



Loneman

Gradually I saw him, through the days commute
A non-descript, slightly grey, a man with walking boots
At different points along the road, depending on the time
But every day he'd be there, in the rain and in the shine.

At first all slow and awkward, lolloping perambulation
No matter where I saw him, face front in full fixation
A strong focus it seemed to me with a mindset on a goal
Don't know his destination in this life or in his soul.

Then I notice I see less of him, a sudden revelation
The lolloping replaced, with strides of determination
Same old route, and same old boots, striding out each day
Half the man as was before, as he walks his loneman way.