

A man in a dark suit is walking away from the camera on a path through a field of tall grass. To the right, a large, textured tree trunk is visible. The background is slightly blurred, suggesting a natural, outdoor setting.

# Tides Of Travel

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A poem  
by Rafael Lopez

# Tides Of Travel

by Twaller (a poet from The World Of Eath)

Rafael Lopez

My dear companion  
I treasure these moments  
When I am with thee  
Free  
To breathe the wind  
That floats aloft the sky's saddle  
The winds of the world  
The tides of travel  
The pulse of a vagabond such as I  
I say to thee  
Be the Sun's guide, my friend!  
For the light of day shines  
Upon lands unnamed  
Only the tides of travel  
Can bring a true light  
Light of knowledge  
To the unknown places  
Adrift the world's map-to-be  
Only the wave of exploration  
The forth-march of the brave  
Who seek lands dark to the mind  
Yet bright with Sun  
Only the tides of travelers  
Who seek to name the unnamed  
Will bring to light  
The lands  
That are not yet seen on paper  
Thus, my companion  
I must leave your fine shade  
As I am the vanguard of the tide  
That washes away the unknown  
But I mark your place with my map  
As you have given me a fine rest  
And one day I should return to thee

Until then  
May you feel the wind in thy leaves  
And the light of day  
Upon thy ever-reaching branches  
And for me  
I shall walk with the wind.

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