

The Same Road Home

With camera for eyes, I walk at dawn,
Through silver air where darkness is torn,
Street lights flicker, the streets impart,
A colourful town with a steady heart.

Passing workers with coats pulled tight,
A barista pours the first flat white.
Wanderers, loners, a casual glance,
Each moving in time to their usual dance.

Faces lift in the morning air,
Everyone on their way somewhere.

A trolley rattles down the lane,
Skateboard skims across the terrain.
Couples cross, kids rush past,
Soldiers remembered, flag half mast.

Everyone carries something unseen,
Life moving gently in the between.

Late at night when the bustle is low,
And long shadows stretch in the afterglow.
Footpaths bare, the streets run clear,
The birds and the drifters are all you can hear.

I walk the same road. Home.