

WALK in the PARK

An Evening stroll in the PARK
SURFING the SHADOWS OF my mind

Gentle wind, blowing, I stumble upon
A lonely Pine cone, Fallen Far From its tree

I carefully be held it in the palm OF my
hand, sticky, desolate and useless.

A ticklish reminder OF ~~how~~, the Complexity
OF mankind, Can often times be.

Eddie Neal