

Wanderer

Perplexed, she perched upon the precipice.
A perceived plateau,

Preceded presently, with drive,
Motivation, and desire.

She gazes down with anticipation
At the daunting feat.

One that she thought she beat
Ages ago.

Only to find a renewed sensation
Of dread, aspiration, and anticipation.

Goaded forward by a clear
Vision of the future, and

An intentional disregard of past
Perturbations.
She endeavors incessantly,

Plodding, struggling, and clawing
Toward a greater meaning or purpose

Striving positively for an
Improved plot,

Prior to the tedious cognizance
Of the eventual termination of
Her abundantly temporal existence.

Advancing perennially toward an
Ancient and everlasting presence,

And accepting her place in eternity.

—*Amy Plough*