

## The Wrong Road

'This is the way,' he always said,  
and without waiting strode ahead,  
knowing for certain that each time,  
I'd be sure to drag behind.

Who the buoy, who the balloon,  
tethered as tide is to the moon.

But that morning I drew a line,  
dug in red slippers dulled by time,  
refused the sunbaked path he made,  
for the silent one in shade.

'No, this is the way,' I then said,  
and trod the words out in my head.

Unmoored in mud prints deep and wide,  
between the bent weeds on all sides,  
I breathed in green, the musty warm,  
In every nettle and every thorn.

On his path there was no sound,  
mine had life built all around.