?

A month?

A year?

No,

Far longer than that.

I've become numb.

Numb to time and place.

Numb to the pain and sorrow

Of the unfamiliar face.

But still, I keep on walking

In search of the place I mean to go,

A place full of love

And void of hate.

A place I've never seen,

Only heard

Where fear is nil

And no one mourned

Where to the unseeing eye

Everyone rests in peace.

However, such a place

is but a blatant fantasy.

For a place where all is right

*And fear is of absence
Cannot exist in a world so bleak.*

*A world where new born babes
cry as they leave the womb.*

*Where sadness expected
And violence encouraged*

*Where the unfamiliar face
Laughs and sneers
At those whom it has yet to know.*

*Because it,
too,
Has become numb.*

by Leah Delisle