

# Sun on his Back Wanderer

He sits on the ground  
and flips through a book  
by the light of the setting sun.  
And he lies on the side  
of the rock that'll face  
the warmth of the rising one.  
He's on his feet by day  
and side by night.  
Guided by the stars and  
what he once called a pillar of light.

He's never in one place twice  
and he's never stopped to think  
of the dangers of trusting;  
He moves so quickly through the country  
His clothing translucent, never wet for long  
His dagger ignored in its rusting.  
and at night when the dark  
settles, he by a spark  
lights a lamp, and he raises his camp.

He sits on the ground  
and reads through a page  
by the light of the setting sun.  
And his eyes, deep and wide  
show he's ready to face  
Life— The warmth of the rising one  
on his back.