

The man of the moor

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A sad poem about what discrimination can do.

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It's not often you'll see the man of the moor,
He has such a sad story, he's broken and poor,
Accused of something he would never do,
He packed up and fled, hoped to start anew,
Town after town drove him away,
His tears were shed day after day,
Alone and unwanted, with nowhere to go,
He wandered around, where, we don't know,
But he ended up stuck on the lonely moor,
A long life of misery was in store,
You'll see him still there, wandering around,
He's been going so long he makes not a sound,
A hundred years pass and his spirit's still there,
Lonely and lost, and going nowhere.

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