

## The Fool

Dark Moor

An odd figure  
bails and wanders  
needs its vigour  
to work his way yonder.  
Where his gladness  
becomes sadness,  
when his madness takes control  
In this world where the starts are ends,  
all chances are nothing but trends.  
Where hazard rules, he is the world,  
he is The Fool.  
Wears a look of innocence  
the energy is into motion  
following his inner sense  
his north will be providence.  
Takes a walk  
starting off his journey  
Always forward looking  
for his freedom.  
He takes the life  
as a gladless tourney  
that he must confront  
by going on and on.  
In this world where the starts are ends...