

Wolfgang Ambros

"Traveller"

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I woke up to a fresh new morning, I could hardly move
my limbs
A cold winter breeze touched my face, I shivered
A new day, a new beginning, so I took the few I had,
And I was back on the road again.
I've been travelling for long, seen many miracles,
The mysteries of the ocean's deep, the cloud seizing
mountaintops,
The ruins of worlds passed away, and the masterpiece
of blooming cultures.

Wherever I walked, life escorted me, wearing different
masks every time,
And once in a while I was shown her mysteries,
all the cunning games full of riddles,
Covered by secrets leading to simplicity,
I have found the key to solve the puzzles of the way
ahead
With every step, I left something behind, but I've taken
many with me,
My bag is full of memories,
each one picked carefully by me,
so that I can have them with me all the time.
They seem to build me up. They paint a picture of a
person.
Almost like the one I want to become,
closer and closer. But the painting is still not finished.
Only for today, for today will it be, as I'll wake up
tomorrow again.

I wanted to stop today, again.
Sometimes I don't feel like changing anymore.
Perhaps I should rest, find peace for a while,
as long as peace embraces me with gentle arms,
before loneliness welcomes.
Sometimes it traps me, and I want to avoid feeling
bad. But then it's already bad.
I learned to head for the good itself, and wake up like
this every morning.
I'll have a long day again, so it's time
It's time to depart, this world still has treasures

unknown.

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