

Works of a Traveller

An African Adventure

Natural beauty in one place.

hurry boy it's waiting there for you

Wind in my hair, my face.

Off the beaten track.

do the things we never had

The feeling I'm alive.

A hippo enjoying our nature.

long forgotten words

His motocross girl.

Excitement in each direction you turn.

frightened of the thing that I've become

Exhilaration as I plummet.

Nature working wonders.

drag me away from you

A parachute to save my life.

Mind of a Traveller

A landscape so flat,

But your curves are seen,

Heading further into your features.

No road to travel on,

We create our own on your gravel.

No sign of life but us,

You intrigue us to see more,

Show us everything.

We, the travellers love you,

Leaving our footprints in your breath.

As Simple as a Smile

We fight for money, land or greed,

Do we succeed in just creating enemies?

We are good people, maybe even friends.

There's war and anger,

But try bringing us together,

It's peace and laughter.

We all have opinions, but some are mutual,

These good memories are shared.

And these people are friends not enemies.

No fighting is required for happiness.

Works of a Traveller

Her Township Smile

A smile, so simple, so beautiful,
It's a curve on a person's face.
One girl, a young girl,
She possesses this smile,
The beautiful curve,
An unfortunate girl,
Yet a happy girl.
We all possess such beauty,
But she wore it best.
A house of wood,
No water, no health,
But she was happy,
Stunningly happy,
And her facial curve,
Showed such beauty.

Man's Best Friend

I saw your excited brown eyes and knew instantly you were my best friend.
The way your head and feet were too big for your body and
Your lack of coordination put a massive smile on my face.
The drive home was your head resting on the handbrake and you didn't move.
Your eyes were always looking at me, I wasn't going anywhere buddy.
Our first walk on the beach and your paws were so small next to mine.
We engraved our mark on the sand, as we ran chasing one another.
Best friends, you and me buddy, my four-legged companion.
Your face looked up at me, those big brown eyes and wagging tail.
I could see the happiness in your face, our smiles growing more and more.
Your footprints are catching up with mine now buddy, you're a big boy.
Our footprints are growing in stride as we run and play and chase.
I throw the ball and you chase with a bounce in your step.
But now your bounce is flattening and days together are becoming more precious.
Running is less of a hobby and has been replaced by cuddles on the sofa.
You weren't supposed to be up here but I couldn't say no to those sad brown eyes.
As your head is in my lap, memories of playing together are in mine,
And I know that you will always be my buddy.