

Wondering wanderer sees the light.

Insight at Midnight.

I wandered through the dark and eerie.

to find? to see? to be?

and had to pause at the inquiry.

the man had not many teeth, grey tots of hair scattered around his head.

I looked at him and replied "Meerly to see that I'm not dead".

He made a face most foul and cried "what you're trying to prove you exist? don't you know such a thing can make you subside?"

"My walk is long and I fear my spirit weak, before I was an ocean now I'm meerly a creek. surely there can be no harm to find out, if you ain't got far this very night?"

With a pointing finger as his only reply he scudded off in his vagabond cart.

and then he turned and muttered "have faith in who you are.."

As I walked on I found myself dreary, of what was he fearing? Surely we prove ourselves every day by walking and talking, every which way.

Could lack of belief really be a killer? I shrugged the thought away, but it only came out clearer. In that case what kept us going? was it will or just unknowing? Suddenly I felt quite ill as if I was draining pipe, and I thought am I going to be alright?

"Maybe if I just stand still, my soul will finally get its fill" So I stood there and felt the night sky all around the plane, I felt the trees reaching for the skies, I felt the water from afar and the ground underneath it all. when I heard the wind whisper "All you need is a name". Then the wind said "I'll give you one if you promise to be like me"

I smiled at this and said your name is already a part of me, your name is Free"