

MY WANDERING MAN

Is lost in the journey.

Has Hobo packs for each season

And staghorn ferns

In a minivan.

Wants a perfect life

And an old home,

In some southern town,

with gardens to plant and weeds to pull.

Is restless.

Hiding his heart behind a smile,

Hoping to heal again and

Seeking forgiveness.

Plays the long game,

In stoic repose.

Secretly wants to fly free

Like the pelicans above the beach.