

Wanderlust

A man left his home
with a spoon and a comb
to discover the world
and to write one good poem—

and when he came back
with the poem in his pack,
he found on his desk
all his bills in a stack.

He was covered in dust
...but a wanderlust
crept back to his heart
while his wife nagged and fussed,

and he left—'cause he could—
and he did what he would.
And the poem he wrote afterwards
wasn't as good.