

Ignis Saiwala

"Old Man's Lost"

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An old man went for a walk,
And lost the way back.
His mind, sick of the age
Tricking again, and again.

Every path looked the same,
Every tree, every hill,
And nobody was there to tell
Where, and when could he be...

He sat under old maple
And whispered softly for help,
But leaves were only falling
Again, and again to the earth

Old man did never return
All leaves fell to the ground
The wind took his last breath
Crying for the first time.

The spirit's still there
Warning lost travellers
Whispering with the wind
Calling, and crying for help.

The spirit's still there
Not wanting, to leave this world.
Searching for the home...
Searching for his love...

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