

COME LATE TO THE ROAD

By Richard Paul

I am the last to take the journey,

* _*__ *___ *___

The grass, once green, has turned to sand.

--*___ --*___ --*___ --*___

Every step of this quest will strike me

*_ *___ --*___ --*___

Without even a staff in my bleeding hands.

--*_ __* __*_ __*_ __*_

(*_ = Stressed Syllables)

The others left when the road was fairer,

*_ *_ __*_ *_

With younger hearts and fire in their souls,

---*___ --*___ *_ --*___

With worthy goals those kindled souls to muster,

--*___ --*___ --*_ --*_ --*_

And they have all come to their trek's close whole.

--*_ --*_ --*_ --*_

Day by day I walk to whatever end,

--*_ *_ __*_ *_ *_

Searching for some sliver of contentment,

--*_ --*___ *_ *_ __*_

Marching to the scythe that surely descends,

--*___ --*___ --*_ --*___

And often too tired for resentment.

*_ * *_

To reject this cursed road is to die

*_ *_ *_ *_

And oh what a whimsy that makes,

*_ --*___ --*___

That my skull might sneer at passers-by

__*_ __*_ __*_ *_

As at last I sleep, nevermore to wake.

*_ --*___ *_ __*_ --*___

I did not choose the road nor journey

*_ --*___ --*_ --*_

And yet it is my obligation,

*_ *_ *_ *_

Called the greatest of gifts, laughingly,

---*___ --*___ --*___*___ *_

Though it leads few enough to elation.

--*_ --*___ *_

Day by day I walk to see how it ends

--*_ *_ __*_ *_ *_

As I blunder on behind the throng.

--*_ *_ __*_ --*___

I find little hope and yet on I'll wend,

--*_ --*_ *_ --*___

Because you never know, I might be wrong.

---*___ *_ --*___ --*___ --*___