

A note from the Wanderer.

a poem by Timothous Clayton Smith

The Wanderer again is with out a home.
He stands upon a hill top looking at her city.
Thinking again for he is alone.
But the emotion he has is not pity.

For he found there are beings like him.
The want to save this world.
To take away the slime, blight and grim.
But the Wanderer is also looking for a certain girl.

He saw her in a dream
and she has been in his every thought since.
He saw her there next ot the stream
across from that stone fence.

He wanders from place to place.
From here to there and back again.
Looking for the sweet smile on her face.
Her hair blowing in the wind.

That place he has in his mind
Is where he journeys to.
Looking to be there at that time.
The girl he's looking for is you.

Though he's from another place
and has powers unlike no others
from that far sector of space
his body is of Earth mothers.

And like its kind of race
has faults and pluspoints and other things
that make up his smiling face
but it is him that kindness brings.

The spirit with in the man.
The life force that dwells within.
The continuous that goes beyond life span.
Wondering where you have been.

You see the Wanderer is me.
You are the subject of the picture I see.
Laughing, happy and free.
Living life and continuing to be.

It is you I seek
and seek alone.
Not someone who is meek.
Not a voice on the telephone.

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Bodies live and bodies die.
Life continues forever after
just as you and I
when we fill the world with laughter.

Magic happens when we're together.
Life seems fuller when I am with you.
Everything goes extremely better.
The air is fresher with a sky of a brilliant blue.