

Clark Anne, An Ordinary Life

The madman looked inside the eyes of the face upon the mirror -
"It seems I'm losing my way again" - he sighed .
And once again the tell-tale tears begin their journey down
an ever deepening track .
His wife place a hand upon his shoulder.
How over these past few month, he's aged so many years.

He'd give this life to live again.
He'd be so more daring. Be so much bolder -
but a little less aware.
It's something of which he can't
be certain and so he stays restrained and hurting .
At breakfasthe places a kiss upon his only daughter.
How he longs for her to run to them as she did when
she was young, but her secrets have become her fears
too. Yet stell she remains his child.

His still-pretty wife manages so well. Makes excuses
for his absence. Tries so hard to find the road he's on.

The madman combs his hair, his expression has returned
almost to normal and he blends almost prefectly with
the crowd. back into an ordinary life.
an ordinary life .