



A small boy with the sunset in his hair
had wandered away from home.

It has been said
that he left with a purpose:
to find the meaning of life. But he
spoke no farewells,
so who's to say he didn't just
lose himself in the wilderness?





However he started his journey is
of little consequence.

He wandered about the veiled woods
as only a child can:
enlightened with imagination.

So,

he was not afraid of the faces the trees made
as he left his footprints on the mossy floor.

And when night settled in,
he followed the dusty light trails
that the fireflies left
with every wing flap.

