

Streets I Never Knew

04 May 2022

I walk,
and keep on walking.

When I am old,
will any of what I have seen
be left standing? Or will it
be rubble or, worse still, vapor?
But is that not always
the fate of life, to vanish?
I doubt we could make it permanent,
given that all things are not,
and yet where does it end?
In the place it began,

So I walk,
and I keep on walking.