

## POEM

# Wandering the hallways of my mind. Reflections of a demented person.

Wandering the hallways of my mind.  
I am lost.  
Searching,  
Familiarity and mystery lie waiting around every corner. But which corner?  
Wandering.

Shadows of a face I once knew so well,  
Figures shrouded in the mists of time,  
Fading beyond the reach of an outstretched arm.  
Wandering.

The soft patter of little feet,  
The gentle curve of a reluctant smile,  
The warm tears of unkind years,  
Wandering.

Wandering the hallways of my mind.

Wandering,  
Wandering,  
Wandering.

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