

CONVALESCENT

Travel with the wind,
For all of time is there.
Listen to its tales,
As it gently moves the air.

From Samarkand and old Thailand,
Down the Caspian sea,
Through the temples of Bangkok,
To the square of the Holy See.

Mountain range, and desert sands,
Valleys, hill and dale,
Fluttering the flags of many lands
Where ships of nations sail.

Polar caps, the snowing miles,
To the green of temperate climes.
Legends of life and its trials
Lived by man in his troubled times.

Constrained, the body lies,
The mind is moving, alert and free.
Through the window, the wind gently sighs,
Come, why don't you journey along with me.

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