

She's been walking for a while.

Roughed-out soles, memories,
She can't see further than the dust.
A whirlwind of thoughts, serenity,
is elusive. But the dust outside has settled,
And she's still moving.

Don't take this away from her,
Months of searching, praying,
That she had something to go back to.

A chorus of emotions,
Rising in intensity,
Step by step,
Continuing this journey.

She's almost there, her heart rising in anticipation,
Waiting to become one with the world again,
Waiting to halt and find a place to sleep,
She slows down as she finds that she's finally reached.

A quiet place, that's what it was,
A dock and a harbour, in the dust.
Now she sees the colours of stained glass,
Everywhere, replacing the metal and its rust.

A stranger in a reformed land,
Tinges of orange, hues of pink,
All she remembers is grey, "bland",
Now she's surrounded by festivities.

A new people, a new world. Without her.
She fades into the past, now just a passive observer.

Today everything's changed,
No choice but to go on.
Go past, what used to be hers.

So on she goes,
Not sure what she feels,
her heartstrings pulling in a song of their own.

Is this emptiness? Is she sad?
She turns back, once, seeking what she once had.
But it's gone, blown away with the dust,
She looks ahead now. Can she carry on?