

Around the World

Catapulted across azure waters, the homeland beckons

Take me back to the motherland; fresh green opportunity

Home reincarnated, with those cobbled streets, walked before,

When bricks and mortar meant something.

The Tower of London, Clink Street jail and a memory of

The past that abuts my presence; rolling fields of history and

Quaint cottages of yearning.

The world is my oyster and I found the pearl in myself

My backpack juts into the wind that carries me

As safe and secure as nothing

Or everything.

Europe is my utopia.

The streets cobbled, the towers old, the people friendly,

The world beautiful, the past serene.

Cathedrals, monuments, statues and bridges

Set against the light, burning bright as ever,

From that bygone era of war soured upon ancestral minds

The New World clamours for attention, free speech raises its voice

A cacophony above the exiled past of imperialism, beckons me.

I feel alive; I feel free; the trees sway gracefully in an eternal wind

And the mountain air is crisp and alert

Beyond bustling cities, bursting with energy, brazen in kind;

I felt that one day; the past was me and I was everything I touched.

With my back to the West, I head towards the rising sun and

the sky cradles my heart, drenched in golden light.

I come to you, my world, with eyes as wide as the horizon and a backpack

Full of hopes and dreams; I've still got it here, in case I get the chance.

I marvelled at a Buddhist temple, the monks seem content enough,

To sit in a jungle forest and be the universe.

The world never ceases to turn about the still point

And round and round I went.

But I still come back to it.

I never let living get in the way of living

I was never a housewife, but I cared and lost.

My heart still yearns to be free

My eyes well at the world I will leave

This world within me

A sheltered past.