

VIBURNUM LANTANA

The wayfarer tree

GARY HOGENSEN

Darkness streams into daylight,
To breath, passions, carnal dreams,
All leading to ultimate loss.
Our human tide flows ceaselessly
From the valley's rifts,
Down mountains, to deserts,
Unwavering to seas.
Thus doth the wayfarer go

Leaving behind inception with each step,
Conception of body and soul—
The one meandering to dust,
While uncaged, the other soars
To the placeless paradise
Where beginnings have no end.