

## No. 3

**Cosmo Sheldrake**

I'll be back homeward bound  
And sorrow then  
Will come again  
Will love again

Where will my feet begin  
To tread and when  
Will they give in  
To rest and then

I'll walk for days on end  
And rarely spend  
Or seconds lend  
To foes of friends

Horizons come and go  
And eyes pretend  
When paths ascend  
And wind and wend

When will my feet expend  
Life force offend  
And recommend  
My ways amend?

I'll march for years on end  
And time befriend  
I do intend  
To find lands end