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The Path Least Travelled

Adam Brown

A whisper in the hills floats by,
I venture out at dawn,
The clouds have rallied in the sky –
Precursor to the storm.

A burdened heart oppressed by hope
Dragged slowly up the path,
Those foreign words so sweetly spoke
Pierced through like Cupid’s shaft.

The world becomes a bitter fiend –
The landscape of my mind –
Wounds raw and stitches left unseamed,
Scars from earlier times.

The track before me splits in two,
I ponder which to choose.
Should I forsake the old for new,
Keep following the muse?

Well worn, one path is safe enough,
I’ve travelled there before,
Retreated when the road got rough,
Let passion cease to soar.

Or should I take the broken track,
Unknown and hard to see,
Surrender as the thunders crack
And see what comes of me?

Then in my mind your smile appears,
The songlines are unravelled,
I’ll hope the sky above me clears
And take the path least travelled.