

The Fool

Dark Moor

An odd figure
bails and wanders
needs its vigour
to work his way yonder.
Where his gladness
becomes sadness,
when his madness takes control
In this world where the starts are ends,
all chances are nothing but trends.
Where hazard rules, he is the world,
he is The Fool.
Wears a look of innocence
the energy is into motion
following his inner sense
his north will be providence.
Takes a walk
starting off his journey
Always forward looking
for his freedom.
He takes the life
as a gladless tourney
that he must confront
by going on and on.
In this world where the starts are ends...