



## THE LONE WALK

He walks a lone desolate road, with a silence in his being.  
A path of toil and heartache, his eyes see without seeing.  
The trip is long and lonely, his heart heavy with sorrow.  
Devoid of any hope, with little will to see tomorrow.  
The storms of life rain hard on him, gradually wearing away his soul.  
Longing for better days, ones that give, renew, and resew.  
Though his stature seems adamant, unyielding to any cause.  
He walks through life with head held high, yielding no clues unto his flaws.  
His rage builds within him, searing him like a flame.  
And he saunters through life alone, wondering if others feel his pain.  
And yet he will walk on, through the darkness and the light.  
Yes he will continue walking, with the horizon in his sights.

Oran E. Hollingsworth