

# The Wandering Wonderer

By Mark Edgemon

I bet I could grow coconuts in Iceland  
And sail the seven seas,  
And invent the next technological craze  
As long as it would please.

I can see myself walking with a movie star,  
As they would look at me and wink,  
Or sit beside great leaders,  
If only to bring them a drink.

It shouldn't be surprising,  
By the million plus things I can do.  
I could so easily do this or that,  
And some impossible things too.

But of all the things the world is waiting for,  
Inside my wonderful, talented frame,  
The one thing that I couldn't do,  
Is forever be the same.

The End