Life Journeys

Sometimes you're running but come up face against an end

A brick-wall-at-the-end-of-an-alley stop, no escape, it's just there hard,

Like when someone disappears suddenly from your life

Because they're dead.

Other times it's as if you're standing still but an ending is sailing on just out of reach,

And you watch it as it blows away, further and further and

Smaller until you're straining to see it,

Like your son's childhood days.

Past.

But this. This is another kind of ending altogether.

I was walking solidly, looking around,

Not looking down.

And then I did; there was no more road

Your love had left me and I don't know when

But now I know the ground has gone

I'm just

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