

## He travels alone

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(This poem was composed on the eve of 'Microelectronics Circuits' compere when the poet's wingies refused to accompany him to the NC.)

*A* little high, a little low;

*Through the year, the winds blow.*

*The runner pants, his sweat drips,  
For a rare friend, his heart weeps.*

*The winds hit his tired face,  
He has to resume the unending race.*

*At his rare friend the runner smiles;  
He won't ever show how his heart cries.*

*Ahead he looks to places far away,  
Soon he will be on his way.*

*It's a long race; there are no winners;  
No God in heaven; no hell for sinners.*

*Its time to leave; away he goes;  
He never looks back; his duty he knows.*

*He is the chosen one, condemned to live,  
Never to receive, forever to give.*

*It is a long road, he is one a in million;  
But he travels the fastest, for he travels alone.*



*Cactus Flower 2003*

