

Wanderer and The Temple

by Jeff Geiger

Wanderer

leaving the

city

lover

blight

he dons the mail and leather

he knows not what he seeks

but it isn't

here

shield and sheathe clang with each step

but that is not why the forest knows of his coming

the road is lonely

save for a limping dog endlessly licking

the gloved fingers

sounds both eerie and charming from an unknown instrument

hang in the air

never falling

never fa d i n g

now *truly* silent

he gazes up and sees

The Temple

the odd stone stands

taller than trees

it protrudes from the young forest

an old mecca but smooth

under northern lights

the crescent moon shines on

rooftop snow
but the woods are clear and warm

on the stainless steel stone face
is a symbol
a triangle made of three triangles
 blue yellow
 red

beneath the sacred marker
light and fog seep out of the

void

both illuminating and obscuring
the broken and overgrown p

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 h
 on which the
Wanderer walks

