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## The Lamplighter

The wind whistles cold,  
echoed by the tap dance  
of lonely, stone pebbles,  
and the shiver of glass;

The same wind whispers,  
wrapping me  
in the warmth of a smile,  
the lamplighter arrives;

Time tumbles softly,  
effortlessly like a drifting feather;  
-- The lamplighter leaves,  
time turns wicked again;

Mortality!  
When will be the next?  
When will be the last?  
Each and every day  
as a leper I wait;

For even in the darkest places  
will the lamplighter appear,  
as the face of a stranger,  
or the face of a friend,  
greeting today's journey,  
or leaving once again.