

I KEPT ON WALKING MARK HAYWARD

*Mark's poem is part of a series of competition winners and runners up, inspired by the theme for HMD 2012, **Speak Up, Speak Out***

I kept on walking as she threw a stone
For it was not thrown at me
I kept on walking past the man who groaned
As he was hit behind the knee

I kept on walking past the run-down homes
I had somewhere else to be
I kept on walking as I clutched my phone
And pretended not to see

I kept on walking as the words were thrown
Every insult, every plea
The wounds they inflicted were not my own
And nothing to do with me

I kept on walking when the rage had grown
'Til the bodies filled the streets
I kept on walking over skulls and bones
Ash and blood beneath my feet

I'll keep on walking from the things I've known
But refused to really see
I'll keep on walking but I'm not alone
You're keeping step with me