



WORLD WONT WAIT .

He felt so burdened by the despicable acts of others. A cutting despair at not being able to get there on time to save the suffering souls, the ice from melting, trees from falling down around the corner.

Lost in the shadow of shame, cast by human kind, knowing all too well the dread awful things that come to the weak, the marginalised, the strong—those who resist.

He carried this burden from morning 'til night, until one day he woke to a different tune. In the tune he caught himself feeling his own sadness, borne from the quest to save all that felt.

Cast in his own time, he could feel every bleeding inch of his broken self, the closeness to his own end—but had the wisdom to retreat - the courage to mend.

(Which, by the way,
couldn't be found in a bottle).

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Written & Illustrated J Browne
Find in 'Clunk & Jam' book.

