

“Damon”

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“Where could we be?”

Who knows for sure?

Better to wander restlessly and soon become found

Than to sit still and remain forever lost.

Our happiness is waiting out there somewhere, after all,

In the flowers of spring trees or a blue-jay feather on the ground.

So one day I rose from my unmoving position.

Softly I murmured to myself, “It’s time for me to go.”

I packed all the things I could call my own into a worn out backpack

And hoisted it onto my shoulders with newfound determination.

As the dying daylight casted its shadow behind me I set off into the unknown

Damon Albarn singing a melancholic tune through the buds in my ears.

And with the music to encourage me forward,

I closed my eyes and took my first step onto the endless sunlit trail.