

The Boy

The boy strode up to me, the room disdained and scorned
On his face, audacious glee, though his clothes were stained and torn

In his eyes, the telling smile, of a hero newly-born
Asked, in a few years' time, will it matter what we'd worn?

Then the faces turned ashen while his own remained so clear
for he knew the enemy within is our own fear
He simply kept his cool and calmly walked away
Will we all just be level one day?

Winter's mantle came down slow, turned fingers cold and white
Covered roofs in painted snow, against the sunless sky
Through the passing of time, fears were quelled by dawn of light
The mystery boy ambushed my mind in the darkness of each night

Embers-gold to ashes-cold, a hoary head of grey
Once the driver shared a joke, we would go our separate ways
Yet no matter where I'm based, through changing time or place
Every night still brings that young boy's face

Nights of fear... so far but near... vision clear... another year...
Marching on with fear and frown, treading but no footstep-sounds
Uniformed from foot to crown, hunkered down in hostile grounds
All along, with a wordless stare, may not see but am aware
Still do care and I wonder where, wonder where, oh I wonder where...

Years batter down the old and pave the way anew
Looking back, upon the past, time favouring youth
Nurses flit about me as I'm struck with awe and joy
for he, beside me, is the boy

Same way, each day, still decay...