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.