

Empty

Overgrown with weeds stretching wildly
I reminisce about the well worn path
That took me secretly to my destination,
Abandoned now by time.
I gaze contemplating where my life has gone
Before me
Since I last was here.
Nothing is left standing still.
I enjoyed it then to remember it now,
But I cannot go back,
Sadly I look enthralled,
Serenely I watch the scenery around me.
A pond is hidden by the weeds
Where I can barely find where it was.
The summer sun brings its warmth to me again,
I search again for the path
But I know I can never go back,
Fenced in so there is no second chance.

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