

## Wandering Clown

I travel on these highways  
To the next spot down the line  
Moving on and searching for  
A place I'll never find  
I eat the dust of passing cars  
And sleep upon my load  
Keeping warm but moving on  
Further down the road.

Wandering Clown  
Fish without a pond  
Moving down  
To my next town  
A hopeless vagabond.

I pass the muffled laughter  
From houses in the night  
Then huddle in some alley  
Kept awake by fright  
I pray for rain in deserts  
The sun when snows come down  
Bathe my blisters in a stream  
From pounding this lonely ground.

Wandering clown  
Body without a soul  
Moving down  
To my next town  
Effort without a goal.

I pass the shops and markets  
Nothing to spend but time  
I ask a passing stranger  
If he could spare a dime  
He looks at me with anger  
Eating at his face  
I take his cue and move on thru  
To find another place.

Wandering clown  
Moth without a flame  
Moving down

To my next town  
With no one else to blame.

I walk along with Hunger  
The companion of my need  
Made the taste of day old bread  
The acme of my greed  
I kiss the lonely vagrant  
Who shares his beans with me  
Wondering if it's worth it  
This price of being free.

Wandering clown  
Poem without a rhyme  
Moving down  
To my next town  
Killing more than time.

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