

836-1000
Hard wind

The further north i travel
The harder the wind on my face
There's no trace
Of the sun
Of the soft air
So fair
That used to dance on my nose
That wind froze
Sometime ago
On this journey
North
Into the
Hard wind
Bitter
Bracing
Please remind me
What am i chasing
A now
Or a story to regale
Another meaningless tale
All hail
The great explorer
I suppose it's time
To turn around
My back to
The hard wind
To feel the sun
To smell the sage
To turn the page
South
again
No loss
No gain