

## The Way

Wearing the scars of a hundred solitudes,

I march in a direction unknown.

Sea breeze fills my ears with kindness

Near a place that is not my home.

The ocean roars madly

On a calm and peaceful day.

While people talk wildly,

Without anything real to say.

Yet, an orange tree grows quietly

Far, far away.

And so I wonder:

Will I remember this beautiful day?



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