

The Wandered Man by Rachel Bentham

A wandered man stopped by a stile  
To breathe the air so meadowsweet  
And rest his enigmatic smile  
And feel the grass beneath his feet  
His clothes were travel-torn, 'tis true  
Yet shimmered in the summer sun  
His leather boots were near worn through  
Yet danced the miles since he'd begun

I might have passed him by without  
A second thought on that fair day  
Yet there was something strange about  
The wandered man that made me stay  
That enigmatic smile belied  
A tale that maybe he would share  
And on a sudden whim I tried  
To find some way to keep him there

I met his eyes and spoke "hello"  
I met his smile and knew he saw  
That I was one who longed to know  
His stories of each distant shore  
And soon without a conscious thought  
I found me rapt within his song  
His shining secrets had me caught  
And willingly I dreamed along

The breeze stirred up the whispergrass  
We sat upon the sunwarm ground  
His words they shone like coloured glass  
I lost myself inside their sound  
The wandered man transported me  
On magic carpets that unfurled  
And flew me high that I might see  
The wonder of a hidden world

The wandered man had looked upon  
The same world that I gave no worth  
And suddenly when he was gone  
I looked anew on Planet Earth  
I saw the colours, found my wings  
(To my surprise already there)  
I started my own wanderings  
That one day I would hope to share

To trudge from day to day is such  
A monumental tragedy  
With jaded eyes we miss so much  
Of this life's endless majesty  
So lift your head and hear the song  
Soft carried on the cool night air  
Your own adventure waits upon  
The magic that is everywhere