

## **Wanderer**

The ones who fell out of stars.

The ones who don't belong to places, or people.

The ones who chase the winds. The ones who travel a lot. And no place to call home.

This one is for you.

Pack it in your backpacks,

Or mark it on your maps.

Weave it in your hair like a wild flower,

Or ink it on your collarbones.

Your journey is to seek.

Searching for love, or purpose, or hope,

or seeking nothing but this endless thirst of wanderlust.

You don't belong to the mountain top,

you don't belong to the sea,

you don't belong to green meadows nor to the city streets.

You become the roads you travel,

the milestones you cross,

the desert sand in your shoes,

the ocean salt in your hair.

You are the journey, you are the ultimate goal.

And it is okay if you don't belong.

- Sneha Sharma