

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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