

Vagabond

By Marla J. Deaton

I know I'm not
A hobo on a train,
But I feel like a vagabond
Just the same.

My soul is like
A wayfaring stranger,
Unable to settle down,
Who's always just passing through,
Going from town to town..

If I could
Just plant myself,
By a stream and let my roots grow,
I'd raise my branches towards the sun,
And bend when the wind does blow.

The End