

Keep walking, keep pulling  
Pass the horses, rich brown and steady  
Pass the carriages, black and still  
Lined along the winding, stone bumpy, bumpy road  
Don't look back  
To the small house that was once so grand  
Don't look up to the passersby  
With their black umbrellas  
Maybe there'll be more rows  
Of tall, bare trees  
Maybe the gray will soon brighten  
And we can lift our heads  
But for now  
Keep walking, keep pulling

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Inspired by the painting *Une Averse* by Rue Bonaparte