



Stray

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A northern ghost wanders the land,
Unimpeded by the service he was bred to owe.
Yet while he could travel to warm foreign sands
He remains with his home snow.

He searches for pawprints that once hauled weight
For the tribe he faithfully followed.
But the elements are cruel to any that wait
And many paths are now longer hollowed.

Many years after his search began
He found his first sign.
Numerous lights in a small span
That would show not growth but decline.

As the stationary town housed not his brothers
But a foreign tribe served by alien others.
Some wearing the uniform and badge
Of those who put him down without a frown.