

Solitude

Chaotic and cacophonous,
Assaulting senses, mind,
Eliciting a raw pathos
From pilgrim it would blind.

Amorphous – yes – hard to define
Because it seems the norm;
Inured, the pilgrim by design
Accommodates its form.

And scandalous – yes – that is so,
Seducing pilgrim's sense
Until it makes him stop or go...
His will, its recompense.

Until at last the pilgrim flails
To find a sweet release,
To cut its tentacles, its scales,
Discover then a peace.

He finally may see the day
That it will not intrude...
If he will use this simple way –
Its name is Solitude.