

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