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

by: Hang Nguyen
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Inspired by the painting Une Averse by Rue Bonaparte