

**my poem**

Always I have searched ...  
Thinking  
Something New is better  
than improving Something Known.

To struggle, to forsake safety  
That is the path  
to Something More, Something Greater

Somehow words turn into an apology  
a surrender

But longings are beyond censure

So I stride into the fire.

The cool light of a sunset  
takes no notice,  
and no one understands  
the whispering of the snow