

The Nameless Faceless Wanderer by Clare Lauren Kelly

Walking through the dark along a path of dirt, the deformed beastly wanderer always alone,
The sun long since gone to rest behind the mountains with the moon bright in the sky.
The eyes of others weighing heavily, their glaring gazes always there on the wanderers back,
Sends shivers up the spine, chills across the skin that never lessen over time.

Outcast from town to town never able to settle down, not to be welcomed with open arms,
Time and time again driven out, different in the eyes of others, different isn't to be trusted.
Animals are the wanderers only friends, heal wildlife's wounds, nothing can heal a broken heart.

No place to call home, out to the woods and fields they will be forced to forever roam—
New places each day, towns all look familiar with new faces to send them on their way.
The voice echos through trees, good will come to the good who have patience and open hearts.

Out in a field foraging for food, then a cry splits the air calling out for help, nearly unheard.
Run to help, save the one in need regardless of the soon to be saviors beastly appearance:

Now there are some friendly faces, things start to change as good comes back around.
New companions, family, an unknown feeling, now a forever home with no need to roam.