



## HOMELESS

### Caravan Of Hope

By Wayne Visser

They have no home other than the endless road  
They know no life other than the restless journey  
They have no friends other than the nomadic clan  
They know no trade other than the merchants' way

Pre-dawn sees them strung out across the urban desert  
Gathering disparate goods for use and barter and sale  
Blending effortlessly into their surroundings, their passing goes unnoticed  
Except by alert street guards who bark their respectful acknowledgement

These are the masters of survival, living off the land  
These are the teachers of solidarity, sticking by their kin  
These are the geni of commerce, finding value in everything  
These are the scholars of philosophy, knowing life's worth

Oh, caravan of hope, may you discover oases on your parched trail  
May you reap rich rewards from your creative enterprise  
And may you one day lay aside your weary trolley load  
And wonder no more about the life of the unwanted wanderer

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