

A TRUCKER'S POEM

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By – J. Olivier

More than 25 years of experience and currently the Director at The High Option Ltd.

Time flies by me, a river of light
I ponder the silence, the deepness of night
Yet on I roll, seemingly forever
To bring them the love, the joy of giving
And loneliness folds around me
Like a blanket of sleep, So deeply desired
And I realise again, I am tired



Another mountain, another pass
I wonder how long this will last
Onwards I drive, through the thick of the dark
Speared by my lights, slivers of lonely solitude
Me and the road, the flickering white
Droning darkly on a river of black
Flowing towards the horizon
Which is always there
While I am here

Thoughts of my beloved, Alone and far
I miss then supremely, I need to hold them near
But my engine is whining, straining the load
Which I haul into eternity, it never ends
Through uphill and down, the straights and the bends
From this shore to that one, in one day, or two
I bring life to all, to me and to you
Yet never a thought, of the darkened hours
When you pick off the shelf, the gifts and the love
For me and my lonely thoughts, in darkness of night
We each have our dreams, we each have our fight

The life of the trucker, the road and the pain
Through blistering sunlight, through darkness and rain
Our hope is to safely, arrive at our goal
To deliver, to offer, we give with our souls
So spare us a thought, in the middle of the night
When you sleep, quietly resting, with no fear of flight
For the faraway drone, the whispering sound
Of a trucker departing, for yet another round

