

## What other road

What other road could I've taken?  
Thorns were strewn on each!

Relationships over,  
friends of centuries  
gone one by one,  
alone,  
whichever road and  
whatever direction I took  
my feet were bloodied.

Those who see me  
wonder what am I trying to imply  
by colouring my feet?  
They used to say  
why am I complaining  
needlessly  
about the loss of friendship;  
Go, wash my feet.

Where these road end  
hundreds more will open up,  
keep your spirit up  
your heart will blunt  
hundreds of swords!