

Poem—

MY BEAUTIFUL HOME, MY BEAUTIFUL DREAM

i'm going to north and south;
i'm going to west and east,
taking all my feelings away from
home,
and forget the past of my home.
expect to find what i really want
but to find that i wanted more
and more
no use wanting more and more.

the beauty is at home only,
so i'm back to the meadows of
my home,
where my beautiful mona lisa
waits for me,
and i'm back home with all my
feelings--
to my beautiful home,
my beautiful dream.

—JOHN ANGAIK